SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXII OCTOBER, 1917 NO. 4

FIGHTING FOR PEACE

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Recently United States Minister to Holland

II—THE WEREWOLF AT LARGE

APOLOGUE

The man who was also a werewolf sat in his arbor, drinking excellent beer.

He was not an ill-looking man. His fondness for an out-of-door life had given him a ruddy color. He was tall and blond. His eyes were gray. But there was a shifty look in them, now dreamy, now fierce. At times they contracted to mere slits. His chin sloped away to nothing. His legs were long and thin, his movements springy and uncertain.

The philosopher who came to pay his respects to the man who was also a werewolf (whom we shall henceforth call MWAW for short) was named Professor Schmuck. He was a globular man, with protruding china-blue eyes, much magnified by immense spectacles. The fame of his book on "Eschatological Problems among the Hivites and Hittites" was world-wide. But his real specialty was universal knowledge.

Yet on entering the arbor where MWAW was sitting, this world-renowned Learned One made three deep obeisances, as if he were approaching an idol, and stammered in a husky voice: "Highly Exalted!—dare I——?"

"Ah, our good Schmuck!" said MWAW, turning in his chair and recrossing his legs. "Come in. Take place. Take beer. Take breath. Speak out."

The professor, thus graciously reassured, set forth his errand.

"I have come to you, Highly Exalted, to inquire your exalted views on the subject of Lycanthropy. Your Exaltedness knows——"

"Yes, yes," broke in MWAW, "old Teutonic legend. Men become wolves. Strongest and fiercest breed. Eat people up. Frighten everybody. Ravage countryside. Beautiful myth! Teaches power is greatest thing. Might gives right. Force over all!"

"Certainly, Highly Exalted," said Schmuck humbly, "it is a wonder-beautiful myth, full of true idealism. But what if it lost its purely mythical quality and became historical, actual, contemporaneous? Would it not change its aspect? Would not people object to it? Might not the werewolf get himself disliked?"

"Perhaps," answered MWAW, smiling till his eyes almost disappeared. "But what difference? Ignorant people, weak people, no account. Werewolf is stronger race, therefore superior. Objections silly."

"True, Exaltedness," said Schmuck. "It is the first duty of every ideal to real-

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ize itself. Yet in this particular matter the complaints are very bitter. It is said that great numbers of helpless men and women have been devoured, their children torn in pieces, their farms and gardens ravaged, and their houses destroyed by werewolves quite recently. Shall I deny it?"

"No," growled MWAW. "Don't be a fool. It is too well known. We know it ourselves. We are the wolf-pack. Don't deny it. Justify it. That's your business. Earn your salary."

Schmuck was as nearly embarrassed as it is possible for a professor to be.

"Willingly, Exaltedness," he stammered. "But the trouble is to find the base arguments. Even among the Hivites and the Hittites, I have not yet discovered any traces——"

"Nonsense," snapped MWAW. "Hivites and Hittites are dead. WE are alive. Justify US. Think!"

"Pardon, Highly Exalted," said Schmuck, "I was trying to think. The first justification that occurs to me is the plea of necessity—biological necessity."

"It sounds good," grunted MWAW. "But vague. Explain."

"A biological necessity is a thing that knows no law. It is the inward urge of every living creature to expand its own life without regard to the lives of others. It is above morality, because whatever is necessary is moral."

"Excellent," exclaimed MWAW. "We have felt that ourselves. Continue."

"Now, doubtless, the Highly Exalted are often hungry."

"Always," interrupted MWAW, "say always!"

"Always being hungry," droned Schmuck, "the Highly Exalted may feel at certain times the craving for a certain kind of food in order to obtain a more perfect expansion. To need is to take. Is it not so?"

"It is," said MWAW, "and we do. Find another argument."

"Self-defense," replied Schmuck.

"Too old," said MWAW. "Worn out. Won't go any more."

"But as I shall put it, Highly Exalted will see a newness in it. The best way to defend oneself is by injuring others. Sheep, for example, when gathered in sufficient numbers are the most dangerous animals in the world. The only way to be safe from them is to attack them and scatter them. Especially the small flocks, for that prevents their growing larger and becoming more dangerous. Particularly should the sheep with horns be attacked. Sheep have no right to have horns. Wolves have none. But even the hornless sheep and the lambs should not be spared, for by rending them you may frighten and discourage the horned ones."

"Capital," cried MWAW, springing up and pacing the arbor in excitement. "Just our own idea. Frightfulness increases force. We like to make people afraid. We feel stronger. Essence of werewolfery. Give another argument, excellent Schmuck. Think once more."

"The Highly Exalted will forgive me. I cannot, momentarily, bring forth another."

"What!" snarled an angry voice above the trembling professor. "Not think of the best argument of all! Forget your creed! Deny your faith! Wretched Schmuck! Who gave you a place? Who feeds you? Who are WE?"

"The Lord's Anointed!" murmured Schmuck, falling on his knees.

MWAW drew himself up, stiff as steel. His eyes blazed through their slits like coals of fire.

"Right!" he cried. "Right at last. That is the great argument. Use it. WE are the Chosen of God. WE are his weapon, his vicegerent. Whatever WE do is a brave act and a good deed. Woe to the disobedient!"

He held out his hand and lifted the professor to his feet.

"Stand up, Schmuck. You are forgiven. Take more beer. To-night I follow biological necessity. More work to do. But you go and tell people the truth."

So Schmuck went. Whether he told the truth or not is uncertain. At all events, it was in different words. And the werewolfery continued.

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THE WEREWOLF AT LARGE

I

IN the days immediately before and after the breaking of the war-tempest, the servants of the United States Government in Europe were suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of work and care. The strenuous, incessant toil in the consulates, legations, and embassies acted somewhat as a narcotic. There was so much to do that there was no time to worry.

The sense of an unmeasured calamity was present in the background of our thoughts from the very beginning. But it was not until later that the nature of the disaster grew clear and poignant. As month after month hammered swiftly by, the meaning and portent of the catastrophe emerged more sharply and penetrated our minds more deeply, stinging us awake.

A mighty nation which "rejected the dream of universal peace throughout the world as non-German" (the Crown Prince, "Germany in Arms"); a nation trained for war as a "biological necessity in which Might proves itself the supreme Right" (Bernhardi, "Germany and the Next War"); a nation which had been taught that "frightfulness" is a lawful and essential weapon in war (Von Clausewitz); and whose generals said, "Frankly, we are and must be barbarians" (Von Diefurth, *Hamburger Nachrichten*), while their philosophers declared that "The German is the superior type of the species *homo sapiens*" (Woltmann); a nation whose Imperial Head commended to his soldiers the example of the Huns, and proclaimed, "It is to the empire of the world that the German genius aspires" (Kaiser William, Speech at Aix-la-Chapelle, June 20, 1902)—a nation thus armed, instructed, disciplined, and demoralized had broken loose. Another Attila had come, with a new horde behind him to devastate and change the face of the world. In the tumult and darkness which enfolded Europe, the werewolf was at large. We could hear his ululations in the forest. The cries of his victims grew louder, piercing our hearts with pity and just wrath.

II

BUT even when the most dreadful things are happening around you, the regular and necessary work of the world must be carried on. Your own particular "chore" must be done as well as you can do it.

As the trouble drew near and suddenly fell upon the world, the burden of enormously increased and varied duties pressed heavily upon the American representatives abroad. The first thing that we had to do was to make provision for taking care of our own people in Europe who were caught out in the storm and the danger.

That was a practical job with unlimited requirements. No one, except those who had the distracting privilege of being in the American diplomatic and consular service in the summer of 1914, knows how much work and how many kinds of work rushed down upon us in a moment. Banking, postal, and telegraph service, transportation, hotel and boarding-house business, baggage express, the recovery of missing articles and persons, the reunion of curiously separated families, confidential inquiries, medical service (mainly mind-healing), and free consultation on every subject under the sun—all these different occupations, trades, and professions were not set down in our programme when we came to Europe, nor covered by the slim calf-bound volume of "Instructions to Diplomatic Officers" which was our only guide-book. But we had to learn them at short notice and practise them as best we could. No doubt we often acted in a way that was not strictly *protocolaire*. Certainly we made mistakes. But it was better to do that than to sit like bumps on a log doing nothing. The immediate affair in hand was to help our own folks who were in distress and difficulty and who wanted to get home as quickly and as safely as possible. So we tried to do it, making use of the best means available, and praying that heaven and our diplomatic colleagues would forgive any errors or *gaffes* that we might make. We preserved a profound respect for etiquette and regularity. But our

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predominant anxiety was to get the things done that had to be done.

Take an illustration. Excuse the personal references in it.

From the very beginning it seemed clear to me that one of the greatest difficulties in the first days of war would be to secure a supply of ready money for American travellers in flight. As a rule they carried little hard cash with them. Paper money would be at a discount; checks and drafts difficult, if not impossible, to negotiate in Holland. Moratoriums were falling everywhere as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

So I went directly to my friend Foreign Minister Loudon, and asked him a plain question.

"Would your Government be willing to help us in getting American travellers' checks and drafts on letters of credit cashed if I should indorse them as American Minister?"

He answered as promptly as if the suggestion had already been formed in his own mind—as perhaps it had.

"Certainly, and gladly! Those pieces of paper would be the best securities in the world—short-term notes of the American Government. If you will get the authority from Washington to indorse, the Bank of the Netherlands will honor the checks and drafts; and if the Bank hesitates the National Treasury will cash them."

I cabled to the Department of State asking permission to make the indorsements (a thing hitherto expressly forbidden by the instructions to diplomatic officers), and explaining that I would take in each case the best security obtainable, whether in the form of a draft on a letter of credit or a personal note of hand with satisfactory references, and that no money should be drawn except for necessary living expenses and the cost of the journey home. The answer came promptly: "You have the authority to indorse."

So a system of international banking between two Governments was introduced. I believe it was absolutely a new plan. But it worked.

Then another idea occurred to me. The letters of credit were usually drawn on London or Paris. In both cities a moratorium was on. Why not make the drafts directly on New York? Why not call on the signer of the letter of credit for the money instead of calling on the addressee? This would cut out any possibility of difficulty from the moratorium.

This also was a new method. But it seemed reasonable. We tried it. And it worked. A visiting committee of New York bankers to whom I related this experience later laughed immensely. They also made some remarks about "amateurs" and "audacity" which I would rather not repeat. But upon the whole they did not seem shocked beyond recovery.

So it happened, by good fortune, that there was never a day in The Hague when an American fugitive from the war, homeward bound, could not obtain what cash he needed for him to live and to get to the United States. But not money to buy souvenir spoons, or old furniture and pictures. "Very sorry," we explained, "but our Government is not dealing in antiquities at present. It is simply helping you to get home as quickly and comfortably as possible. Please tell us how much money you need for board and passage-money and you shall have it."

Except three or four chronic growlers and a few passionate antiquarian ladies, everybody took it good-humoredly and cheerfully. I think they understood, though not always clearly, that our Government was doing more for its citizens caught out in a tempest than any other government in the world would have done.

When the *Tennessee* arrived in the latter part of August with $2,500,000 in gold for the same purpose, it was another illustration of our Government's parental care and forethought. We received our share of this gold at The Hague. The first use we made of part of it was to take up the American checks and drafts on which the Bank of the Netherlands had advanced the money. Then we sent the paper to America for collection and repayment to the National Treasury. I have not the accounts here and can not speak by the book, but I think I am not far out in saying that our loss on these transactions was less than five per cent of the total amount handled. And we banked for some very poor people, too!

I never had any idea, before the war broke out, how many of our countrymen

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and countrywomen there are roaming about Europe every summer, and with what a cheerful trust in Providence and utter disregard of needful papers and precautions some of them roam! There were young women travelling alone or in groups of two or three. There were old men so feeble that one's first thought on seeing them was: "How did you get away from your nurse?" There were people with superfluous funds, and people with barely enough funds, and people with no funds at all. There were college boys who had worked their way over and couldn't find a chance to work it back. There were art-students and music-students whose resources had given out.

There was a very rich woman, plastered with diamonds, who demanded the free use of my garage for the storage of her automobile. When I explained that, to my profound regret, it was impossible, because three American guest cars were already stored there and the place could hold no more, she flounced out of the room in high dudgeon.

There was a lady of a different type who came to say, very modestly, that she had a balance in a bank at The Hague which she wanted to leave to my order for use in helping people who were poor and deserving. "Please make as sure as you can of the poverty," said she, "but take a chance, now and then, on the deserts. We can't confine our kindness to saints." This gift amounted to two or three thousand dollars, and was the foundation of the Minister's private benevolence fund, which proved so useful in later days and of which a remnant has been left for my successor.

An American wrote to us from a little village in a remote province of the Netherlands saying that his remittances from home had not arrived and that he was penniless. He added by way of personal description: "My social position is that of a Catholic priest with nervous prostration." We helped him and he proved to be all right.

A rising comic-opera star, of engaging appearance and manners (American), who was under a temporary financial obscuration because her company in Holland had broken up, came to ask us to assist her in getting to Germany, where she had friends and hoped to find work. We did it with alacrity. Then she wrote asking us to forward certain legal papers in connection with a divorce which she contemplated. We did it. Then she sent us some of her newspaper articles and a lot of clippings from German journals, requesting us to transmit them in the Legation pouch to America. This we politely declined, with the plea of *non possumus*. Whereupon she was furious and denounced us to the German authorities and the German-American press.

An American lady whose husband was dying in Hamburg came in desperate distress with her daughter, to beg us to aid them in getting to him. We found the only way that was open, a little-known route through the northeast corner of Holland, procured the necessary permits, and enabled the wife and daughter to reach his bedside before he died.

A poor woman (with a nice little baby), whose husband, a naturalized American, was "somewhere in Argentina," wanted to go to his family in one of the northwestern States. She had no money. We paid her expenses in The Hague until we could get into communication with the family, and then sent her home rejoicing.

These are a few examples of the ever-recurring humor and pathos which touched our incessant grind of peace work in war times at The Hague. Thousands and thousands of Americans, real or presumptive, passed through the Legation—all sorts and conditions of men, asking for all kinds of things.

Our house was transformed into an Inquiry Office and a Bureau for First Aid to the Injured. There was often a dense throng outside the front door, filling the street and reaching over into the park. Two Dutch boy scouts, capital fellows in khaki, volunteered their assistance in keeping order, and stood guard at the entrance giving out numbered tickets of admission so that the house would not be choked and all the work stopped.

You see, Holland was the narrow neck of the bottle, and the incredible multitudes of Americans who were scattered about in Germany, Austria, Russia, and parts of Switzerland, came pouring out our way. There was no end to the extra work, and many a night I did not get my clothes off, but merely took a bath and

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breakfast and went ahead with the next day's business. No eight-hour day in that establishment!

It would have been impossible to hold on and keep going but for the devotion and industry of the entire Legation staff, and the splendid aid of the volunteers who came to help us through. Professor George Grafton Wilson, of Harvard, was our Counsellor in International Law. Professor Philip M. Brown, of Princeton, former Minister to Honduras, gave his valuable service. Professor F. J. Moore, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, took charge of the registration bureau. Hon. Charles H. Sherrill, former Ambassador to the Argentine, and Charles Edward Russell, the socialist, and his wife, were among our best workers. Alexander R. Gulick was at the head of the busy correspondence department. Van Santvoord Merle-Smith, Evans Hubbard, and my son ran the banking department. These are only a few names among the many good men and women who helped their country for love.

My library was the Diplomatic Office, to which the despatches and the passports came; the Conference Chamber, where all vexed questions were discussed and decided; the Court of Appeal, where people who thought they had not received fair treatment could present their complaints; and the Consolation Room, where the really distressed, as well as the slightly hysterical, came to tell their troubles. Some of them were tragic and some comic. The most agitated and frightened persons were among the fat commercial men. The women, as a rule, were fine and steady and cheerful, especially the American-born. They met the adventure with good sense and smiling faces; asked with commendable brevity for the best advice or service that we could give them; and usually took the advice and were more grateful for the service than it deserved.

So the days rolled on, full of infinitely varied cares and labors; and every afternoon, about five o'clock, the whole staff with a dozen or a score of our passing friends, went out under the spreading chestnut-tree in the back garden for a half-hour of tea and talk. It was all very peaceful and democratic. We were in neutral, friendly Holland. The big, protecting shield of "Uncle Sam" was over us, and we felt safe.

III

Yet how near, how fearful, was the fierce reality of the unpardonable war! Belgium was invaded by the Germans, an hour or two away from us. At any moment their troops might be tempted to take the short cut through the narrow strip of Dutch territory which runs so far down into Belgium; and then the neutrality of Holland would be gone! The little country would be part of the battlefield. Holland has always been resolved to fight any invader.

All through August and September, 1914, that fear hung over the Dutch people. It recurred later again and again—whenever a movement of German troops came too close to the borders of Holland; whenever a newspaper tale of impending operations transpired from Berlin or London. Once or twice the anxiety rose almost to a popular panic. But I noticed that even then the stock-market at Amsterdam remained calm. Now, the Dutch are a very prudent folk, especially the bankers. Therefore I concluded that somebody had received strong assurances both from Germany and Great Britain that neither would invade the Netherlands provided the other abstained.

But all the time there was that dreadful example of the "scrap of paper"—the treaty which had been no protection for Belgium—to shake confidence in any pledge of Germany. And all the time the news from just beyond the border grew more and more horrible. Towns and villages were looted and burned. Civilians were massacred; women outraged; children brought to death. Heavy fines and ransoms were imposed for slight or imaginary offenses. Churches were ruined. Priests were shot. The country was stripped and laid waste. All the scruples and rules by which men had sought to moderate the needless cruelties of war were mocked and flung aside. Ruin marked the track of the German troops, and terror ran before their advance.

On August 19 Aerschot was sacked and 150 of its inhabitants killed. On the 20th Andenne met the same fate and the number of the slain was 250. On the 23d

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Dinant was wrecked and more than 600 men and women were murdered. On the 25th the university library at Louvain was set on fire and burned. The pillage and devastation of the city and its environs continued for ten days. More than 2,000 houses were destroyed, and more than 100 civilians were butchered. Time would fail me to tell of the industrious little towns and the quaint Old World hamlets that were wrecked, or of the men and women and young children who were tortured, and had trial of mockings and bonds and imprisonment, and were slain by the sword and by fire. Is it not all set down by sworn witnesses in the great gray book of the Kingdom of Belgium, and in the blue book of the committee of which Lord Bryce was the head? Have I not heard with my own ears the agony of those whose parents were shot down before their eyes, whose children were slain or ravished, whose wives or husbands were carried into captivity, whose homes were made desolate, and who themselves barely escaped with their lives?

Find an explanation for these Belgian atrocities if you can. What if a few shots were fired by ignorant and infuriated civilians from the windows of houses? It has not been proved. But even if it were, it would be no reason for the martyrdom of a whole population, for the destruction of distant and unincriminated towns, for the massacre of evidently innocent persons.

Was it the drink found in the cellars of the houses that made the German officers and soldiers mad? Perhaps so. But that makes the case no better. It was stolen drink.

Was it the carrying out of the cold-blooded policy of "frightfulness" as a necessary weapon of war? That is the wickedest excuse of all. It is really an accusation. The probable truth of it is supported by what happened later, when the Germans came to Poland, and when the Turks, their allies and pupils in the art of war, slaughtered 800,000 Armenians or drove them to a slow, painful death. It means just what the title of this article says. *The werewolf was at large.*

The first evidence of this spirit in the German conduct of the war that came to my personal knowledge was on August 25th. Two or three days before, our American Consul-General in Antwerp, which was still the temporary seat of the Belgian Government, had written to me saying that he was absolutely destitute and begging me to send him some money for the relief of his family and other Americans who were in dire need. The *Tennessee* was lying off the Hook of Holland at that time, and there were several of our splendid army officers ready and eager for any service. One of the best of them, Captain Williams, offered himself as messenger, and I sent him in to Antwerp, with three thousand dollars in gold in a belt around his waist, on August 24th. He had a hard, slow journey, but he went through and delivered the money.

That very night, while he was in the city, a Zeppelin airship, the first of its devilish tribe to get into action, sailed over sleeping Antwerp dropping bombs. No military damage was done. But hundreds of private houses were damaged and sixty destroyed. One bomb fell on a hospital full of wounded Belgians and Germans. Scores of innocent civilians, mostly women and children, were killed. "In a single house," writes an eye-witness, "I found four dead: one room was a chamber of horrors, the remains of the mangled bodies being scattered in every direction."

Mark the exact nature of this crime. The dropping of bombs from aircraft is not technically illegal. The agreement of the nations to abandon and prohibit this method of attack for five years unfortunately expired by limitation of time in 1912 and was not renewed. But the old-established rules of war among civilized nations have forbidden and still *forbid the bombardment of populous towns without due notice, in order that the non-combatants may have a chance to find refuge and safety.* This German monster of the air came unannounced, in the dead of night, and, having wrought its hellish surprise, vanished into the darkness again. This was a crime against international law as well as a sin against humanity.

My captain returned to The Hague the next morning, bringing his report. He had seen the horror with his own eyes. More: with the care of a true officer he had made a map of the course taken by the airship in its flight over the city.

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That map showed beyond a doubt that the *aim of the marauder was to destroy the hotel where the Belgian Ministers lived, and the palace in which the King and Queen with their children were sleeping.*

I cabled the facts to Washington at once, and sent the map with a fuller report the next day. I felt deeply (and ventured to express my feeling) that the United States could, and ought to, protest against this clear violation of the law of nations—this glaring manifestation of a spirit which was going to make this war the most cruel and atrocious known to history. The foreboding of a return to barbarism has been fulfilled, alas, only too abominably!

In every step of that downward path Germany has led the way, by the perfection of her scientific methods applied to a devilish purpose.

Take, for example, the use of poisonous gas in warfare. This was an ancient weapon, employed long before the beginning of the Christian era. It had been abandoned by civilized nations, and was prohibited by one of the Hague conventions, for a period of five years. But that period having expired, and the convention being only a "scrap of paper," Germany revived the ancient deviltry in a more scientific form. On April 22d, 1915, she sent the yellow clouds of death rolling down upon the trenches of Ypres, where the British defended the last city of outraged Belgium. The suffocating horrors of that hellish method of attack are beyond description. The fame of this achievement of spectacled barbarism belongs to the learned servants of the predatory Potsdam gang.

IV

THE real character and the inhuman effect of the German invasion were brought home to us, and made painfully clear to our eyes and our hearts, by the amazing tragic spectacle of the flood of refugees pouring out of Belgium.

It began slowly. When the quaint frontier town of Visé, surrounded by its goose-farms, was attacked and set on fire on August 4th, there were many families from the neighborhood who fled to Holland. When Liège was captured on the 7th after a brave defense, and its last fort fell on the 15th, there were more fugitives. When Brussels was occupied without resistance on the 20th there were still more. As the invasion spread westward and southward, engulfing city after city in widening waves of blood, the tide of terror and flight rose steadily. It reached its high-water mark when Antwerp, after the Germans had pounded its outer and inner circle of forts for nine days, was bombarded on October 7th and captured on the 18th.

Nothing like that sad, fear-smitten exodus has been seen on earth in modern times. There was something in it at once fateful, trembling, and irresistible, which recalled De Quincey's famous story of "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe." No barrier on the Holland border could have kept that flood of Belgian refugees out. They were an enormous flock of sheep and lambs, harried by the werewolf and fleeing for their lives.

But Holland did not want a barrier. She stood with open doors and arms, offering an asylum to the distressed and persecuted.

I do not believe that any country has ever made a better record of wise, steady, and true humanitarian work than Holland made in this matter. It is not necessary to exaggerate it. Naturally, Belgium and Great Britain bore by far the largest part of the financial burden of caring for the refugees. Regular subsidies were guaranteed for this purpose. But Holland gave freely and generously what was more important: a prompt and sufficient welcome and shelter from the storm; abundant supplies of money for immediate needs, food and clothing, a roof and a fire; personal aid and care, nursing, medical attendance—all of which these bewildered exiles needed desperately and at once.

This is not the place, nor the time, in which to attempt a full report of the humane task which was suddenly thrown upon Holland by the deadly doings of the German werewolf in Belgium, nor of the way in which that task was accepted and carried out. I shall note only a few things of which I have personal knowledge.

Going along the railway line which leads to Antwerp, I saw every train literally packed with fugitives. They had come, not in organized, orderly com-

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panies, but in droves—tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. They were dazed and confused, escaping from they knew not what, carried they knew not whither. It is well for the poet to say:

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle";

but what can you do in a case like this except run from hell as fast as you can and take the first open road?

The station platforms were crowded with folks in motley garments showing signs of wear and tear. Their possessions were done up in bags and shapeless bundles, rolled in pieces of sacking, old shawls, red-and-white-checkered table-cloths. The men, with drawn and heavy faces, waited patiently. The women collected and watched their restless flocks. The baby tugged at its mother's breast. The little sister carried the next-to-baby in her arms. The boys, as usual, wandered everywhere undismayed and peered curiously into everything.

The crowds were not disorderly or turbulent; there was no shrieking or groaning. There were, of course, some of the baser sort in the vast multitude that fled to Holland—street rowdies and other sons of Belial from the big towns, women of the pavements, and other wretched by-products of our social system. How could it be otherwise in a throng of about a million, scooped up and cast out by an evil chance? But the great bulk of the people were decent and industrious—no more angels than the rest of us can show per thousand.

I remember a very respectable old couple, cleanly though plainly clad, waiting at the station of a small village, looking in vain for a chance to board the train. Everything was full except the compartment reserved for us. We opened the door and asked them to get in. The old gentleman explained that he was a landscape-gardener, living in a small villa with a small garden, in a suburb of Antwerp.

"It was a beautiful garden, monsieur," he said with glistening eyes. "It was arranged with much skill and care. We loved every bush, every flower. But one evening three German shells fell in it and burst. The good wife and I" (here a wan smile) "thought the climate no longer sanitary. We ran away that night on foot. Much misery for old people. Last night we slept in a barn with hundreds of others. But some day we go back to restore that garden. *N'est-ce pas vrai, chérie?*"

Rosendaal, the Dutch custom-house town on the way to Antwerp, claims 15,000 inhabitants. In two nights at least 40,000 refugees poured into that place. Every house from the richest to the poorest opened its doors in hospitality. The beds and the floors were all filled with sleepers. A big vacant factory building was fitted with improvised bunks and straw bedding. Two thousand five hundred people were lodged there. Open-air kitchens were set up. The burgomaster and aldermen and doctors and all the other "leading citizens" took off their coats and worked. The best women in the place were cooking, serving tables, nursing, making clothes, doing all they could for their involuntary guests.

In the picturesque old city of Bergen-op-Zoom—famous in history—I saw the same thing. There a large tent-camp had been set up for the overflow from the houses. It was like a huge circus of distress. The city hall was turned into an emergency storehouse of food: the vaulted halls and chambers filled with boxes, bags, and barrels. When I went up to the bureau of the Burgomaster, his wife and daughters were there, sewing busily for the refugees.

I visited the main hospital and the annexes which had been established in the schoolhouses. Twice, as we climbed the steep stairs, we stood aside for stretchers to be carried past. They bore the bodies of people who had died from exposure and exhaustion.

In one ward there were a score of the most ancient women I have ever seen. They had made the flight on foot. God knows how they ever did it. One of them was so weak that she could not speak, so short of breath that she could not lie down. As she sat propped with pillows, rocking slowly to and fro and coughing, coughing, feebly coughing her life out, she looked a thousand years old. Perhaps she was, if suffering measures years.

Another room was for babies born in the terror and the flight. A few were well-looking enough; but most of them were pitiful scraps and tatters of humanity.

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They were tenderly nursed and cared for, but their chance was slender. While I was there one of the little creatures shuddered, breathed a tiny sigh, and slipped out of a world that was too hard for it.

It was part of my unofficial duty to visit as many as possible of the private shelters and hospitals and work-rooms and the public camps, because the Belgian Relief Committee and other friends in New York had sent me considerable sums of money to use in helping the refugees. In the careful application of these funds I had the advice of Mr. Th. Stuart, President of the "Netherlands Relief Committee for Belgian and Other Victims of War," and of Baron F. van Tuyll van Serooskerken, a great friend of mine, whom the Queen had appointed as General Commissioner to oversee all the public refugee camps.

Three of these, Nunspeet, Ede, and Uden, were improvised villages, with blocks of long community houses, separate dormitories for the unmarried men and for the single women, a dining-hall, a chapel, one or two schoolhouses, a recreation hall, a house of detention for refractory persons, one hospital for general cases, and another for infectious diseases. It was all built of wood, simple and primitive, but as comfortable as could be expected under the conditions. The chief danger of the camps was idleness. In providing work to combat this peril the Rockefeller Foundation and the committee of the English "Society of Friends" were of great assistance. Each of these camps had accommodation for about 10,000 people.

The fourth camp was at the ancient city of Gouda, famed for its great old church with stained-glass windows and for its excellent cheese and clay pipes. This camp was the earliest and one of the most interesting that I visited. It was established in a series of exceptionally large and fine greenhouses, which happened to be empty when the emergency came. Somebody—I think it was the clever Burgomaster Yssel de Scheppe and his admirable wife—had the cute idea of utilizing them for the refugees. It seemed a curious notion, to raise human plants under glass. But it worked finely. The houses were long and lofty; they had concrete floors and broad concrete platforms where the "cubicles" for the separate families could easily be erected; steam heat, electric light, hot and cold water were already "laid on"; it was quite palatial in its way. A few wooden houses, a laundry, a kitchen, a carpenter-shop for the men, and so on, were quickly run up. There was a bowling-alley and a playground and a schoolhouse. The people could go to church in the town. Soon twenty-five hundred exiles were living in this queer but comfortable camp.

But it was evident that this refugee life, even under the best conditions that could be devised, was abnormal. There was not room in the industrial life of Holland for all these people to stay there permanently. Besides they did not want to stay, and that counts for something in human affairs. The question arose whether it might not be wise to let them go home. Not to *send* them home, you understand. That was never even contemplated. But simply to allow them to return to their own country, at least in the regions where the fury of war had already passed by. I suggested to Mr. Stuart that before you allow poor folks to "go home," you ought to know whether they have a "home" to go to. So we took my motor in October and made a little tour of investigation in Belgium.

That was a strange and memorable journey. The long run in the dripping autumn afternoon along the Antwerp Road, where the miserable fugitives were still trudging in thousands; the search for lodgings in the stricken city, where most of the streets were silent and deserted as if the plague had passed there, and the only bustling life was in the central quarter, where "the field-gray ones" abounded; the closed shops, the house-fronts shattered by shells, the great cathedral standing in the moonlight, unharmed as far as we could see, except for one shell which had penetrated the south transept, just where Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" used to hang before it was carried away for safety—I shall never forget those impressions.

The next morning, provided with permits which the German Military Commandant had very courteously given us, we set out on our tour. The journey became still more strange. The beautiful trees of the suburbs were razed to the

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ground, the little villas stood empty, many of them half-ruined. (Perhaps one of them belonged to our friend the landscape-gardener.) We could see clearly the emplacements for the big German guns, which had been secretly laid long before the war began, concealed in cellars and beneath innocent-looking tennis-courts. The ring-forts surrounding Antwerp were knocked to pieces, their huge concrete gateways, their stone facings, their high earthworks, all battered out of shape.

Town after town through which we passed lay half-destroyed or in complete ruins. Wavre, Waelhem, Termonde, Duffel, Lierre, and many smaller places were in various stages of destruction, burned or shattered by shell fire and explosives. The heaps of bricks and stones encumbered the streets so that it was hard to pick our way through. The smell of decaying bodies tainted the air. The fields had been inundated in the valleys; the water was subsiding; here and there corpses lay in the mud. Old trenches everywhere; thousands of rudely heaped graves, marked by two crossed sticks; miles on miles of rusty barbed-wire defenses, with dead cows or horses entangled in them, slowly rotting, haunted by the carrion crows.

Yet there were some people in the countryside. Now and then we saw a woman or an old man digging in field or garden. We stopped at the front yard of a little farmhouse, where the farmer's wife stood, and asked her some directions about the road. She gave them cheerfully, though the house at her back was little more than a mass of ruins.

"Were you here in the fighting?" we asked.

"But no, messieurs," she answered with a short laugh. "If I *had been here*, I should not *be here*. I ran away to Holland and returned yesterday to my house. But how shall I creep in?" She pointed over her shoulder to the pile of bricks. "I am not a cat or a rat."

They are indomitable, those Flemish people. At Lierre we were very hungry and searched vainly for an inn or a grocery. At last in one of the streets we saw a little baker-shop. The upper story was riddled and broken. But the shop was untouched, the window-shade half up, and underneath we could see two loaves of bread. We went in. The bare-armed baker met us.

"Can you sell us a little bread?"

"But certainly, messieurs, that is what I am here for. Not the window loaves, however; I have a fresh loaf, if you please. Also a little cheese, if you will."

"Were you here in the fighting?"

"Assuredly not! It was impossible. But I hurried back after three days. You see, messieurs, some people were returning, and me—*I am the Baker of Lierre.*"

He said it as if it were a title of nobility.

At Malines (Mechelen) the devastation appeared perhaps more shocking because we had known the russet and gray old city so well in peaceful years. Many of the streets were impassable, choked with *débris*. One side of the great Square was knocked to fragments. The huge belfry, Saint Rombaud's Tower, wherein hangs the famous carillon of more than thirty bells, was battered but still stood firm. The vast cathedral was a melancholy wreck of its former beauty and grandeur. The roof was but a skeleton of bare rafters; the side wall pierced with gaping rents and holes; the pictured windows were all gone; the sunlight streamed in everywhere upon the stone floor, strewn with an indescribable confusion of shattered glass, fallen beams, fragments of carved wood, and broken images of saints.

A little house behind the Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, the roof and upper story of which had been pierced by shells, seemed to be occupied. We knocked and went in. The man and his wife were in the sitting-room, trying to put it in order. Much of the furniture was destroyed; the walls were pitted with shrapnel-scars, but the cheap ornaments on the mantel were unbroken. In the ceiling was a big hole, and in the floor a pit in which lay the head and fragments of a German shell. I asked if I might have them. "Certainly," answered the man. "We wish to keep no souvenirs of that wicked thing."

V

I DO not propose to describe the magnificent work of the "Commision for Relief in Belgium." It is too well known. Besides it is not my story; it is the story of Herbert Hoover, who made the idea a

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reality, and of the crew of fine and fearless young Americans who worked with him. England and France furnished more money to buy food; but the United States, in addition to money and wheat, gave the organization, the personal energy and toil and tact, the assurance of fair play and honest dealing, without which that food could never have gotten into Belgium or been distributed only to the civil population.

Holland was the door through which all the supplies for the C. R. B. had to pass. The first two cargoes that went in I had to put through personally, and nearly had to fight to do it. My job was to put the back of the United States against that door and keep it open. It was not always easy. I was obliged to make protests, remonstrances, and polite suggestions about what would happen if certain things were not done.

Once the Germans refused to give any more "safe-conduct passes" for relief ships on the return voyage. Of course, that would have made the work impossible. A German aircraft bombed one of these ships. I put the matter mildly but firmly to the German Minister. "This work is in your interest. It relieves you from the burden of feeding a lot of people whom you would otherwise be bound to feed. You want it to go on?" "Yes, certainly, by all means." "Well, then, you will have to stop attacking the C. R. B. ships or else the work will have to stop. The case is very simple. There is only one thing to do." He promised to take the matter up with Berlin at once. In a couple of days the answer came: "Very sorry. Regrettable mistake. Aviator could not see markings on side and stern of ship. Advise large horizontal signs painted on top deck of ships visible from above. Safe-conducts will be granted."

When this was told to Captain White, a clever Yankee sea-captain who had general charge of the C. R. B. shipping, he laughed considerably and then said: "Why, look-a-here, I'll paint those boats all over, top, sides, *and* bottom, if that'll only keep the —— Germans from sinkin' 'em."

From a million and a half to two million men, women, and children in Belgium and northern France were saved from starving to death by the work of the C. R. B. The men who were doing it had a chance to observe the conditions in those invaded countries. They came to the Legation at The Hague and told simply what they knew. We got the real story of Miss Cavell, cruelly done to death by "field-gray" officers. We got full descriptions of the system of deporting the civil population—a system which amounted to enslavement, with a taint of "white slavery" thrown in. When the Belgian workmen were suddenly called from their homes, herded before the German commandant, and sent away, they knew not whither, to work for their oppressor, as they were entrained they sang the "Marseillaise." They knew they would be punished for it, kept without food, put to the hardest labor. *But they sang it.* They knew that France, and England too, were fighting for them, for their rights, for their liberty. They believed that it would come. They were not conquered yet.

Here I must break off my story for a month. It has not been well told. Words cannot render the impression of black horror that lay upon us, the fierce indignation that stirred us, during all those months while we were doing the tasks of peace in peaceful Holland.

We were bound to be neutral in conduct. That was the condition of our service to the wounded, the prisoners, the refugees, the sufferers, of both sides. We lived up to that condition at The Hague without a single criticism from anybody —except the subsidized German-American press in the United States.

But to be neutral in thought and feeling—ah, that was beyond my power. I knew that the predatory Potsdam gang had chosen and forced the war in order to realize their robber-dream of Pan-Germanism. I knew that they were pushing it with unheard-of atrocity in Belgium and northern France, in Poland and Servia and Armenia. I knew that they had challenged and attacked the whole world of peace-loving nations. I knew that America belonged to that imperilled world. I knew that there could be no secure labor and no quiet sleep in any land so long as the Potsdam werewolf was at large.

[Dr. van Dyke's third article, "Stand Fast, Ye Free!" in the November number.]

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THE MOUNT McKINLEY NATIONAL PARK

By Belmore Browne

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A PAINTING BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ON the 26th day of February, 1917, President Wilson signed the bill establishing a Mount McKinley National Park in the Territory of Alaska. The creation of this park, comprising approximately two thousand two hundred square miles, marks the beginning of a new epoch in our national development: it means the passing of our last frontier and the end of the reckless régime of the pioneer. The "ice-box" legend that has persisted since Seward's day has received its congé.

Fifteen years ago Mount McKinley was only a name. A handful of wilderness men had seen the great peak hanging, cloud-like, above vast stretches of spruce and tundra, but even in Alaska its name was a synonym for the unknown and the unattainable. The mystery which surrounded it was, however, the loadstone that drew men to it, with the result that to-day our knowledge of the big mountain and the wilderness that guards it is practically complete.

From the mass of data concerning it two facts stand out clearly: the first is that scenically the Mount McKinley region is surpassed by no other region on earth, and the second is that it is the finest big-game range in the western hemisphere. In fact, with the one exception of certain parts of Africa, there is probably no other region where so many big-game animals can be found in a like area.

The new park lies in the centre of the region known as South Central Alaska, which is bounded on the north by the Yukon River, on the east by the Alaskan Boundary, on the south by the North Pacific Ocean, and on the west by Behring Sea. This vast expanse is bisected by a great mountain system which, with the exception of a few minor breaks, extends northward from the Aleutian Islands and the Alaskan Peninsula, and thence eastward and southward in a great curve to the Alaskan Boundary, a distance of more than one thousand miles. Of this system the Alaskan Range forms the northern and central link. It is about five hundred and fifty miles in length, and its size makes it one of the most prominent mountain chains on the continent. This one range is of greater relief and extent than the European Alps.

These few facts will illustrate the tremendous difficulties that have been overcome by the men who have explored this wilderness. Vast forests of spruce, treacherous muskegs, savage glacier-fed rivers, impenetrable thickets of alder where a day's travel is measured by the power of axemen, awesome mountain slopes and fields of living ice had to be overcome before the vast solitude became known.

To-day the new park is practically as inaccessible as it ever was. The only way of reaching it from the seacoast is with pack-train, dog-sled, or small boat, and either of these methods of travel necessitates a journey of more than one hundred and fifty miles, entailing a great amount of labor and hardship. From the north the approach is less arduous, but the distance to be travelled is so great that it is almost prohibitive.

It was conditions such as these that bred the Alaskan slogan, "Give us a railroad!" And in answer to that call the government has taken up the huge task. On these steel rails rests the future of Alaska, for when the work is completed the Mount McKinley National Park will be within a two weeks' journey of New York!

Beginning at Seward, on a fiord-like arm of the Gulf of Alaska, the road will

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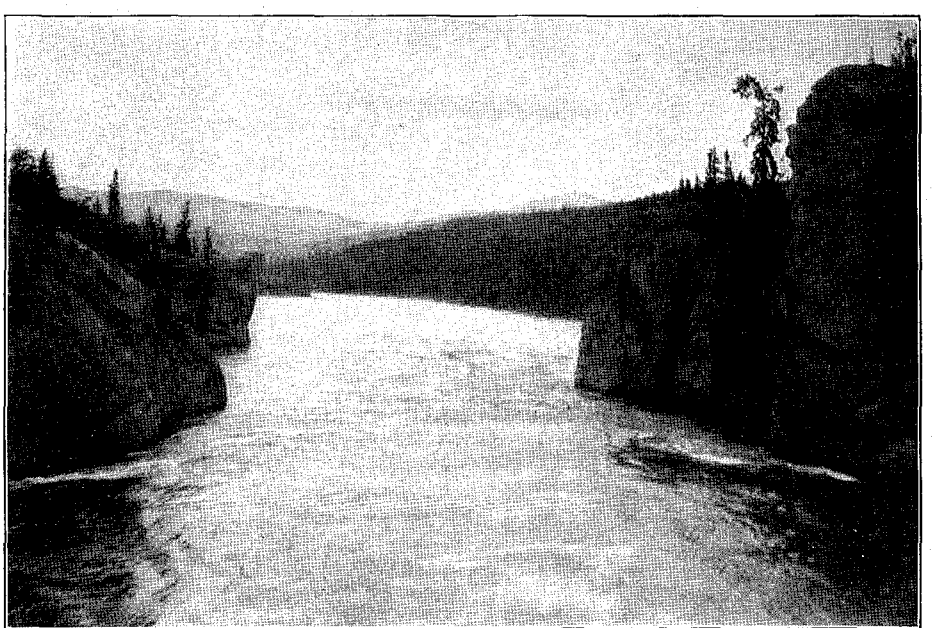
cross the Kenai Peninsula through a land of still lakes and snow-capped mountains. North of the Kenai it drops down to the sea again, and, after skirting two glacier-fed fiords, swings away through the great Susitna Valley toward Fairbanks on the Tanana.

About one hundred and fifty miles from the coast the line will cross the Alaskan Range through a wide depression called Broad Pass, and this spot is destined to be the Mecca of the tourists of the world, for it will be the principal entrance to the Mount McKinley National Park.



From a photograph by Professor H. C. Parker.

A view on the upper Yukon.

Had nature planned this spot for an entrance, it could not have improved much on what exists, for as you travel westward from the pass the Alaskan Range is divided into two parallel walls by a valley that forms a natural roadway to Mount McKinley. The altitude of Broad Pass is low and the mountains are of the smooth or eroded type, but as the traveller moves westward the range broadens and becomes higher. Slowly, but with infinite majesty, range on range and snow peak on snow peak, the gigantic mass of rock and ice heaves into the heavens, until, eighty miles from the future railroad, it culminates at more than twenty thousand feet in the summit of Mount McKinley.

The earliest written word of Mount McKinley comes from George Vancouver, who described it and its giant neighbor, Mount Foraker, as "stupendous mountains covered with snow." But as Vancouver saw the mountain from a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, it is interesting to speculate on how his final description would have been worded had he pushed on to the actual base of the huge peak. In fact, no word-picture or photograph can give any but the slightest impression of this unique mountain.

While Mount McKinley is exceeded in altitude by many mountains, no other known peak on the globe rises so high above its own base. The great peaks of the Andes and Himalaya ranges rise from high plateaus, and while the individual peaks tower a great distance above the sea they only rise a comparatively short distance above the plateaus that support them. Mount McKinley, on the other

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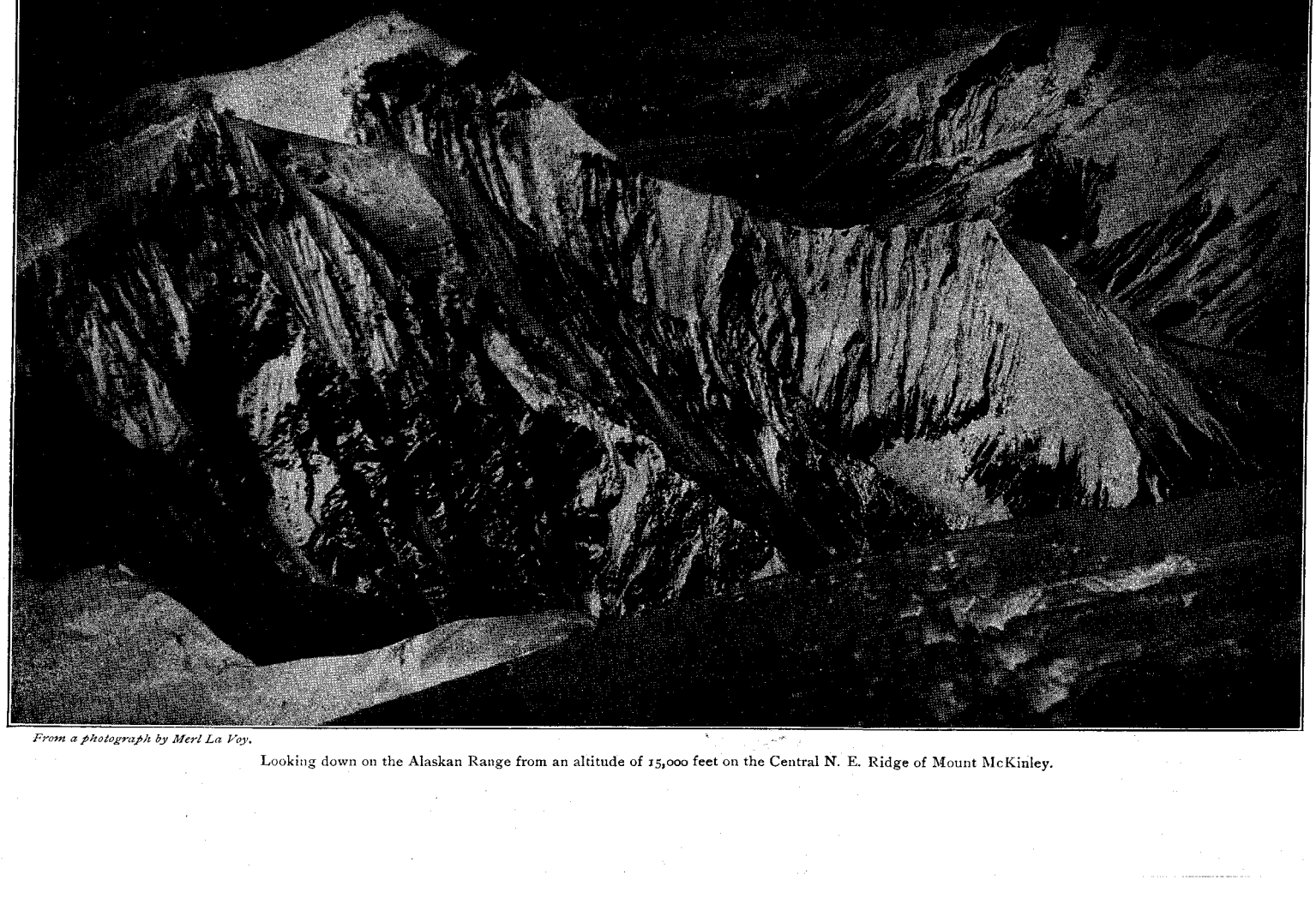

From a photograph by Merl La Voy.

Looking down on the Alaskan Range from an altitude of 15,000 feet on the Central N. E. Ridge of Mount McKinley.

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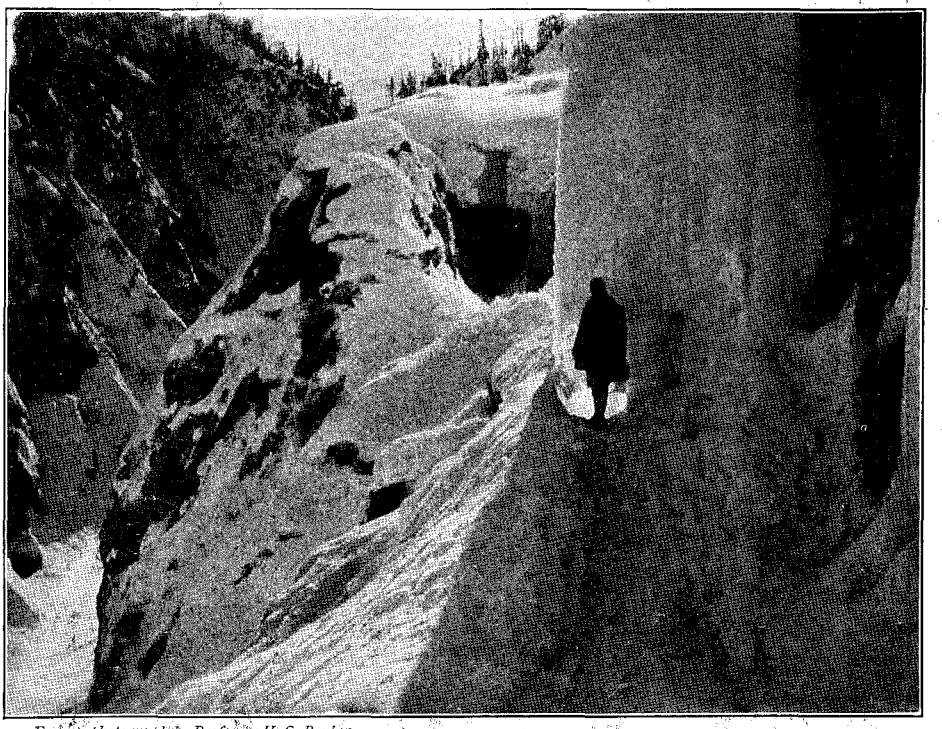
hand, towers a clear eighteen thousand feet above the low tundra shelf that sweeps around its northern base, and as most of its mighty form is covered with perpetual snow and ice it presents a view of impressive grandeur that cannot be surpassed by any other mountain on the globe.

The piedmont gravel bed which follows the northern base of the Alaskan Range throughout almost the entire length of the park, averages about two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and as it forms a natural roadway and is overhung by a continuous line of gigantic ice-clad peaks, the views can be better imagined than described. On the north the land falls away in a series of giant steps into the haze of the valley of the Kantishna, which, like a blue sea, stretches away into the mysteries of the Arctic. Northward through the great valley flow the streams that carry the freight of melted snow from the mighty glaciers of the Alaskan Range. Some of the streams are clear, and their sparkling waters teem with grayling, whitefish, and salmon; others are "glacier-gutted" torrents of brownish foam that rise and fall with the pulse of the sun on distant ice-fields; but they all flow to the Tanana through the broad banks of the Kantishna, and the man who loves the feel of a fly-rod, the glimpse of a drinking moose, or the leap of a canoe in swift water, can there find his heart's desire.



From a photograph by Professor H. C. Parker.

Tunnel and ice, Mile 53, Alaska Northern Railroad.

But let us turn from the scenic side of the region and consider its economic side. Day by day as the traveller moves westward from the railroad he will realize more and more that the rock-ribbed mountains and ocean-like sweeps of tundra have an important function to perform—the production of wild life. On first sight of this vast wilderness, with its ice-capped peaks, its grinding glaciers, and its sphagnum-covered foot-hills sweeping down to spruce-carpeted valleys, the traveller is overcome with its grim solemnity and apparent barrenness. Then, little by lit-

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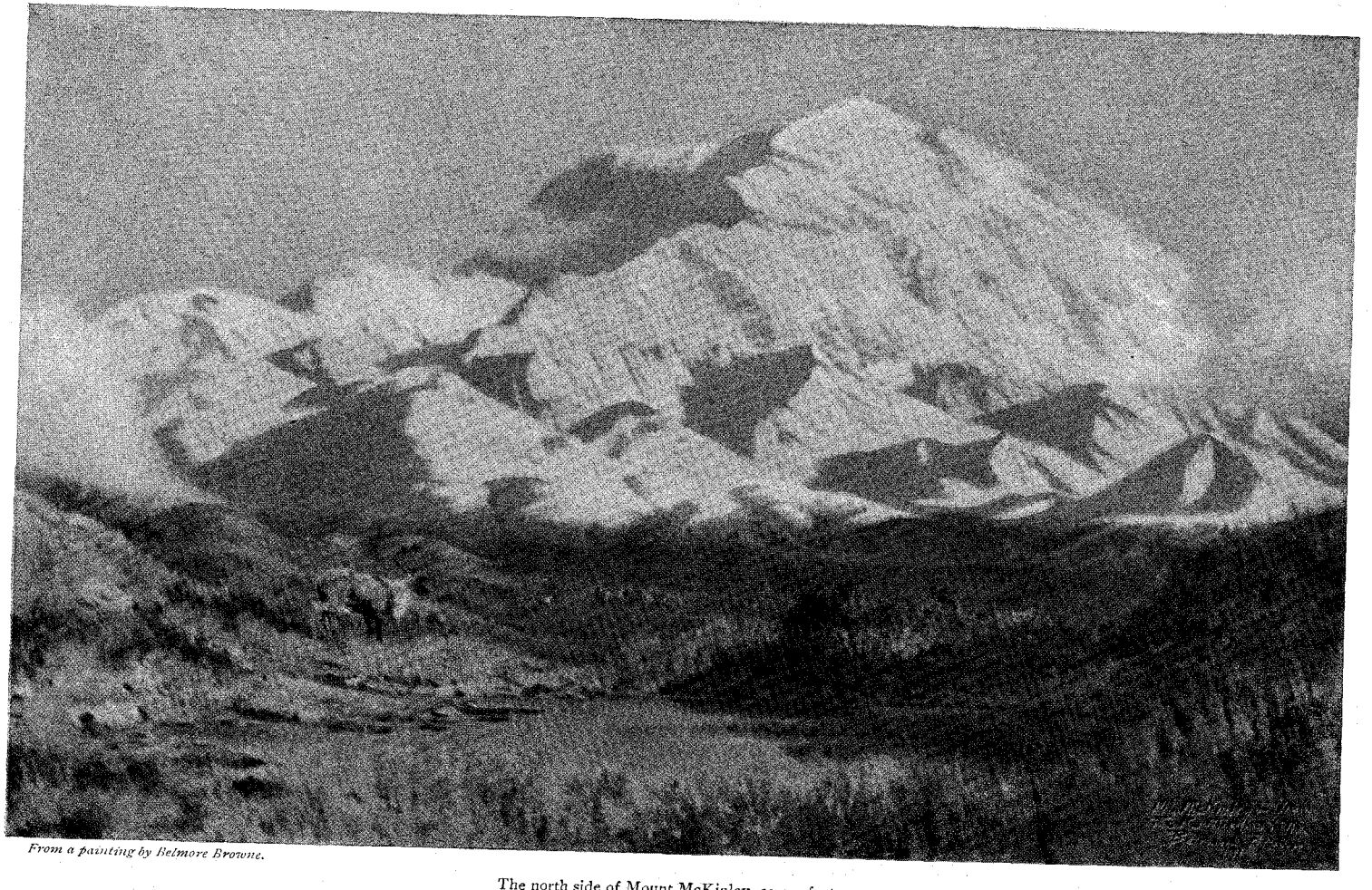

From a painting by Belmore Browne.

The north side of Mount McKinley, 20,400 feet.

This painting was made from the Caribou hills on the headwaters of the McKinley fork of the Kantishna River, a distance of 25 miles.

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From a photograph copyright by Merl La Voy.

The southeastern side of Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet, taken from the summit of Explorers Peak, 9000 feet (about 18,000 feet of the mountain's altitude is shown in this picture).

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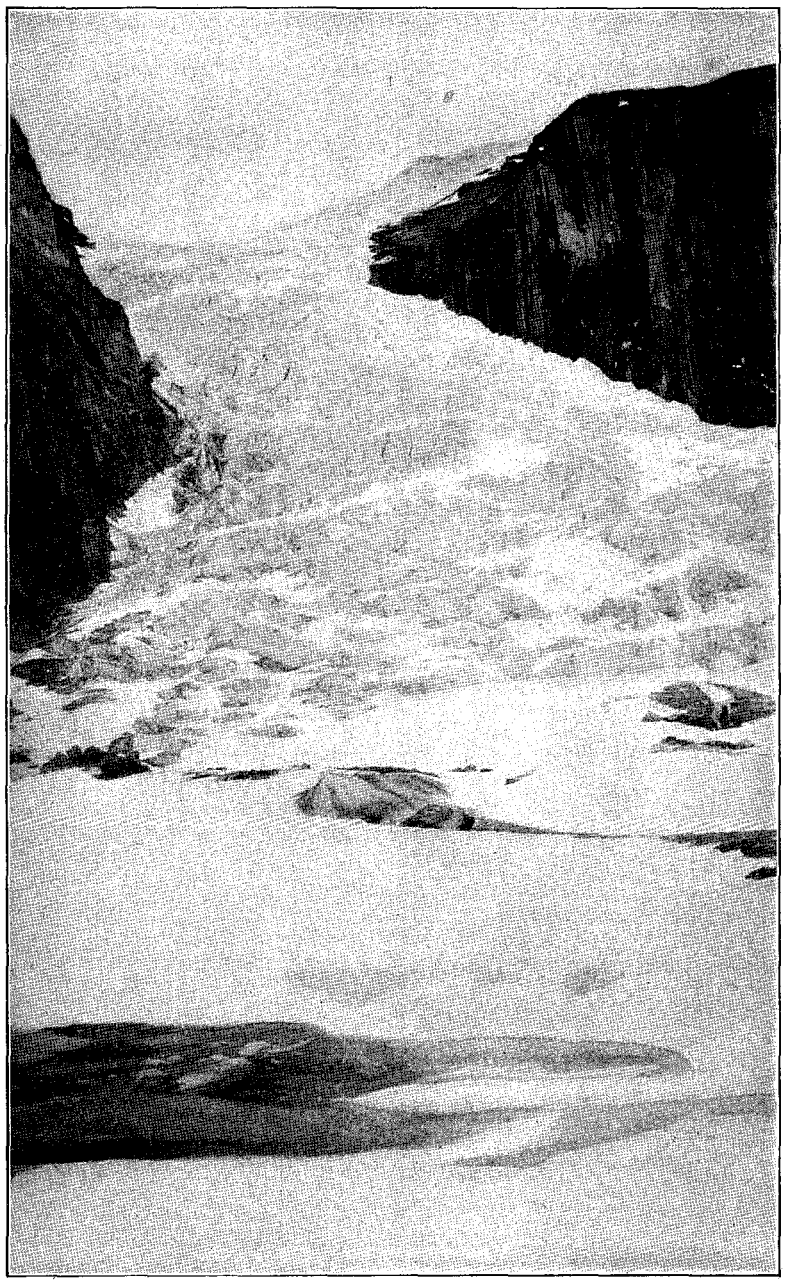

From a photograph by Belmore Browne.

An "ice-fall" on the southern side of Mount McKinley.

tle, as he becomes used to the ways of the wilderness, his eyes will open. Deep down beneath the throbbing silence of the great solitude he will catch an undertone of primal music that is pitched so low that human ears must become attuned to hear it; it is the spring song of unnumbered millions of ptarmigans. From every gully and mountainside, from every willow thicket and stream bed, the

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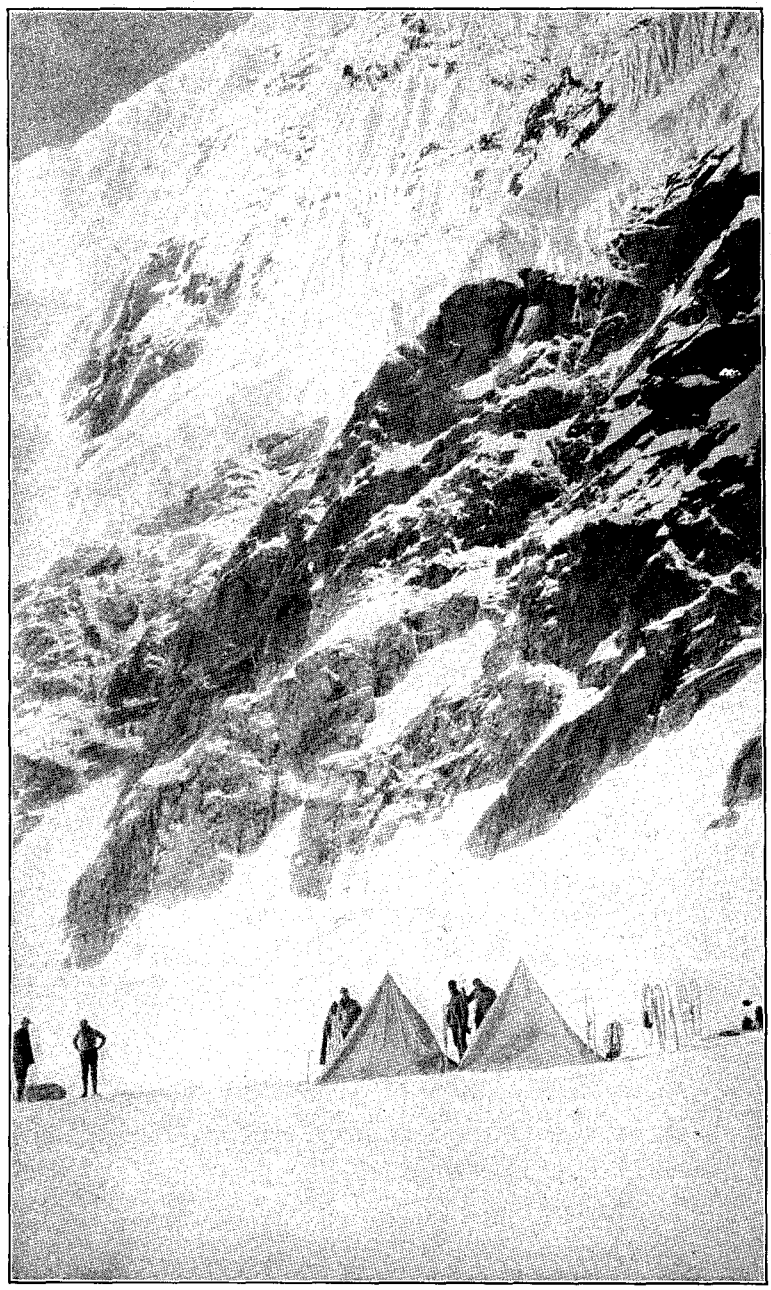

From a photograph by Professor J. H. Cuntz.

Camp of the 1910 Parker-Browne expedition under the southern face of Mount McKinley.
The photograph gives a fair idea of the terrific heights and grandeur of these avalanche-swept cliffs.

cackling of the cocks rises into the still air, until the calls become blended into one deep tone like the murmuring of a vast forest under the wind.

In the valley below, acres of dead willows speak mutely of some power that has blasted their healthy growth in the span of a winter. The traveller will attribute it to the weight of winter snows, but Dame Nature well knows the signs of the

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rabbit blight, and, lest her northern domain be denuded of all vegetation, she sends a counter pestilence once in seven years that wipes out the rabbit hordes in their thousands and allows the green things to grow again.

As the summer advances and wild flowers begin to spring from the snow-watered hillsides the land swarms with an active, chirping, bright-eyed little creature—the ground-squirrel of the north. Their burrows dot every mountainside, and here and there great holes and scars in the red earth show where a grizzly bear has tunnelled into a ground-squirrel metropolis to satisfy his vast hunger.

From a photograph by Merl La Voy.

An Alaskan prospector with a catch of fish.

High above the green hillsides lies the region of rock and snow. No spot could offer less encouragement to life than these bleak, wind-swept solitudes. And yet, as the traveller's eyes sweep the mountainsides he notices many white dots below a wall of green ice. With his interest aroused he watches intently, and then the dots move and he realizes that he has at last seen the white sheep—the most beautiful and interesting of the northern animals. Down from the gleaming snowfields they come in sinuous white lines, crossing fearful scree slopes on trails that thousands of sheep before them have worn across the shifting boulders, gathering, like carefully posed plaster statues on the edges of dizzy cliffs, until the leaders halt at some favorite pasture, and they begin to graze under the warmth of the northern sun.

Merging with the sheep trails at the base of the range are other trails that lead downward through the broad valleys to the lowlands. They are century-old paths that have been worn by the blunt hoofs of the caribou hordes. As you move over the rolling, lake-dotted tun-

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dra, the caribou are all about you. If it is early summer you will see bands of sleek cows followed by their ungainly calves, fresh from their birthplaces in the high mountain valleys. Later they join forces with the heavy-antlered bulls, and herds of more than a thousand head can be seen moving over the foot-hills, with the icy peaks of the great range hanging above them.

For every type of country, from the high snow-bound crags where the rock-ptarmigan nests to the sheltered valley where the beaver builds his house, Nature has produced some form of wild life, and after you have descended from the sheep mountains and passed through the caribou barrens to timber-line, you enter the domain of the world's largest deer—the giant moose of Alaska. Their trails criss-cross the lowlands in every direction, the banks of the streams are broken down where they come to water, and secure in the vast wilderness that surrounds them they even venture across the open hills, miles away from the protecting timber.

By this time the traveller will have realized the tremendous benefit that the new park will confer on posterity by protecting for all time the fast-disappearing animals of that great land. That the park will perform this great service is an assured fact, not only on account of the great numbers of wild animals that live within its boundaries, but because the region is a natural winter as well as a summer range. We have only just awakened with a feeling of helpless surprise to the fact that our famous Yellowstone Park is a poor game refuge on account of its lack of winter food. Experience is teaching us that more Yellowstone elk starve to death in the winter than fall before the high-power rifle.

This lamentable condition will never exist in the Mount McKinley Park, for it is in itself the fountainhead of the game supply of the vast area known as South

From a photograph by Professor H. C. Parker.

The Mount McKinley caribou.

Showing the mountain-climbing proclivities of this species and the protective instinct in taking her calf away from the haunts of carnivorous animals.

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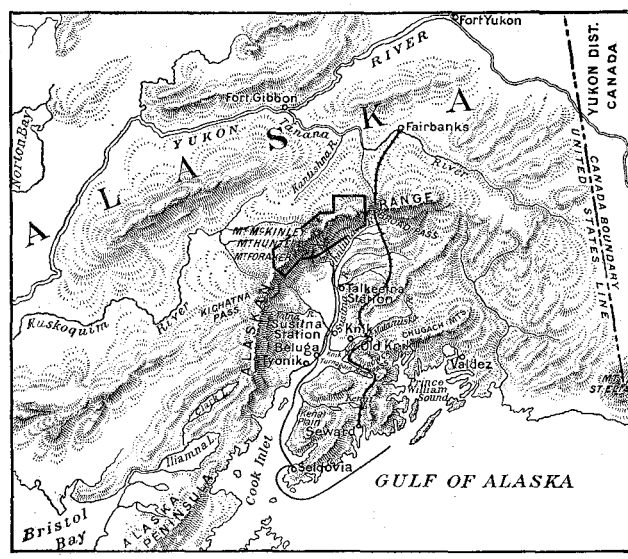
Central Alaska. It is a natural game refuge where game has always existed at all seasons of the year, and it is the region toward which the animals are retreating before the advance of civilization. Should any one belittle the economic importance of the game, a study of the question will teach him that it is the game that has made the development of Alaska possible.

In order to appreciate the full significance of the part the new park will play in the future of our northern Territory, it is necessary to view it in relation with the rest of that great land. In the first place, it will form the chief attraction in an unbroken transportation system—within Alaska and the Yukon territory and irrespective of the coastal lines—of more than fifteen hundred miles in length. With utter trust in the steamship folders, the tourist who has been to Sitka says: "I have seen Alaska." But in reality the wonders of that mighty land begin where the tourist turns back. Southeastern Alaska forms the weakest link in Alaska's chain of scenic charms.

North of Icy Strait lies the Malaspina Glacier, five thousand square miles of ice with a frontage on the sea of seventy miles. Then the Saint Elias and Fairweather ranges follow, and the Gulf of Alaska, with its unsurpassed fiords and ice-rivers. Next comes the journey northward on the new railroad—the Kenai Mountains, the Mount McKinley Park, and Fairbanks. At this point the iron horse has opened up a vast subartic area. The Tanana steamers will carry the traveller on to the mighty Yukon, where, under the magic of the midnight sun, the side-wheelers plough north of the arctic circle. Nearly one thousand miles up the Yukon are the canyons and lakes made famous by the Argonauts of '98, while the final five-thousand-foot drop from Whitehorse Pass to the Alaskan coast forms a fitting ending to what will soon be known as "the most wonderful journey in the world."



Section of Alaska showing the location of Mount McKinley National Park.

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THE GODDESS OF HAPPY VALLEY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE professor stood at the window of his study waiting for Her to come home. The wind outside was high and whipped her skirts close to her magnificent body as, breasting it unconcernedly, she came with a long, slow stride around a corner down the street. Now, as always whenever he saw her move, he thought of the line in Virgil, for even in her walk she showed the goddess. And Juno was her name.

He met her at the door and he did not have to stoop to kiss her. "What is it, dear?" he said quickly, for deep in her eyes, which looked level with his, he saw trouble.

She handed him a letter and walked to the window, looking out at the gathering storm. The letter was from her home away down in the Kentucky hills—from the mission teacher in Happy Valley.

There was an epidemic of typhoid down there. It was spreading through the school and through the hills. They were without nurses or doctors, and they needed help.

"Too bad, too bad," he murmured, and he turned anxiously.

"I must go," she said, with a catch in her breath. "One cabin is built above another all the way up the creeks down there. The springs are by the stream. High water floods all of them, and the infection goes with the tide. And the poor things don't know—they don't know. Oh, I must go!"

For a moment he was silent, and then he got up and put his arms about her. He was smiling.

"Then I'll go with you." She wheeled quickly.

"No, no, no! You can't leave your work, and—remember!"

He did remember how useless it had been to argue with her, and he knew it was useless now. Moreover, if she was going at all, it was like her to go at once—like her to go up-stairs at once to her packing and leave him in the darkened study alone.

They had been married two years. He had seen her first entering his own classroom, and straightway that Latin line took permanent quarters in his brain, so that he was almost startled when he learned her Olympic name. It was not long before he found himself irresistibly drawn to her big, serious eyes that never wandered in a moment's inattention, found himself expounding directly to her—a fact already discovered by every girl in the classroom except Juno herself; and she never did discover, for no one was intimate enough to tell her seriously, and there was that about her that forbade the telling in badinage. With all secrecy, and shyly almost, he set about to learn what he could about her, and that was little indeed.

She came from the mountains of Kentucky, she had won a scholarship in the bluegrass region of the same State, had come North, and was living with painful economy working her way through college, he heard, as a waitress in the dining-hall. He was rather shocked to hear of one incident. The girl who was the head of all athletics in college had once addressed rather sharp words to Juno, who had been persuaded to try for the basket-ball team. The mountain girl did not respond in kind. Instead, her big eyes

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Night and day, and through wind and storm, she had travelled the hills, healing the sick.—Page 416.

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narrowed to volcanic slits, she caught the champion shot-putter by the shoulders, shook her until her hair came down, and then, with fists doubled, had stood waiting for more trouble.

When the term closed the professor stayed on to finish some experiments he had on hand, and at dinner in his boarding-house the next night he nearly overturned his soup-plate, for it was the goddess who had placed it before him. She was there for the summer—not having money to go home—as a general helper in the household and living under the same roof. She too was going on with her studies, and he offered to help her.

He found her a source of puzzling surprises. While she was from the South, she was not Southern in speech, sentiments, ideas, or ideals. Her voice was not Southern and, while she elided final consonants, her intonation was not of the South. Indeed, she would startle him every now and then by dropping some archaic word or old form of expression that made him think of Chaucer. Her feeling toward the negro was precisely what his was, and once when he halted in some stricture on the Confederacy and started to apologize she laughed.

"All my folks," she said, "fit fer the Union—as we say down there," she added with a smile.

So that gradually he began to realize that the Appalachian Range, while being parts of the Southern States, was not of them at all, but was a region *sui generis*, and that its inhabitants were the only Americans who had never swerved in fealty to the flag.

By midsummer it was all over with him, and he shocked his own reticent soul by blurting out one day: "I want you to marry me." The words had been shot from him by some inner dynamic force, and at the moment he would have given anything he had could he have taken them back. He waited in terror, and very frankly and proudly she lifted her heavy lashes, looked straight into his eyes, and firmly said:

"No!"

He went away then, but his relief was not what he thought it would be. He could not forget that her mouth quivered slightly, and that there seemed to be a faint weakening in the depths of her eyes when he told her good-by. He could climb no mountain that he did not see her striding as from Olympus down it. He walked by no seashore that he did not see her rising from the waves, and again he went to her, and again he asked. And this time, just as frankly and proudly, she looked him in the eyes and said:

"Yes—on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you don't go to my home and my people for five years." He laughed.

"Why, you big, beautiful, silly young person, I know mountains and mountaineers."

"Yes—of Europe—but not mine."

"Very well," he said and, not knowing women, he asked:

"Why didn't you say 'yes' the first time?"

"I don't know," she said.

II

SHE had lifted her voice first, one spring dawn, in a log cabin that clung to the steep bank of Clover Fork, and her wail rose above the rush of its high waters—above the song of a wood-thrush in the top of a poplar high above her. Somewhere her mother had heard the word Juno, and the mere sound of the word appealed to her starved sense of beauty as did one of the old-fashioned flowers she planted in her tiny yard. So the mother gave the child that name and, like the name, the child grew up, tall, slow, and majestic of movement, singularly gentle and quiet, except when aroused, and then her wrath and her might were primeval.

St. Hilda, the mission teacher, was the first from the outside world to be drawn to her. She had stopped in at the cabin on Clover one day to find the mother of the family ill in bed, and twelve-year-old Juno acting as cook and mother for a brood of ten. A few months later she persuaded the father to let the girl come down to her school, and in the succeeding years she became St. Hilda's right hand, and the mainstay in the supervision of the kitchen, housework, and laundry, and even in the management of the mis-

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sion's farm. No one had the subtle understanding of St. Hilda's charges as had Juno—no one could handle them quite so well. So that it was with real grief and great personal loss that St. Hilda opened the way for Juno to go to school in the Bluegrass. And now, one sunset in mid-May, she was back at the mission in Happy Valley, and the two were in each other's arms.

Happy Valley it was no longer, for throughout it the plague had spread fear or sickness or death in every little home. St. Hilda had gathered her own little sufferers in tents collected from a railway camp over the mountains, a surveying party, and from the Bluegrass. A volunteer doctor had come from the "settlements," and two nurses, and so Juno took to the outside work up and down the river, up every little creek, and out in the hills. All day and far into the night she was gone. Sometimes she did not for days come back to the mission. Her face grew white and drawn, and her cheeks hollow from poor food, meagre snatches of sleep, and untiring work. The doctor warned her, St. Hilda warned her, she got anxious warning letters from her husband, but on she went. And the inevitable happened.

One hot midday, as she watched by the bedside of a little patient, with a branch of maple in her hand to keep the flies away, she drowsed, and one of the wretched little insects lighted on her moist red lips. Soon thereafter the "walking typhoid" caught her as she was striding past Lum Chapman's blacksmith-shop. Instinctively she kept on toward home and reached there raving: "Don't let him come—don't let him come!" And when the news got about the heart of Happy Valley almost bled.

Only St. Hilda guessed what the mutterings of the sick girl meant, but she did not heed them, and the professor from New England soon crossed Mason and Dixon's line for the first time in his life. For the first time he fell under the spell of the Southern hills—graceful, gracious big hills, real mountains, densely wooded like thickets to their very tops—so densely wooded, indeed, that they seemed overspread with a great shaggy green rug that swept on and on over the folds of the hills as though billowed up by a mighty wind beneath. And the lights, the mists, the drifting cloud shadows! Why had Juno not wanted him to see them? And when he took to horseback and mounted through that billowing rug, through ferns stirrup-high, with flowers innumerable nodding on either side of the trail and the air of the first dawn in his nostrils—mounted to the top of the Big Black, rode for miles along its gently waving summit, and saw at every turn of the path the majestic supernal beauty of the mighty green waves that swept on and on before him, in wonder he kept asking himself:

"Why—why?"

He had not come into contact yet with the humanity in those hills. The log cabins he had seen from the train—clinging to the hillsides, nestling in little coves amid apple-trees, or close to the banks of rushing little creeks—had struck him as most picturesque and charming, and an occasional old mill, with its big waterwheel, boxed-in, grass-hung mill-race half hidden by weeping willows, had given him sheer delight; but now he was meeting the people in the road and could see them close at hand in doorway and porches of the wretched little houses that he passed. How mean, meagre, narrow, and poverty-stricken must be their lives!

At one cabin he had to stop for midday dinner, for the word "lunch," he found, was unknown. A slatternly woman with scraggling black hair, and with three dirty children clinging to her dirty apron, "reckoned she mought git him a bite," and disappeared. Flies swarmed over him when he sat in the porch. The rancid smell of bedding struck his sensitive nostrils from within. He heard the loud squawking of a chicken cease suddenly, and his hunger-gnawed stomach almost turned when he suddenly realized just what it meant. When called within, it was dirt and flies, flies and dirt, everywhere. He sat in a chair with a smooth-worn cane bottom so low that his chin was just above the table. The table-cover was of greasy oilcloth. His tumbler was cloudy, unclean, and the milk was thin and sour. Thick slices of fat bacon swam in a dish of grease, blood

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was perceptible in the joints of the freshly killed, half-cooked chicken, and the flies swarmed.

As he rode away he began to get a glimmer of light. Perhaps Juno—his Juno—had once lived like that; perhaps her people did yet.

There was another mountain to climb, and a stranger who was going his way offered to act as guide. The stranger was a Kentuckian, he said, from the bluegrass region, and he was buying timber through the hills. He volunteered this, but the New England man made no self-revealment. Instead he burst out:

"*How* do these people live this way?"

"They have to—they're pretty poor."

"They don't have to keep—dirty."

"They've got used to it, and so would you if your folks had been living out in this wilderness for a hundred years."

From a yard that they passed a boy with a vacant face and retreating forehead dropped his axe to stare at them.

"That's the second one I've seen," said the professor.

"Yes, idiots are not unusual in these mountains—inbreeding!"

"Do they still have moonshining and feuds and all that yet?"

"Plenty of moonshining. The feuds are all over practically, though I did hear that the big feud over the mountain was likely to be stirred up again—the old Camp and Adkin feud." A question came faintly from behind:

"Do you know any of the Camps?"

"Used to know old Red King Camp, the leader. He's in the penitentiary now for killing a man. What's the matter?" He turned in his saddle, but the New Englander had recovered himself.

"Nothing—nothing. It seems awful to a Northern man."

The stranger thought he had heard a groan behind him, and he had—King Camp was the name of the Northern man's father-in-law. Ah, he was beginning to understand; but why did Juno not want him to come for five years?

"Is—is Red King Camp—how long was his sentence?"

"Let's see—he's been in two years, and I heard he had three years more. Yes, I remember—he got five years."

Once more the bluegrass man thought he heard a groan, but the other was only clearing his throat. The New Englander asked no more questions, and about two hours by sun they rode over a ridge and down to the bed of Clover Fork.

"Well, stranger, we part here. You go up to the head of the creek, and anybody'll tell you where Red King lives. There's plenty of moonshining up that way, and if anybody asks your name and your business—tell 'em quick. They won't bother you. And if I were you I wouldn't criticise these people to *anybody*. They're morbidly sensitive, and you never know when you are giving mortal offense. And, by the way, most offenses *are* mortal in these hills."

"Thank you. Good-by—and thank you."

Everybody knew where old King Camp lived—"Fust house a leetle way down t'other side o' the mountain from the head of Clover." And nobody asked him his name or his business. Near dusk he was at the head of Little Clover and looking down on Happy Valley. The rimming mountains were close overhung with motionless wet clouds. Above and through them lightning flashed and thunder cracked and boomed like encircling artillery around the horizon. The wind came with the rush of mighty wings, and blackness dropped like a curtain. By one flash of lightning he saw a great field of corn, by another a big, comfortable barn, a garden, a trim picket-fence, a yard full of flowers, and a log house the like of which he had not seen in the hills—and a new light came—Juno's work! A torrent of rain swept after him as he stepped upon the porch and knocked on the door. A moment later he was looking at the kindest and most motherly face and into the kindest eyes he had ever seen.

"I'm Juno's husband," he said simply. For a moment she blinked up at him bewilderedly through brass-rimmed spectacles, and then she put her arms around him and bent back to look up at him again. Then, still without a word, she led him on tiptoe to an open door and pointed.

"She's in thar." And there she lay—his Juno—thin, white, unconscious, her beauty spiritualized, glorified. He sat simply looking at her—how long he did

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not know—until he felt a gentle touch on his shoulder. It was Juno's mother beckoning him to supper.

Going out he saw Juno's hand in everything, the hand-woven rag carpet, the curtains at the windows, the andirons at the log fire—for summer nights in those hills are always cool—saw it in the kitchen, the table-cloth, napkins, even though they were in rings, the dishes, the food, the neatness in everything. He could see the likeness of Juno to the gentle-voiced old woman who would talk of nothing but her daughter. In a moment she was calling him "Jim," and few others than his dead mother had ever called him that. And when at bedtime she said, "Don't let her die, Jim," he leaned down and kissed her—something her own sons when grown up had never done.

"No, mother," he said, and the word did not come hard.

III

Juno had been unconscious since the day she was stricken. Her mutterings had been disjointed and unintelligible, but that night, while Mother Camp and the New Englander sat at her bedside, she said again:

"Don't let him come."

"She ain't said that for three days now," said Mother Camp. "Whut d' you s'pose she means?" The husband shook his head.

Next morning the nurse for whom St. Hilda had sent arrived from the Blue-grass, and the New Englander started down Little Clover to the settlement school to consult the doctor and see St. Hilda. It was a brilliant, drenched June day, and never, he believed, had his eyes rested on such a glory of green and gold. Already he had been heralded in the swift way common in the hills, and all who saw him coming knew who he was. He was Juno's man, and the people straightway called him—Jim. When he stood on St. Hilda's porch her words and her drawn, anxious face went straight to his heart. There was nobody like Juno, and without Juno she did not know how she could get along. Her own little sufferers were in tents about her, and there was only one nurse for them. Juno, said the doctor, might be unconscious for a long time, and her nurse must be with her night and day: so who would take Juno's place throughout the hills she did not know. At once the New Englander, who knew a good deal about medicine and something of typhoid, found himself offering to do all he could. Then and there the mission teacher gave him a list of patients, and then and there, with a thermometer in his pocket and a medicine case in his hand, he started on his first round. The people were very shy with him at first. In a few days he was promoted to Doctor Jim, and soon he was plain "Doc" to all. By every mouth that opened he found Juno's name blessed, and many were the tales of what she had done. She had saved wild Jay Dawn's little girl, and Lum Chapman's first-born. She had brought old Aunt Sis Stidham back from the shadow of the grave, and had turned that tart, irreverent old person's erring feet back into the way of the Lord. Night and day, and through wind and storm, she had travelled the hills, healing the sick and laying out and helping to bury the dead. Apparently there was not a man, woman, or child in Happy Valley who did not love her or have some reason to be grateful, and when in the open-air meeting-house Parson Small told of her work and prayed that her life be spared there were fervent "Amens," or tears and sobs, from all. Doctor Jim soon found himself getting deeply interested in the people, and when he contrasted the lives of those whom the influence of the mission school had not yet reached with the folks in Happy Valley he began to realize the amazing good that St. Hilda was doing in the hills. What a place he was earning for himself he was yet to learn, but through some mystification an inkling came. To be sure, everybody spoke to him as though he were a fixture in the land. He could pass no door that somebody did not ask him to come in and rest a spell, or stay all night. He never went by the mill that Aunt Jane did not have a glass of buttermilk for him and Uncle Jerry did not try to entice him in for a talk. Several times the little Judge of Happy Valley had ridden down to ask

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after Juno and to talk with him. Pleasant Trouble waved his crutch from a hillside and shouted himself at Doctor Jim's disposal for any purpose whatever. But one sunset he had stopped at Lum Chapman's blacksmith-shop just as a big, black-haired fellow, with a pistol buckled around him, was reeling away. The men greeted him rather solemnly, and he felt that they wanted to say something to him, but no one spoke. He saw Jay Dawn nod curtly to Pleasant Trouble, who got briskly up and walked up the road with him until they were in sight of Juno's home. For three days thereafter Pleasant was waiting for him at the shop and walked the same space with him. The next day Jay Dawn spoke with some embarrassment to him:

"Have you got a gun?"

"No." Jay handed forth one.

"Oh, no!" said Doctor Jim.

"Go on!" said Jay shortly; "I got another un."

"But why do I need a gun?" Jay was distinctly embarrassed.

"Well," he drawled, "thar's some purty bad fellers 'bout hyeh, an' when they gits drunk they might do somethin'. Now that Jerry Lipps you seed hyeh t'other day a-staggerin' off drunk—he's bad. An' you do a heap o' travellin' alone. This ain't fer you to kill nobody but jus' kind o' to pertect yerself."

"All right," laughed Doctor Jim. "I couldn't hit a barn—" but to humor Jay he took the weapon, and this time Pleasant Trouble did not walk home with him.

Later he mentioned the matter to St. Hilda, who looked very grave.

"Yes, Jerry Lipps is a bad man. He's just out of the penitentiary. Pleasant walked home with you to protect you from him. They won't let him do anything to you openly. And Jay gave you that gun in case he should attack you when nobody was around."

"But what has the fellow got against me?" The teacher hesitated.

"Well, Jerry used to be in love with Juno, but she would never have anything to do with him and he never would let her have anything to do with anybody else. He shot one boy, and shot at another, and he has always sworn that he would kill the man she married."

"Nonsense!" he said, but going home that night Doctor Jim carried the gun where he could get at it quickly.

"My God!" he muttered with grim humor; "no wonder Juno didn't want me to come."

It was only a few days later that Doctor Jim came out of Lum Chapman's house and paused in the path looking up Wolf Run. Jerry Lipps's sister lived half a mile above and he had just heard that her little daughter was down with the fever. Jerry might be staying with the sister, but Doctor Jim's duty was now up there and, in spite of the warnings he had had, he did not hesitate. The woman stared when he told who he was and why he had come, but she nodded and pointed to the bed where the child lay. He put his pistol on the bed, thrust a thermometer into the little girl's mouth and began taking her pulse. A hand swept the pistol from the bed and, when he turned around, about all he could think was:

"How extraordinary!" Jerry, red with rage and drink, was at the kitchen-door fumbling at the butt of his pistol, while his sister had Doctor Jim's gun levelled at her brother's heart.

"You can't tech him," she said coolly, "an' if you pull that gun out an inch furder I'll kill ye as shore as thar's a God in heaven." And at that moment the door opened and Pleasant Trouble swung in on his crutch and grinned. Doctor Jim then heard the tongue-lashing of his life. The woman's volubility was like a mill-race, and her command of vitriolic epithets was beyond his ken. She recited what Juno had done, Doctor Jim was doing, the things Jerry had done and left undone, and wound up:

"You never was wuth Juno's little finger, an' you ain't wuth *his* little finger-nail now. Take his gun, Pleas. Take him to the State line, an' don't you boys let him come back agin until he's stopped drinkin', got a suit o' clothes, an' a job."

"Why, Mandy," said Pleasant, "hit's kind o' funny, but Lum an' Jay an' me fixed hit up about an hour ago that we aimed to do that very thing. I seed Doc a-comin' up hyeh, an' was afeard I mought be too late: but if I'd 'a' knowed you was hyeh I wouldn't 'a' worried."

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Again Doctor Jim was thinking, "How extraordinary!" but this time how extraordinary it was that the man really meant to shoot him. Somehow he began to understand.

Still grinning, Pleasant Trouble had swung across the room, whipped Jerry's pistol from the holster, and with it motioned the owner toward the door. Then Doctor Jim rose. "Hold on!" he said, and he took the pistol from the woman's hands, strode straight up to Jerry and smiled. Now from the top of Virginia down through seven Southern States to Georgia there are some three million mountaineers, and it is doubtful if among them all any other three pairs of ears ever heard such words as Professor James Blagden of New England spoke now:

"Jerry, I don't blame you for having loved Juno, or for loving her now. I wouldn't blame anybody. I even understand now why you wanted to kill me, but that would have been—silly. Give him back his gun, Pleasant," he added still smiling, "and give this one back to Jay." He reached in his pocket, pulled forth two cigars and handed one to each. "Now you two sit down and smoke, and in a moment I'll go along with you, and we'll help Jerry get a job." And thereupon Doctor Jim turned around to his little patient. Dazed and a bit hypnotized, Jerry took the cigar and thrust his pistol into his holster.

"I'll be gittin' along," he said sullenly, and made for the door. Pleasant followed him. At the road Jerry turned one way and Pleasant the other:

"You heered whut Mandy and me said," drawled Pleasant. "If you poke yore nose over the line 'bout three of us will shoot you on sight. We'd do it fer Juno, an' if she ain't alive we'll do it fer Doctor Jim."

"I was a-goin' over thar anyways," said Jerry, "an' I'll come back when I please. You one-legged limb o' Satan—you go plum'"—Pleasant's eyes began to glitter—"back to him."

Pleasant laughed, and as they walked their separate ways the same question was in the minds of both:

"Now whut the hell did he mean by 'silly'?"

IV

Only the next morning a happy day dawned. Old King Camp came home with his sons—two stalwart boys and a giant father. Doctor Jim looked long at old King's hair, which was bushy and jet-black. He stood it as long as he could and then he asked:

"Why do people on the other side of the mountain call you *Red* King Camp?" he asked.

"They don't—not more'n once," was the grim answer. "I'm *Black* King Camp. Red's my cousin, but I don't claim him."

One load was off Doctor Jim's heart. His father-in-law was like his name in many ways, and Doctor Jim liked him straightway and Black King liked Doctor Jim. Old King shook his head.

"I don't see why Juno didn't bring you down here long ago," he said, and Doctor Jim did not try to explain—he couldn't. It must have been fear of Jerry—and he believed that Jerry, too, was now out of the way.

About noon Juno came back for the first time from another world. She did not open her eyes, but she heard voices and knew what they were saying. Her mother was talking in the next room to somebody whom she called Jim. Who could Jim be? And then she heard the man's voice. Her eyes opened slowly on the nurse, her lips moved, but before she could frame the question her heart throbbed so that she went back into unconsciousness again. But the nurse saw and told, and when Juno came back again she saw her husband and smiled without surprise or fright.

"I dreamed you were here," she whispered, "and I'm dreaming right now that you are here. Why, I see you." Gently he took her face in his hands, and when she felt his touch she looked at him wildly and the tears sprang. From that day on she gained fast, and from the nurse, her mother, and the neighbors she soon knew the story of Doctor Jim.

"So you thought Red King was my father," she said, "and that he was in the penitentiary?" Doctor Jim nodded shamefacedly.

"Well, even that wouldn't have been so bad—not down here. And maybe

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you thought I didn't want you to come on account of Jerry Lipps." Again Doctor Jim nodded admission, and Juno laughed.

"I never thought of that, and if I had," she added proudly and scornfully, "I never would have been afraid—for *you*."

"Then why didn't you want me to come?"

"I didn't know *you*—didn't know the big, *big* man you are. Now I'm shamed—and happy."

One morning, three weeks later, Jay Dawn and Lum Chapman brought up a litter that Lum had made, and they two and Black King and Doctor Jim made ready to carry Juno down the mountain. Jerry Lipps was passing in the road when they bore her out the gate, and he started to sidle by with averted eyes. Doctor Jim halted.

"Here, Jerry!" he called. "You take my place." And Jerry, red as an oak leaf in autumn, stepped up to the litter, and up at her old lover Juno smiled.

"Doc," said Jerry, "I got a job."

Behind, Pleasant Trouble swung along with Doctor Jim. Mother Camp followed on horseback. People ran from every house to greet Juno, or from high on the hillsides waved their hands and shouted "how-dyes" down to her. Soon they were at the mission, where St. Hilda and Uncle Jerry and Aunt Jane were waiting on the porch, and where pale little boys and girls trooped weakly from the tents to welcome her. And then at a signal from Doctor Jim the four picked up the litter.

"Why, where are you going?" asked Juno.

"Never you mind," said Doctor Jim.

Through the little vineyard they went, up a little hill underneath cedars and blooming rhododendrons, and there on the top was a little cabin built of logs with the bark still on them, with a porch running around all sides but one, and supported by the trunks of little trees. The smell of cedar came from the open door, and all was as fresh and clean as the breath of the forest from which everything came—a home that had been the girl's lifelong dream. The Goddess of Happy Valley had her own little temple at last.

On the open-air sleeping-porch they sat that night alone.

"I'm going to help raise some money for that mission down there," said Doctor Jim. "I don't know where any more good is being done, and I don't know any people who are more worth being helped than—your people."

Happy Valley below was aswarm with fireflies. The murmur of the river over shallows rose to them. The cries of whippoorwills encircled them from the hillsides and over the mountain majestically rose the moon.

"And you and I are coming down every summer—to help."

Juno gathered his hand in both her own and held it against her cheek.

"Jim—Doctor Jim—*my* Jim."

GLOUCESTER NIGHTS

By Elizabeth Hart

So often on a night like this
I think of Gloucester town—
How warm a light fell on the sea
As the great sun went down.

How red the western windows shone
In every cottage wall,
How white was every narrow street,
What silence covered all.

We went by meadows to the cliff,
And there we used to lie
To watch the creeping, creeping tide,
To watch the darkening sky.

Then home by lilac-scented roads
And at the door, one kiss.
I often think of Gloucester moors
Upon a night like this.

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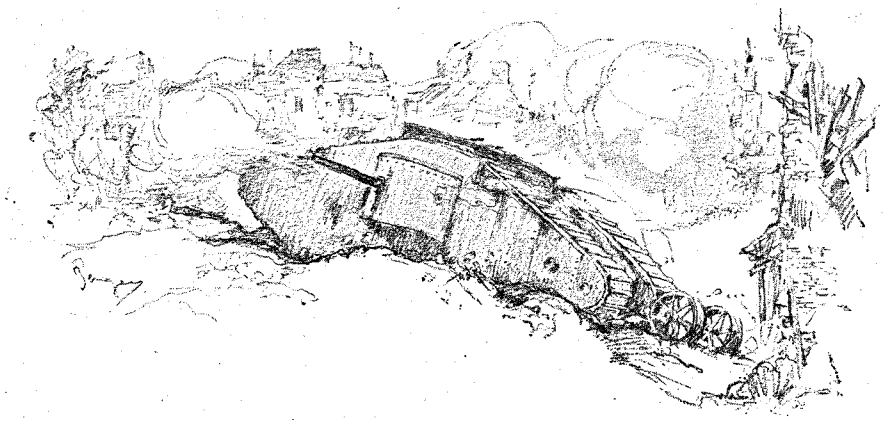

IN A TANK AT MESSINES RIDGE

BY LIEUTENANT Z OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Author of "A Bomb-Thrower in the Trenches"

THESE letters were written by an Englishman, who enlisted as a trooper in the British Army at the outbreak of the war. He sought adventure in different branches of the service, and was several times promoted for bravery in action. Since the publication of his "Letters of a Bomb-Thrower" in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (July–August, 1916) his experiences have been as varied as they are interesting.

He was appointed observing officer in July, 1916, and from his little "O. P.," or observation post, in the thick of the fight, he witnessed the glory and horror of the battle of the Somme, which he describes in his first two letters. During last winter's lull he took a course in the Heavy Branch of the Machine-Gun Corps, and spent several months in a "Tank Menagerie." When spring came and he had mastered the antics of his tank "Squash 'em Flat," he led a division of the "Rhinos" into battle at the taking of Messines Ridge, where his steadfast heroism won for him the Military Cross.

IN FRANCE. *September* 10th, 1916.

DEAR O:

Returned last night, at 11 P. M., from one of the big scraps now raving along this particular neck of the woods. I was an "Observer" and, dear me, I saw it all. No gladiator of old was put to such tests of bravery as these fellows of ours. To face flesh and blood, even live lions, is nothing to feeling these monstrous, explosive shells that come buzzing and howling through the air till they end in thunder-claps and earth-spouts and scattered flesh and death itself. My head is humming with impressions and filled with clear-cut sights, but too full, and I do not know how to sort them out.

I was only fifteen hundred yards from our front line, and the place taken was on an upward slope, so all was in full sight. At the given moment, 4.45 P. M. of a lovely summer evening, up they went, "over the top," famous Celtic regiments, all together, a long and gallant line. Bayonets sparkling in the sun, up the slope they go! Behind me our massed batteries are making one great crashing roar till your temples throb and throb, and ahead of our men the very earth is heaving and moving amidst a fog of green and black and yellow and gray smoke. Now, No Man's Land, so long a desert, is full of life and death and joy and misery. White vicious balls of shrapnel puff above, or deadly black and green ones, and below the great spouts and mushroom columns of jet-black smoke spring up like fungoid growths here

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and there. The shrill rat-tat of machine-guns and the pop-pop-pop of rifles can be heard. On the little figures run and jump, and the bayonets gleam and sparkle, and the first line disappears into the trench ahead, and you are left to imagine what follows. Still, No Man's Land is well populated. Wave after wave is speeding straight ahead. The ground is dotted with immovable dots, and others which can crawl. A bright magnesium star shoots up well ahead, and the batteries lift their fire without checking. The waves all surge forward and out of sight at last, and No Man's Land is left to its misery. Then you see the stretcher-bearers out there among the great grinding "crumps" and the shrapnel, calmly picking up their men, and back they come slowly. You watch one group of five. Four bearers and a mangled something which is alive. A monster spout and cloud springs up near. They swerve and crouch for a few seconds and on they come. Another black death entirely hides them from view, and you wonder. No! Here they come. So slowly and steadily through the cloud, and you say to yourself: "Hurry, hurry; for God's sake run!" But they don't. They walk slowly and carefully with their burden, straight and the shortest way. Some win home and some do not. Other men are carrying others, and some hobble and limp and stagger by themselves. And all the while the big shells burst and the shrapnel sprays the ground.

There goes another brilliant white star ahead, and the batteries lift once more. Suddenly you see a group of thirty or forty come running back across No Man's Land. Is it a retreat? You get your glasses on to them. Not much! They are Huns, prisoners! They run madly, legs and arms flying, and the same crumps and shrap play on them as on our fellows, and some win through, and some do not. Then more come, here and there, in groups, or singly, or in twos, shepherded by one or perhaps two of our men with a sparkling bayonet. Later No Man's Land is again a desert, dotted with dots of death. More bright star flashes go up and the batteries respond, and afar off you see the raging turmoil continuing in a churning swirl of smoke and flashes high up.

Twilight is near, and still the batteries are blazing for dear life; the prisoners and wounded now form a steady, irregular procession past us. Blackened faces, sweat soaked and exhausted, uniforms caked in chalk and clay and blood, reddened bandages, some men limping, some tacking to and fro, some staggering and stubbing their toes from exhaustion, and running, and wild excitement. Prisoners, their faces green with lyddite fumes, unshaved and dirty, hangdog and furtive and still afraid, shamble by in charge of some delighted Irishman, who has brought them through the crumps and the hell-fire, and is as proud of them as a cat with her kittens, and woe betide any one who bothers his kittens; they are his kittens, and to be treated with respect. "Has any one got any fags and a drink of water for these poor divils of mine?" Thus he announces that they are verily his kittens. I spoke to two such, and they had one wounded Hun between them. They were half carrying him along. He was shot in the leg and arm but he had reached the stage where his fear was gone, and he had perfect confidence in his two wild Irishmen. Through his pains he was much amused by them. "We got him in the second lines of trenches," one Irishman said, and he hinted broadly, with such a world of a smile, that possibly he himself had been the source of his wounds. But they had nursed him along through it all as if he was a ewe kitten. Proud! they were as proud of him as could be, and they will leave him at the corps cage with deep regret, which will be mutual. No Hun prisoner is jeered at or insulted even in the slightest degree by our chaps. Every one takes an intense and abiding interest in them. You have no animosity with the Polar bear in the Zoo.

Walking back to camp, about seven miles back, past woods with historic names, now blackened and poisoned and deadened tangles of stumps and tree-tops, and through villages, now to be immemorial, mere heaps of rubble and skeleton ribs and rafters, where gangs of labour battalions, gray-haired men in khaki, work incessantly keeping the one main road to the front in repair in spite of gaping shell-holes, you pass the traffic of

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war when it is red. Remnants of broken regiments, wounded, prisoners, Red Cross ambulances going fast to the front, and very slowly when full of broken men; lorries going up full of shells, and back loaded with cheerful more or less slightly wounded, the cigarettes gleam in the dark, and a happy gabble of "blighty," unending lines of double, six and eight horse limbers going up at a fast and forced walk loaded with ammunition for the batteries, and back, empty, at a sharp trot, rattling and jingling by in dust and dark, intent on loading up again, orderlies mounted and clattering, motor bikes, all busy and with their purpose set, and lastly, the regiments swinging by in column of fours for the front itself. As it happened, the next regiments going forward for the next attack, perhaps to be to-morrow, were the classic division of the army, hurrying to relieve the wild Irishmen ahead, and to carry on the grim work through all the horrors of life and death. All the way to camp the batteries roared on each side. The farther from the front the bigger the guns and the bigger the roar. It is a far cry from 16-pounder-pip-squeak, two thousand yards behind the line, to the 6-inch howitzers, four thousand yards behind, and still farther to the 9.2's and the 12's and the awesome 15-inch howitzers. But they all have a common enemy and all work together. All through the attack, four or five, six or twelve of our aeroplanes circled back and forth over the fight. Low down they fly, quite low, dodging and turning to confuse the Hun gunners, dropping smoke balls, and telling the batteries by wireless all that they want to know. These are the "workers." Up above them and very high, mere specks, are the fighters. Very fast, 130-mile-an-hour hawks, they guard the workers from any and all interference, and never a single Hun machine appeared during this show, not one. Early in the afternoon one came before the fight, but our batteries (Archies) so strafed him, and the sight of two or three of our machines heading for him made up his mind for him, for he went back whence he came, and was gone for good.

I and another chap "Observer" were in a communication trench, and a hundred yards from us was ——— the well-known war correspondent, busy with glasses and a telescope, which I coveted. The tiers of massed batteries began about 150 yards behind us, and back unendingly and fifteen hundred yards ahead of us was the fighting arena. Before the fight the Hun batteries were having a duel with ours; over our heads biff and bang it was; a Hun crump boomed into the ground just behind us, nearly setting alight a lot of the ammunition of the battery nearest to us. Bang, bing, it went, and the men scooted for their dugouts. Before the exploding ammunition had stopped exploding, the right-hand gun of the battery roared its defiance, even when the wounded of its own battery were being hauled under cover, and in a few minutes the whole battery of six, belching out a cloud of green and yellow vapor, was at them again, hammer and tongs, and the Hun only sent one more harmless crump, and then stopped absolutely. The "contemptible little British army" can beat the Hun at any part of the game of war to-day.

To our right, on the sky-line, behind the lines and in the dusk the wounded straggled by, Huns carrying their wounded and ours, and our men carrying Huns—all sorts and conditions of wounded—and past them marched the platoons for the never-ending fight itself. One stream one way and one the other. To-day one way, to-morrow the other. Behind the lines the country is one vast camp, for miles back it is a camp. The bulldog has fastened his teeth, and his jaws are set. It remains to be seen whether it is a throat grip or not, but in any case it will make a crippling wound.

In the Big Strafe. *Sept.* 22d. 1916.

Dear M:

I wrote to O. a long account of my "observing" the storming of a village on the "crest of the ridge" by wild Irishmen. That was the battle of September 9th. On September 15th I saw the further storming advance from there onward a long way, and the taking of three more towns. This I saw from the mound of ruins of the church in the village stormed on the 9th, and it was a most unhealthy spot. Ours is the crack corps of the whole army, containing the

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regiments which are the flower and pride of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I saw them put to the full test. The pride which you feel is drowned in despair at their losses, and their hopeless bravery. The British officer of a crack regiment strolls to his death unconcernedly, and his men follow, paying no heed to earth-spouts of fire and flame and screaming metal. Battalion after battalion goes forward from reserves, through a wall almost solid of bristling shells and shrapnel. Those that fall, just fall, the rest keep going. Then the doctors and the R. A. M. C. enter that wall of spitting death and do their work.

The attack was staged to begin about 6 A. M., so I was up soon after 3 A. M. and on my way. This was the first time in history that the "tanks" or "land-crabs," or a dozen other names, were to roll and mash and squash their way to the Hun trenches and machine-gun emplacements, and in the mist and light of the dawn of a beautiful day I saw the prehistoric monsters silently barge their way over everything straight as a bee for the Hun lines. At 6.20 A. M. our batteries, massed and extended, like a pack nearing the killing, opened up their unspeakable racket. With glasses we watched the tanks lumber up over a ridge and waddle solemnly out of sight. Tommy loves the tanks, worships them! The coming fight just behind the tanks was going to be, for him, a huge joke. To be allowed the privilege of following a tank, and of watching its solemn antics, was too good to miss. The men marched by, reserves, all in a broad and greatly amused grin.

When the light grew strong enough to see, we moved up quite a bit, near the village stormed on the 9th, and appropriated a piece of damaged trench, in which we installed our telephone to Corps Headquarters, and gave the pigeons some water and feed. Then the tanks (four or five of them) waddled by, and others showed their blunted noses at us coming up. The ground here is a network of shell-holes, touching and overlapping, and the tanks wallowed in them just like barges in a heavy sea. Up and down, roll and waddle, lurch and hump! Ridiculous beasts, slow and straight and full of venom and cunning. Looking so harmless but miniature forts, impregnable to anything but a direct hit from a shell. The only place really to see from was in the village just ahead, the "crown of the ridge," and the Hun knew that, and hurled shells and shrapnel at it steadily, but, in lulls, H—— and I went in and gained the mound of rubble which *was* the church, took a good look, and shuffled out again with flesh like geese and all kinds of uneasy sensations. This went on all day, and very unpleasant, too. Our phone in the trench was not much use, because shells behind us kept breaking our cable, and we used up all our pigeons sending back the good news. Many wounded and ghastly prisoners passed us, and we got news through in this way. A Hun just captured bears a hideous face, sullen, angry, brutal, venomous, but so horribly scared, and it is a messy mixture. Our spot was particularly interesting because just to our right front and on ahead a bit the Hun had carefully prepared a most elaborate and fortified trap. Our advance was held up here, and the reserves were badly enfiladed when they came up, and about 2.30 P. M. we saw lines of our reserves streaming back across the open to a trench just ahead of me. Running, they were, under a storm of shrapnel, and dodging the huge columns of earth and smoke and blast. At times they disappeared from view in the smoke, and many fell, and many crawled about on hands and knees, and the rest gained the trench. This lasted half an hour and was dreadful to see. Any minute we thought that the Huns might appear, but that they did not do. Then the stretcher-bearers and doctors calmly went out there, slap into that zone of awful destruction, and went about their work, never looking up but always down. It is worse to watch these men than the bayonet-carriers! Later these reserves edged up to the right close to a famous wood, and then dashed across again to another trench, and the shells and shrapnel followed them, and the same happened again. Then some French regiments came from the wood and dashed across, too, and when it was over and that stretch of open was still, I could see the splashes and spots of sky—blue on the ground where the French had

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fallen, singly and in groups. That piece of ground, first dotted with Huns, then British, then French, all now side by side, and at peace together. All young, strong, hearty, and brave men.

By 9 A. M. big batches of prisoners were coming in, and all day they came, in ones and twos and upward, and I never saw or heard a single prisoner given any reason whereby his feelings might have been hurt. A Hun R. A. M. C. corporal carried one of our wounded four miles after dressing his troubles under fire, and he has been especially mentioned by our corps for it for his own Iron Cross. I saw another of the Hun sausage balloons come down in licking flames ahead of us while the marauding machine of ours circled above most attentive. The Hun never had more than two sausages up, and these bobbed up and down in a state of pitiable nervousness. Behind us were twenty-five to thirty of ours, always up high and defiant. Then I saw one of our beautiful machines come crashing to earth, headlong, just like a shot bird; but we have fifteen machines up to the Huns' one. During a big fight you rarely see a Hun in the air. It is wonderful to watch one of our machines swoop down over a Hun trench, very low, and, going like the wind, blaze and volley from its machine-guns, and shoot up again to its legitimate work. When you consider that our aeroplanes see everything and send the news by wireless steadily, only going back to brigade or division headquarters near by to drop maps or sketches, you can see what a most important advantage we have now in this war.

There is a big racing, two-propellered, two-engined French aeroplane handled by one of the famous Hun-killing Frenchmen, on which the Hun has set a price, which we often see; and to show his disdain, this pilot has painted the tips of his wings a bright red so that the Hun cannot mistake him when he is aloft and on the war-path. I saw, also, several of our batteries move up to nearer position, just behind us, under steady shell-fire. They came slowly, they had to (you cannot pull a heavy gun over shell-holes fast), and so indifferently, as if it was a bit of practice—big six-horse limbers, guns, and piles of ammunition; and they formed up in line, unlimbered guns and unloaded shells and then, after dawdling round, maddening to me, they coolly picked up their wounded, propped them up on their unloaded limbers, and jogged back, leaving their dead horses slumbering behind. In a few minutes these batteries were howling at the Huns in salvos. Another amazing sight was that of the two-horsed ambulances going right into the shelled area for the wounded, straight from the fighting line, and coming back very, very slowly, so as not to jolt the wounded too much.

These ambulances went back about a mile and unloaded into motor ambulances, which, in turn, travel very slowly, four miles an hour, to the main casualty clearing stations, great tented towns, where the ambulance-trains lie, and then the jaded candidate for "blighty" begins to feel sure that he is elected.

Everything is now organized and every one knows what to do, and does it as a matter of course. The main roads leading to the front are, as it seems, congested, but there is no confusion. Mounted men are at every crossroads and "traffic control" is in charge. Every road has its orders, cast iron—certain roads for motor traffic, others for horse, roads where traffic goes only one way, and in the manner of London policemen, the mounted Tommies run this terrific traffic, night and day, smoothly and efficiently. I saw one or two symptoms of cavalry. About ten in the morning I saw a mounted man, evidently wounded, wobbling in his saddle, followed by a riderless officer's horse twenty or so yards behind, come riding over the ridge from the front lines, and on they came, trying to trot and canter among the shell-holes all along the length of a famous wood. Big shells were upheaving things in the wood, and any moment I expected to see them go down, but, reeling and lurching in his saddle, the rider reached safety behind, and the riderless horse followed contentedly.

I saw other signs up there of cavalry which I must not mention except vaguely. Given the slightest chance, whole divisions, not brigades, will put the charge of the Light Brigade into the shade and

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give people other thrills to put into immortal poetry.

At the prison cages we now and then find an officer who speaks English well, and ply him with questions. One such, quite a decent chap who had been in India, laughed and said that Germans knew now that they were beaten, but he added, with a grin, when the war was over we would be able to take our British army back to England in a rowboat. Another officer humorously complained that when he was captured in the front line, his Scotch captor took the gold wrist-watch from his wrist and solemnly pressed two francs into his hand.

In France. *December* 28th, 1916.

Dear O:

I have had my leave and am back again in the mud and trouble. Christmas has gone and 1917 will soon be here. In a few days I expect to be transferred to the Heavy Section Machine-Gun Corps, or, in other words, "tanks." I am practically promised a captaincy in three months if I join them, and I am joining with my wings flapping and tail-feathers streaming. I hope to go to some tank menagerie training-school on this side of the Channel by end of March, and at the start of the next Hun-killing season, I shall be in command of a Car of Juggernaut, and go slap into the business and profession of slaughtering Huns.

The guns are as busy as ever, and the rain and mud, if anything, worse. It rains incessantly.

In France. *January* 24th, 1917.

Dear O:

The weather is arctic. I have never been so cold. We sleep on the floor in canvas huts, and this morning it was nearly zero. All day is spent outside, or in attending lectures or demonstrations in the open, or in half-open large tents innocent of heating, and, if the work were not interesting, and so novel and exciting, I should have long since congealed. When warm and decent weather comes, we shall be trained and go forth to the most weird experiences.

It is impossible to tell you any details about tanks. The dear things are the pride of the army, and no man will divulge their secrets. I have been in them though and thoroughly explored them, and have seen them in action, and laughed at them until it became painful.

Did I tell you that my saddle and bridle got in the way of a Hun aeroplane the other night? I was in the blankets and never did wake, and I have patched them up and am still using them. Rotten trick to sneak over at night and try to ruin my saddlery.

In France. *February* 17th, 1917.

Dear I:

We are going fast ahead and completing organization, and I am detailed to No. ——. As No. —— is the best section of —— Battalion it is a compliment on paper and in every way, because No. —— will not be left out of any gnashings and clashings of teeth in the enemy's first, second, or third lines this summer. My section C. O. is a long stock-broker, and a very fine man, two or three years my senior, and he has four subalterns under him, including myself. Two of these are old hands at the game, and the third is a young spark who enlisted in 1914, and found himself at the front in November of the same year. He has been here since, as Tommy and officer, periodically "going over the top" and going home to get his wounds licked aseptically. He is only about twenty-two years old now, and is quite unmoved by all his adventures. Some of these boys are really amazing. The men, too, are a fine lot, and as keen as they can be. My training (special) has given me a great confidence, and you may rest assured that old Squash 'em Flat is named for a purpose.

The cold weather has passed and signs of spring are apparent. Rooks fly about with bits of straw in their beaks, and moles are getting very active under one's bed. I went through it well enough, but it has left me with an abnormal throat, so that I can hardly speak yet, and when I do, all the rooks in the country stop in obvious surprise.

In France. *May* 11th, 1917.

Dear O:

To-morrow we go up there to where all those big gun things are making such

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a noise, to overlook our scene of action and learn the lay of the country, and about the end of this month we shall amble forth among the Unspeakable and deal them the destruction they have been asking for. Given good and dry weather we should do most exceedingly well. Everybody in the highest spirits and full of fun. The steady sunshine and warmth and the new spring and quiet winds have all helped to make the outlook a pleasure, and no one is thinking of the shadier side. But I do so hate the other side, the terrible sights, especially.

In France. *May* 19th, 1917.

Dear O:

Just a line after a week of strenuosity. We have just come back from a dress rehearsal of the job we will be sent to do next week. This took place over a recently captured trench (with all the horrors decently buried) from which the Disgusting Ones had recently been kicked out, and it was truly cross-country work and truly exciting. There were a lot of us out, and every one was keen to do better than any one else. Talk about racing. Most amusing too at times. I only hope I shall be able to tell you all about it some day. Next week we go up to tackle the real thing, and a very special bit of work is being assigned to us. This means that any one who comes through it will be simply playing in great luck, so about the time you get this you may pray as hard as you can for me and my men. And you will please remember that I am going into this thing with a great content, and I would not change places with any man on earth. A crack at close quarters with the Disgusting Ones is a privilege.

Our morale is superb and the troops we are with are magnificent colonials. The finest body of men I ever saw. Not only in size and shape but in face. Determined, thoughtful, brooding, dignified faces. Truly a wonderful race! They are also so true to one type of face. Hundreds of them you see might be brothers and dozens of them might be twins. Such riders, too!

How I wish you could see all the marvellous sights in the air and on the ground, and under the ground, processions of them, never ending. And then, the bands and the pipes skirling. The towns near behind us are a moving mass of men all full of fun. There is never a drunken man to be seen, never a brawl, and the French and others are treated as good friends and reciprocate. Wish us all luck of the best, and fold your hands in content, just as we do.

In France. *June* 1st, 1917.

Dear I:

. . . My chief distress in life is to find my tin hat which I leave everywhere and have to go back and find. The Hun is using much more gas-shells than before, and we have to wear our gas-helmets on our chests, always at the "alert" position. This is a fearful grievance with me, and I intend that it shall be repaid them with interest. It is a most undignified thing to wear on your chest, like the thing that Japanese girls in pictures wear on their backs.

In France. *June* 6th, 1917.

Dear I:

When you get this, I shall have been through the mill and either all right, in hospital, or blotted out, so don't worry. As soon as I can I will write and let you know the news; if I can't, some one else will. We hope to make a page of history, and go into it with light hearts and great confidence. This place is Bedlam, the lions about to be fed, the parrot-house at the Zoo, and a few other noisy places combined. I went through gas last night near dawn, and had no respirator (forgot it). Held my breath till I nearly burst and blew up, and made record time. Beyond a harmless whiff picked up when I exploded for air, which has made smoking less of a pleasure, no harm done.

Good-by. I have had a long run out here, and I must not complain, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it and would repeat it, every bit of it, if it were necessary.

In Belgium. *June* 10th, 1917.

Dear M:

Your letter found me in hospital and was most delightful company. My trouble is not much, just a bullet through fleshy part of right forearm and a graze

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in the side, and I am up and about and going back to my lot in a day or two. We were an active part in the great drama of the 7th, and what with the bursting mine-earthquakes and the tempestuous bombardment, one was lucky to be left with one's senses. I, personally, was very successful, reaching all my objectives and getting slap into the blue-gray devils, Bavarians, and blazing away like a dreadnought. Oh! The sights which were seen! Luck, good and bad, was with me, for my bus caught on fire in action just where the thing was thickest, and I ordered the whole crew out, with fire-extinguishers, to put it out. Out we went and got busy. I left my crew on the sheltered side (more or less), but my corporal, without orders, got on top, while I went to the exposed side, vociferously ordering the corporal down, and we got the blaze out between us. Meantime one of my crew was bowled over. We got him back inside and later he came to and is recovering. Where I was the bullets were spattering around me and hitting old "Squash 'em Flat" and splashing me with fine sprays of broken metal, and there it was I got my trifling wound and scratches, but it was only bad Bavarian shooting that kept me and my corporal (who was untouched) from being turned into human sieves. After that, we carried on, and as I had finished my job to the last letter, we came on home, and I brought the old thing back safely. When home I had the arm dressed at the most advanced place and the bits of bullet casing in there pulled out and, as it seemed so trifling, I put on my coat and carried on as before. The next morning my brigadier came to my sleeping palace, in person, and indignantly asked me if I were going about with a bullet in my arm, and I as indignantly denied it, but he ordered me to the hospital to be inoculated for anti-tetanine, patted my back, shook my sore arm, and said that we had done the best show of our lot the whole day. This display of indiscreet joy made me at once put in the names of my corporal and another of my crew for "immediate rewards for merit," and he agreed cheerfully, so I feel sure they will be decorated with something or other. Our game sounds comfortable and protected, but that is a myth. It is a mystery how ever any of us got there or got back. You feel very important because you are heralded, followed and encircled by miniature geysers of earth, smoke, and biff-bang! Your own infantry flees from you as if you bore the plague. A good many of our lot got into serious trouble, and quite a few faces of chums are missing to-day. The day for the British Army was a veritable howling success, and the Bosch fought here with no spirit at all. They bolted like rabbits, throwing away rifles and equipment, some back to Berlin and some to us, hands up, and Kamerading. Our casualties were very light, indeed, owing to the absolutely artistic work of the artillery; and with our airmen the combination is unbeatable. These wonderful airmen! Like meteors in the sky, they swoop and fly, entirely regardless of everything but the job on hand. And the observers miss *nothing*.

Our men fight so cheerfully and whimsically and sarcastically. There is no vestige of hate toward the Bosch, only an abiding disgust and hearty contempt—a feeling as toward a mongrel who has fairly gone and got hydrophobia and must be killed to save valuable human life. We are really most jubilant over the past three days' work, and every one is smiling and happy and cracking jokes. Gramaphones are whirling at top speed, bands are playing in the camps, pipes are skirling and moaning and quickening the pulse, and the Hun is licking his wounds in silence over there to the east, in silence and afraid.

COPY OF TELEGRAM FROM BRITISH WAR OFFICE

LONDON. *July* 12th, 1917.

To ———:

Beg to inform you that Lieutenant Z., Heavy Branch Machine-Gun Corps, was wounded June 7th, but remained at duty.

SECRETARY, WAR OFFICE.

On June 20th the Military Cross was awarded to Lieutenant Z.

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CERTAIN GOYAS IN AMERICA

FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746–1828

By Helen Churchill Candee

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PICTURES IN FAMOUS PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

THE fascinating story of Francisco Goya many have written in many volumes, but it is most subtly yet frankly laid before us in the rich store of his paintings that have come to rest in America. More than with almost any other artist his life's experiences and exigencies show in his works. They are writ plain for all to read. And it is a writing that all keenly desire to divine, so full is it of vitality, of surprises, of strong contrasts, of such contradictions as brutality and sensitiveness, of suavity and rudeness, and of such opposites as peasant homeliness and patrician grace.

Goya's works, Goya's character, and Goya's times—this is the inseparable trinity involved in understanding with keen enjoyment the paintings of this master whose vogue in America is ever increasing. Spanish art is one of our present enthusiasms, and one none the less discriminating because of such appreciators at last winter's exhibition as she who preferred the last-named of the three living exponents, Sorolla, Zuloaga, and Goya!

Goya's moods were so many and all of them so marked that each one declares a different facet of the many-sided character as well as a different talent. This piques the character-reader and shocks him out of set formulæ. Compare the virile "Forge" (frontispiece) of Mr. Henry C. Frick's collection with the exquisite patrician delicacy of Mr. Philip Lehman's "Countess of Altamira"; or The Hispanic Society's sketch for the terrible "Third of May, 1808," with Mr. Claggett Wilson's "Duke of Osuna." In the two groups are expressed all that is powerful, intense, and tragic, and this is done with a technique that accords with the subject as though some special pigment had been slapped onto the canvas and some fearful hand and eye had traced the forceful lines.

But in the two portraits of aristocrats another Goya shows himself—not the passionate man whose youthful escapades familiarized him with the elemental life of his countrymen, but the Goya of ambition who had learned that on aristocratic favor depended an artist's success, a Goya to whom life had shown a world of elegance in which human feelings were gracefully hid by manners as exquisite as was the dress which hid the physical.

More even than most painters Goya put his own traits of character, his own personality, into his paintings. They seem built of the very fibre of his soul. It is as though his brush were dipped alternately in his heart's blood and in his brain's fire. And, according as the sitter or model affected him, these vital pigments were bitter and savage or tender and warm.

He was born a man of the people. That gave him his superb physical strength. But from the temper of Spain itself he received a fiery, complex nervous organization. At times the nerves drove the force as a picador drives a bull, and then were produced those vivid presentments of sudden strength, of rich power, such as Goya produced in "The Forge." Somewhere his eye had seen those forms in all their powerful activity, their brutal heads drawn in accord with their bodies, conscious like their bodies of but one thing, physical strength and its ardent exercise.

To his association with the common people Goya owes the richness of his art. Tales of his young manhood show him to have taken part in the life of the time, with no disposition to shirk adventure. His companions were men of the bull-ring, of the theatre, as well as the Mayas who ornament their stratum of Peninsular society. One adventure nearly costing his life through a dagger thrust, he disappeared in an Italian voyage, and in Rome

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Countess of Altamira and Her Daughter.

In the collection of Philip Lehman, Esquire, of New York.

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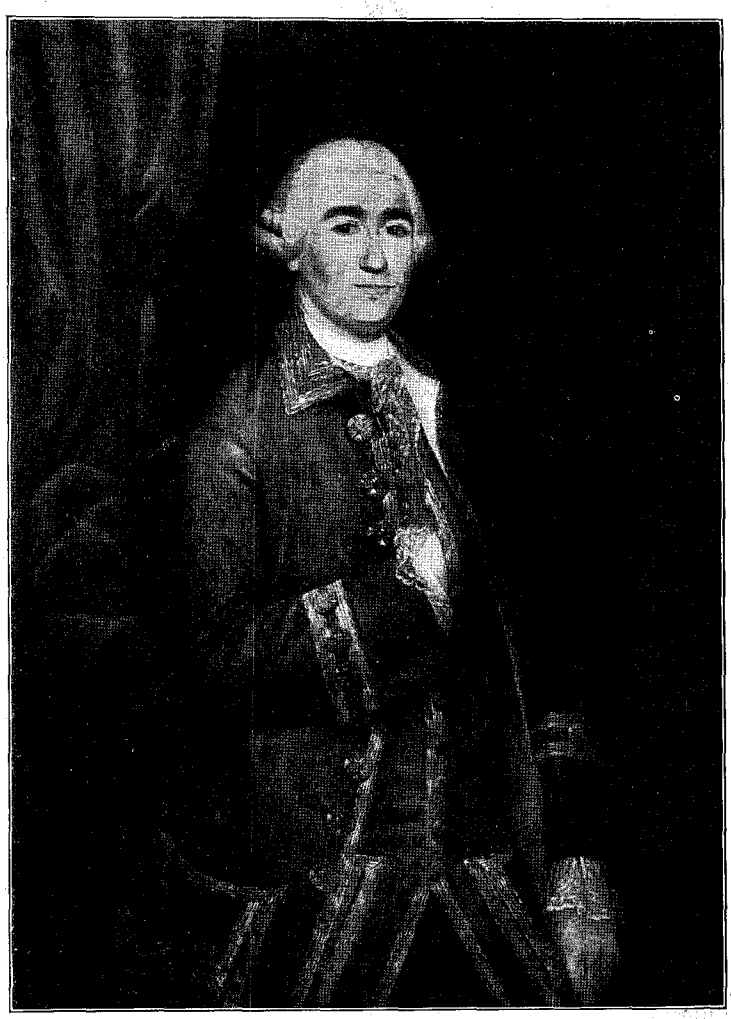
studied art according to the traditions in vogue in the eighteenth century, traditions which were the upper dilution of classicism. Fortunately this left little impress.

Goya returned to Madrid and married Josefa Bayeu, the daughter of his painting-master, by whom he had the astounding number of twenty children. These circumstances would seem to make him a man of extreme domestication, but apart from giving him an endearing touch in the painting of children's portraits, such as that of the infantile Victor Guye owned by Mr. J. H. Harding, his marriage and home life seem to have made no mark.

Life in Madrid was writing new ambitions on his soul. To be a painter to the king was his goal, for he had within him that firm belief in self which is the first factor of success where talent exists.

Three men influenced his art in its formation: Murillo, whose bland touch overspread all Spain, Raphael Mengs, and Velasquez. Later in life he turned for inspiration to Rembrandt. Murillo was like a childhood tradition, a gentle memory. Mengs laid a stronger hand, and Velasquez was the dominant influence, his ideal of all the masters whose works were in the Prado for him to study, until he fully awoke to Rembrandt.

Leaving Murillo as the misty remem-



Duke of Osuna.
In the collection of Claggett Wilson, Esquire, of Columbia University.

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brance of a far past, Mengs showed strongly in his earlier works, and these are works of exceeding charm and grace. To the following of the Mengs tradition is attributed the exquisite portrait of the Countess of Altamira with her wee daughter posed on her knee calm with baby sovereignty. The face of the countess glows with a lambent radiance in which burn the impenetrable dark eyes with haunting insistence, a pale face set in a cloud of soft black hair. The tones of the drapery are sparkling with silvery sheen flushed with rose, all executed with fine delicacy of touch. The whole effect of the picture is one of light-hearted grace, although the faces express a burning intensity of almost passionate repression. Goya's clairvoyant quality as a portrait-painter is here strongly in evidence.

The portrait of the Duke of Osuna is also of the Mengs tradition, and painted about the same time as that of the Altamira. From the proud, ineffectual face of the patrician look out the well-trained eyes with the heavy black brows which Goya was prone to depict. Goya has given the face the subtile reserve of the man of court acquaintance, and has dressed him in a delicately laced blue coat with the love of millinery that Goya always showed when opportunity offered. Here is seen the amiable, not too forceful gentleman whose wife, the Duchess of Osuna, was the generous patron of Goya for a period of fourteen years from 1785.

Third of May, 1808.
From the sketch in the Hispanic Museum, New York.

Life in Spain was such, late in the eighteenth century, and the free life of Goya was such, that the natural gossip followed upon the intimacy of the great painter and the great lady. Under her patronage, which appears vested with dignity, Goya produced several portraits as well as about twenty genre subjects, a collection which is now scattered over Europe. The Osuna family group greets one on entering the Prado, and is almost face to face with the powerful "Third of May," Napoleon's "bath of blood" for the Madrileños.

It has been deplored that Goya's years

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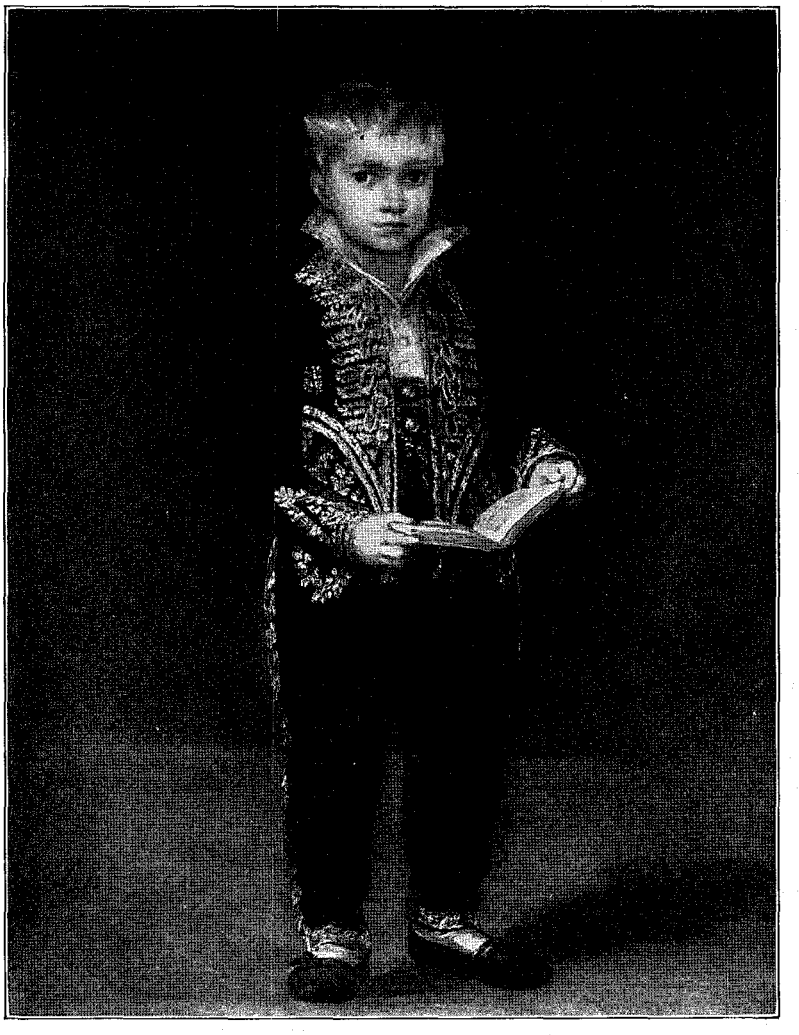
in Rome gave him little to add to his art, but they gave him this one great advantage—that on returning to Spain he saw anew the beauty in his own land as he had never seen it before, and with freshened vision he drew inspired groups of his own people, the gay, vivid people of the class in which his youth was spent.



Portrait of Victor Guye, nephew of General Guye.
In the collection of J. H. Harding, Esquire.

And thus portraying the sunlight of Spain as illuminating its sons and daughters, he produced pictures of which nationality was his strong note. And it is his extreme nationalism that gives deep value to the series of tapestry cartoons which first made him famous. By choice, even after his marriage to the long-suffering and prolific Josefa Bayeu, his life was led among the bull-fighters, the Mayas, the Mayos, and even the cutthroats of the strange understrata of Spanish society. "The cry of Goya is the cry of the nation," wrote Yriarte. The resemblance found between Goya of the eighteenth century and Zuloaga of our time is the intense nationalism that pervades the work of both these great Peninsular artists.

Through the enterprise of Mr. Archer M. Huntington, of The Hispanic Society, we in America have the advantage of see-

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The Duchess of Alba.
In the Hispanic Museum, New York.

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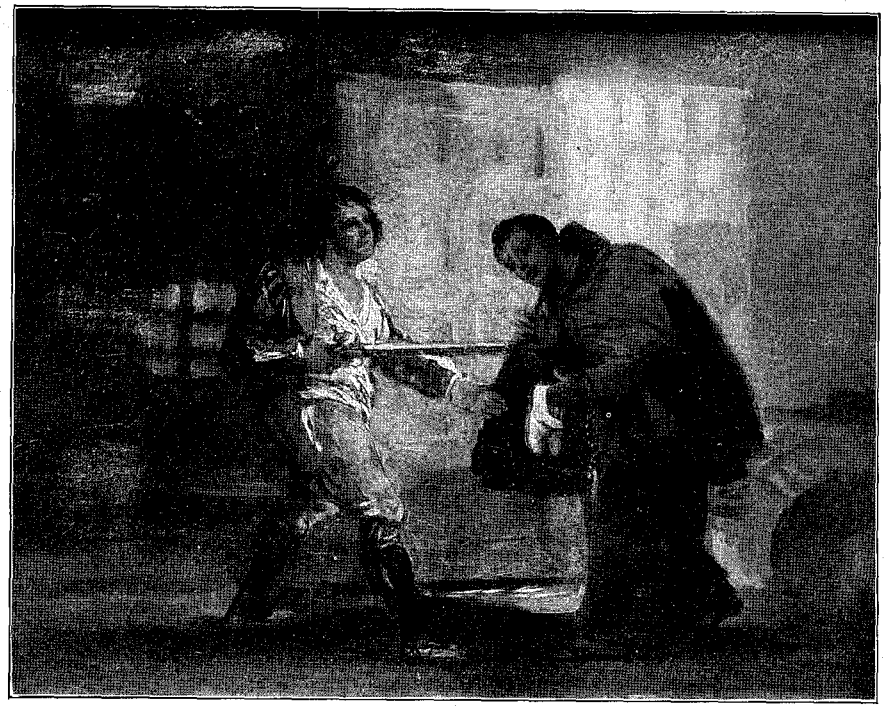

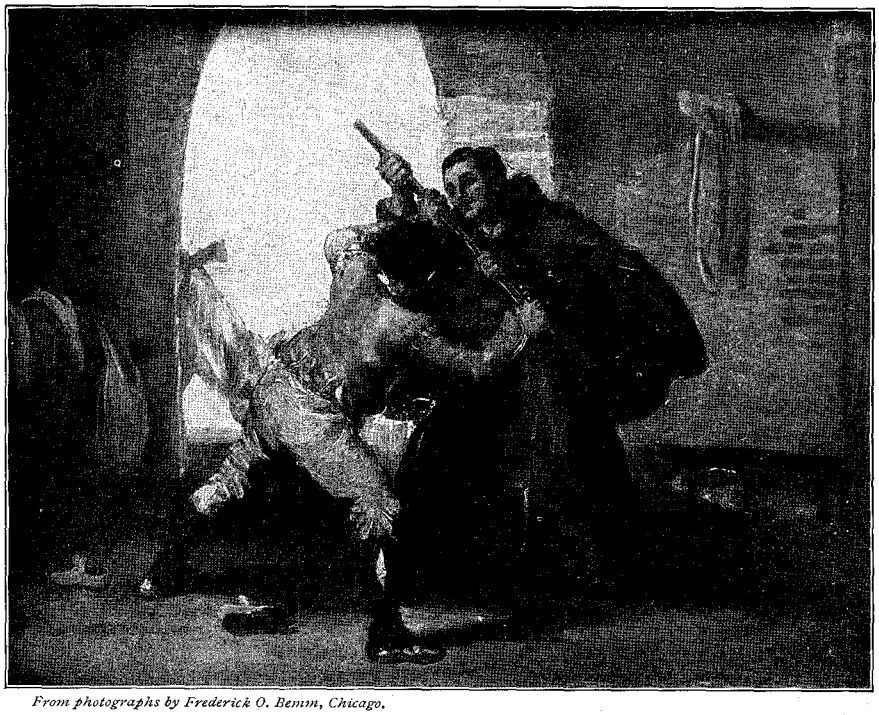

From photographs by Frederick O. Bemm, Chicago.

The pictures on this and the opposite pages are from the famous series of "The Monk and the Brigand."
In the collection of Martin A. Ryerson, Esquire, of Chicago.

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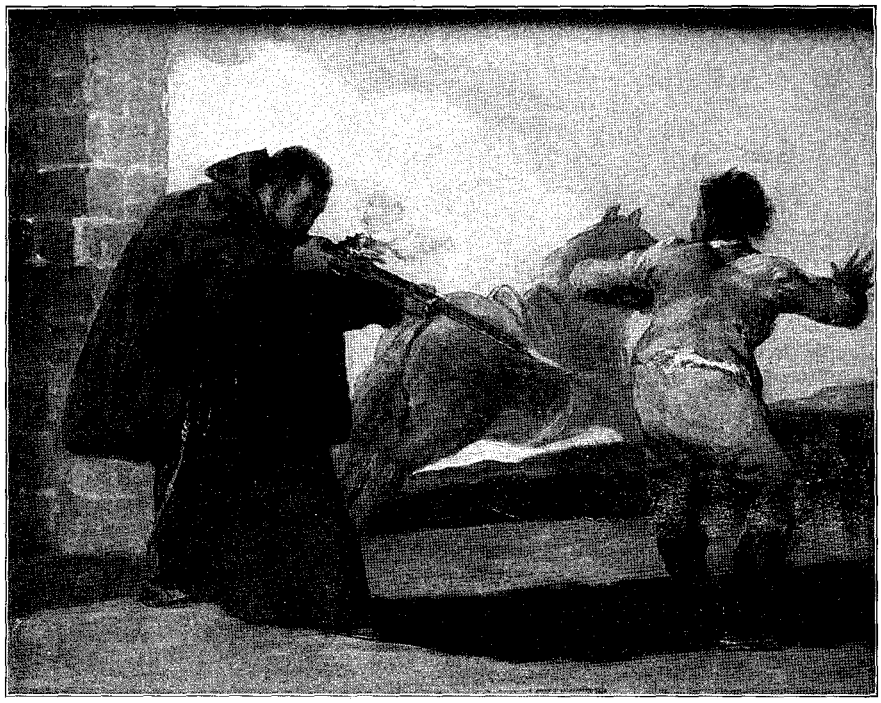
ing some of the Goya tapestry cartoons translated into woven fabric, and thus can judge of these pictures of radiant color and light-spirited grace. Goya's first set of tapestry cartoons was made in the early years of his career, about 1775 to 1780. The second series was drawn from 1786 to 1791.

His earliest portrait was that of Count de la Miranda, in 1777. Its merit would place it among later work, for he painted assailed with will and with wiles the favor of the great painter.

Were a book written on his affairs of the heart, the sum would read thus: that he was always a good friend to his wife, that he had countless *amourettes* which passed like unimpressionable cloud-shadows over a June field, but that in meeting the Duchess of Alba the grand passion of his life took possession of him and colored all his work from that time forever.



From a photograph by Frederick O. Bemm, Chicago.

In the collection of Martin A. Ryerson, Esquire, of Chicago.

others less talented in subsequent years. But this is a peculiarity of the artist, that he ever worked with varying excellence of technique and of standards, and thus it becomes difficult to date his pictures.

A penetration into the intimate life of Goya becomes necessary to an understanding of a large proportion of his paintings executed during the years immediately succeeding 1790. His fame having taken him to court and his charm having made him a social favorite in that time of wild moral aberration, he was in frequent contact with all the great ladies of beauty and wealth, each one of whom

There are historians who like to dwell on the naughty side of this strong alliance, for in it all the conventions were broken, but a great love has, like death, a dignity of its own, and with dignity this important alliance is endowed.

Goya was crowding fifty when the movements of the court functions threw in his way the gifted, beautiful woman known as Maria Teresa Cayetana de Silva y Alvarez, Duchess of Alba, who was then about thirty-five. From her father she had inherited enormous wealth and her title. Add to these her beauty, her charm, her audacious unconventionality,

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and her intellect, and her force must be at once acknowledged.

She was pleased to have Goya paint her portrait. Thus the intimacy strengthened by opportunity. But it was an intimacy that was bound to bring trouble. Queen Maria Louisa, herself a coquette of so many decades that the quality of jealousy was not restrained—this queen, well advanced in middle life, made it her pleasure to insult and to injure relentlessly the successful Duchess of Alba.

The queen's jealousy resulted in the banishment of the duchess from court. She was shown no leniency in this disgrace except the choice of her place of exile. She chose her estates in Andalusia. In going she went not alone. Goya accompanied her.

Thus deepened the influence in Goya's art that is traceable on many of his canvases for the succeeding ten years, for, although the liaison ended sadly in disillusionment at the end of three years, the duchess's type of loveliness was Goya's ideal of beauty ever after. Again and again are seen in his work the slim, elegant figure, the oval face, high-arched brows, and *triste*, dark eyes which recall Doña Maria Teresa.

Portraits of the woman who inspired his greatest love were the natural expres-

From a photograph by Frederick O. Bemm, Chicago.

Portrait of Isidro Maiguez, Comedian.
In the collection of Martin A. Ryerson, Esquire, of Chicago.

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sion of that love. Several notable ones were named, but the influence of her oval face and high-bred features on the painter's imagination looks out from many a canvas unmarked with her name. She was his ideal of beauty, both in her face, which could be coldly and sadly enigmatic or glowing with tender charm, and in her little, slender figure with its suggestions of infinite and swift grace in movement. Goya himself, being physically of large proportion and great strength, found delight in this bright delicacy of action, and coupling with his strength a fiery and complex nature he was competent to respond to any caprice or prejudice of Doña Maria Teresa.

One of the most exquisite as well as important of all the Alba portraits is that secured by Mr. Archer M. Huntington for the Hispanic Museum in New York.

Portrait of General Nicolas Guye, Marquis de Rio Milanos.
In the collection of J. H. Harding, Esquire.

Goya has impressed on it the nationalism which saved his art from falling into the sea of weak mythology that was drowning art's spontaneity in France at the end of the eighteenth century. He has given here the delicacy and aloofness, the hauteur and imperiousness, that indicate the patrician, but he has clothed his subject as the Maya, that most piquantly fascinating woman of the Spanish people and belonging to no other country.

Without entering into a critique of so famous a painting, this is not only the

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portrait of a very great lady and the presentment of a national character, the Maya, but it also declares to the world the great romance of Goya's life. He has written his name on the canvas and Doña Maria Teresa's index finger points to it, while on her hand are two conspicuous rings, one bearing the name of Goya. A challenge to the conventions, an open declaration that before profound love all else becomes insignificant, seem here proclaimed.

Goya's detective eye could not fail to read her character and to paint it, but was he not also prophetic in putting into the face a tristesse deepened by dignity? The duchess died by poison in 1802, while she was still at the height of her power and charm. Indeed, it was because of this power that her jealous and tyrannical queen wished her out of the way.

Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Nature were the masters which Goya in his prime acknowledged. It was a study of these which made him sail free of the mistaken tendencies of art in his time. Velasquez, the finer of the two artists, the more delicate, never disposed to grossness, yet left a recognizable effect, especially in portraiture. The earlier manner of Velasquez, certain critics declare, is reflected in the portrait group of the family of Carlos IV, which is compared to "Las Meniñas." There are those, however, who scoff at this comparison.

Rembrandt sets for Goya another palette, and with Velasquez frees his hand, preparing him for the long list of portraits which include (from Mr. Martin Ryerson's treasure-house) the actor Isidro Maiguez, the charming wide-eyed child Victor Guye (of Mr. J. Horace Harding's collection), and for those wonders of forceful composition exemplified by the series of "The Monk and the Brigand," of Mr. Martin Ryerson and "The Forge," before referred to, from the Frick gallery.

In the latter Goya is seen in one of those tensely forceful moods that with superb dramatic power draw the observer into the spirit of the group as though he were an actor in it. The palette set here is Rembrandt's. Goya was not always clear in his colors, but in this the tones are the rich, glowing browns that illumine a sunstruck woodland brook. But the great thing is the force expressed by the robust actors. To paint this powerful group Goya first had it firm and complete in his mind, and then, with great force, he threw it on the canvas with broad strokes from the determined hand that savagely denies technical limitation. In it he shows the power to reproduce in us the emotion felt by himself, and that is art.

The series of "The Monk and the Brigand," of which Mr. Ryerson owns the full set of six, show this same mood of Goya's and this same free method of setting down what his painter's eye had seized from nature.

It is not usual, however cursory or locally limited the review, to omit at least a reference to Goya's manner as a terrible satirist of the world both high and low, as relentlessly and fantastically shown in the series of "Los Caprichos," and the unmasked horrors in "Los Desastres de la Guerra." Added to these are the sepia and pen sketches owned by the Hispanic Museum, which were the harvest of his old age. But the liberty is taken here of avoiding the controversial opinions on the use and beauty of these strange expressions of a great painter's abnormality.

Here in America the spell of Goya is upon us, his works are in the galleries of our serious collectors, and in such happy variety that the strikingly different methods which he employed can be studied at leisure, that of the Osuna group at the Prado with its daintiness and its subtile revelation of character, and that of its neighbor at the Prado, the "Third of of May" with its tragic power. Preeminently a painter of portraits, his best years of production begin at the very end of the century. The famous family group of Carlos IV was finished in 1800. The portraits of General Guye, Mr. J. H. Harding's collection, of Isidro Maiguez, of the fascinating, insolent queen, belong to this period, as well as innumerable treasures locked in our private galleries.

All these works are but the indicative expressions of the man himself, whose extreme complexity was increased by the combination of an overvigorous physique and highly sensitized temperament, which were excited by the experience of an eager life among the populace and life at the licentious court of Carlos IV, "the wisest fool in Europe," and of Teresa Maria, his vicious queen.

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HOLDING MAST

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh"

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. PECK

FROM the register of the United States Navy the wooden ships are gone—with John Paul Jones, Decatur, and Farragut to some serene harbor beyond the most distant horizon line—and of the ship life of their day but one custom persists.

It was the rule on those old sloops-of-war that any sailor under arrest, awaiting sentence and having a complaint to make or a grievance to air, took his stand *by the mainmast*, and asked to speak with the captain; this was his right.

The white sails are gone. On our great steel ships no sign of them remains, but every day, at a given hour, on each dreadnought, battleship, cruiser, and destroyer of the United States Navy the captain "holds mast."

Seven bells.

On the quarter-deck of the gray dreadnought anchored in the harbor the morning sun gleamed on a little group of sailors and petty officers who, as "witnesses," gathered and formed in line for the morning's mast.

Around the great triple gun-turret the master-at-arms marched the prisoners, two by two, and lined them up at right angles with the witnesses.

"Don't be forgettin' that you steps forward, and takes off your cap, when your name's called, and don't look scared to death—there ain't no can-o-bulls present," admonished the master-at-arms. "Say what you've got to say, and when you're ordered to 'stand aside,' put your cap on, and step back into line. This ain't no trial! It's just a chance for you to tell your side of things."

The prisoners eyed him silently—excepting one youth who inquired of his neighbor in a surly whisper what was "th' use of tellin' the captain anything? Nuthin' happens to him like happens to us!"—then transferred their attention to the yeoman with the report-book, who took his place just as the executive officer crossed the deck and knocked at the door of the captain's cabin.

"Mast is ready, sir," announced the executive, and waited, while the captain finished signing some papers and took up his cap.

"I've gone over the case of that fellow who takes drugs," said the executive; "we've done all we can for him. The doctor says it's no use—he hasn't the backbone to quit; let him go ashore, and the same thing happens. Big mast this morning—but the other cases are the usual things."

The captain nodded. "I suppose when you have one thousand and thirty men, of the average age of twenty-one years, you can expect a fair amount of ingenuity for getting into trouble," he remarked as, followed by an orderly, they stepped out on the quarter-deck.

"Attention! Salute!" commanded the master-at-arm to the prisoners.

The captain returned the salute and, pausing, scanned the yeoman's report-book. "Carry on," he said.

"James Collins. Charged with being asleep while on duty. Reported by the boatswain's mate in charge of the watch," read the yeoman.

The boy stepped forward and took off his cap.

"Anything to say, Collins? What ailed you?" asked the captain.

"Nuthin', sir," the sailor answered. "This is my first cruise and I just can't hold me eyes open—went to sleep standin' right up straight! I ain't never been near the ocean before, and I'm perishin' to sleep—all the time."

"If every man went to sleep when he felt like it how long do you think this ship would last?" asked the captain; "I'll have to give you a summary court, Collins, and remember this: if ever you are

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given an *important* post—in war times—and you sleep on it, you are liable to receive the severest punishment that can be inflicted."

"Stand aside," the master-at-arms ordered. Collins stepped back into line.

"Thomas Jenkins, Carl Jones, coal-passers, reported by the water-tender for fighting," read the yeoman.

"What were you fighting about?" asked the captain.

Jenkins, burning with righteous wrath, answered: "Every time I gets the bright work all shined up, he comes in and turns on the steam! Says 'he's tryin' out the valves,' and when I asks him why don't he try 'em out when the brass work's dirty—he laughed!"

"Well, Jones?" asked the captain.

Jones grinned unhappily. "Get tired o' seein' him forever at his polishin'—thought I'd give him something to polish *for*. He hit me first," asserted Jones, grasping for a straw.

The witness interrupted.

"They fights all the time," he volunteered virtuously. "I seen 'em fightin' the other day because Jenkins told Jones no man that had red hair could ever be a good engineer. Said the admiral said so."

Jenkins flushed. "Aw, can't you take a joke?" he growled.

"How old are you, Jenkins—and you, Jones?" asked the captain, and smiled at the answers of "Twenty."

"You can punish them *this time* by letting them shake hands for two hours, on the quarter-deck," said the captain.

"Next," commanded the executive, and a white-faced man stepped forward in answer to the name of William Clark.

"Reported by the chief master-at-arms for taking cocaine," read the yeoman.

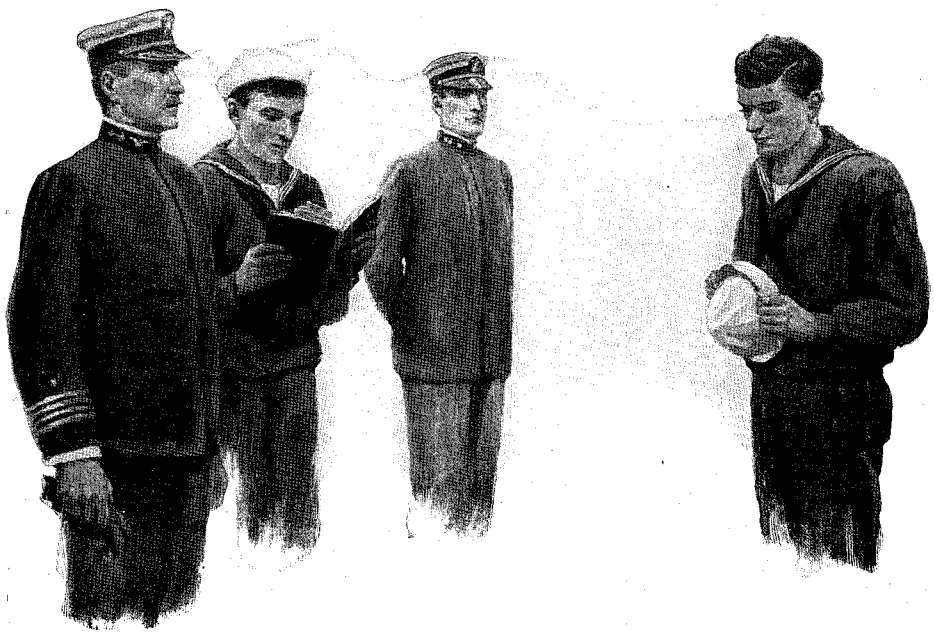
The captain glanced sharply at the trembling hand raised to remove the white cap.

"Is this true?" he asked.

The man nodded miserably.

"How and where did you form this habit?" asked the captain.

"I got to going in a crowd in Harlem three years ago, and some of the girls took the stuff—said it was great and wanted me to try it," said Clark in a low voice; "I enlisted to get away from them and quit it; but every time I go ashore—I just can't help buying more."



"Mark Simmons. Reported by the officer of the deck for

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The captain's face clouded, but his voice was kind.

"I'm sorry for you, Clark," he said. "Unless you are man enough to break this habit and start fresh, there isn't any future for you anywhere. We can't keep you here. The navy isn't a reform-school, and nothing spreads as rapidly as a bad habit. I wish I could help you—but this is a time when you must help yourself. Cocaine is the entrance-ticket to the insane-asylum and the gutter—and to nothing else."

The list proceeded. "Smoking out of hours" was the most popular cause for getting on the report, although overstaying liberty—while communing with long-lost friends from other ships—ran it a close race.

One exuberant youth—reported for "continued spitting on the deck"—announced belligerently that he "couldn't work if he couldn't spit"; another frankly admitted an aversion for vaccination: while a third vociferously defended his pastime of "sleeping in a life-boat" when he should be working.

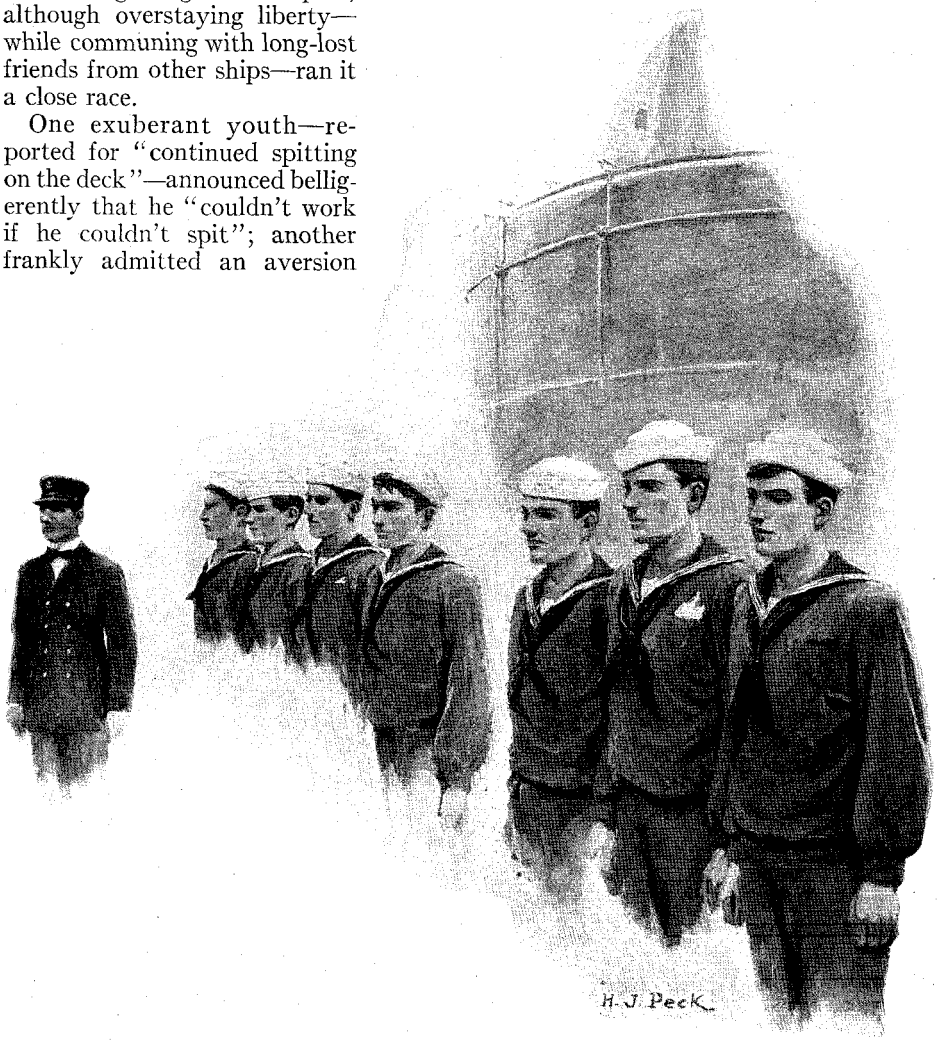
Stealing, the most contemptible sin in the community life aboard ship, was severely dealt with.

The last prisoner was reached.

"Mark Simmons. Reported by the officer of the deck for overstaying liberty eight hours," read the yeoman.

The captain looked carefully through the record.

"First report against you in the three



overstaying liberty eight hours," read the yeoman.

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years you've been on this ship, Simmons. What kept you?"

The sailor shook his head.

"Were you drunk?" asked the captain.

Again the dumb head-shake.

"Anything to say?" suggested the captain.

"No, sir," answered Simmons faintly.

The captain hesitated, then turned away.

"No more reports," announced the yeoman, closing the book and bundling his papers together.

"Attention!" commanded the master-at-arms to the prisoners.

The captain started across the deck, paused, and returned.

"Simmons—one moment," he said to the last prisoner.

The sailor stepped back and lifted his heavy eyes to the captain's face.

"What is it, Simmons—something you are afraid to tell?" asked the captain.

"My wife, sir," said the boy, and swallowed hard. "The baby came yesterday morning . . . we had a civilian doctor . . . but he was drunk! They think we people in the navy haven't much money, and aren't here long . . . so it don't matter how they treat us . . . I did all I could . . . but she had kind of chills . . . I came back as soon as I dared leave her."

His shoulders shook; he leaned his face against his blue sleeve.

"Good lord, man! Why didn't you tell that when you came aboard? Is any one with your wife—is her home in this city?" demanded the captain.

"She's all alone—in a lodging-house. Her folks live in San Francisco," said Simmons.

The captain turned. "Ask Dr. Knapp to come here," he said to the orderly. And to the master-at-arms: "Erase that report against Simmons; he's going ashore—with the doctor."

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the master-at-arms, facing the prisoners. "Right about! Forward—march!" he commanded.

Eight bells struck.

Above their clanging clamor came the clear notes of the bugle "sounding mess gear," and from the deck below arose a great clattering of plates. The band—which plays every day during the crew's dinner hour—sailed valiantly into the opening bars of the "Anvil Chorus." Factory whistles in the near-by city shrieked their noon-day greetings, above the deep booming of bells.

"My wife's been alone for five hours," said Simmons miserably.

Late that night the captain finished his writing and went over the doctor's report.

Mrs. Simmons and the baby had been moved to a hospital and were comfortable. Simmons, tremulous with gratitude, had returned to the ship and was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, two decks below.

The captain leaned back in his chair; facing him, on the shelf above, a woman smiled from a photograph—an old photograph, judging by the enormous sleeves and diminutive hat. How clearly he remembered the day that photograph was taken—just before he started on a Pacific cruise.

How they had laughed, and hoped, and planned, even to deciding on the college that "junior" should eventually honor by his presence—with Wellesley as an alternative—if fate should prove disobliging.

"All was well," and he had cabled from Valparaiso; and even if he *had* worried during those days of cruising through the Straits of Magellan he had been pitifully unprepared for the cablegram awaiting him at Montevideo. Five words—yet they told him that never again would he need to hurry home. . . .

The captain sighed. For a second the port hole framed the stretching road of the long years—but somewhere—around a little turn—she would be waiting for him, the baby in her arms——

The captain smiled back at the photograph and, ringing for the orderly, switched off the desk lights.

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HIS FATHER'S FLAG

By Armistead C. Gordon
Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THERE was a big field near his old home where he and the other boys, black and white, had played "round cat" and "chermany" in the summers before the war and had set their rabbit-traps in seasons of frost and snow. It lay near the edge of a wood, which was now cool and umbrageous with midsummer leafiness. The wood had furnished a fine resting-place for the boys when their games were ended; and its giant trees and dense undergrowth had been imagined fortresses and robbers' dens in those days. Beyond the wood lay the Dragon Swamp, with its dark and unexplored recesses and jungles of intertwisted vines. It was a place of shuddering stories about runaway negroes and "patter-rollers" and murders and unsolved mysteries.

On the side of the field nearest the great house once stood a row of negro cabins, built of unshaped logs, whose interstices were chinked with mud and whose stick chimneys were "daubed" with the same material. They were snug and comfortable enough in winter and cool, with open door and unglazed window, in the summer-time, when the little slab-paled gardens in front smiled amid bowers of great nodding sunflowers and overflowed with succulent vegetables.

His earliest memories of the "quarters" were interwoven and embroidered with the kindly affections of their dusky denizens. There were no ginger cakes quite so good as those which he had eaten on the rough benches at their doors. No later watermelons ever had "meat" so red and ripe as theirs. No "pulled" molasses candy was so sweet. And the cold fried chicken legs and biscuits were unforgetable.

When he came back he found the field overgrown with sassafras bush and riotous vines and tangled briers. The cabins had tumbled down and were deserted. Where the sunflowers had once lifted their gorgeous disks above the snaps and collards flourished a pestilent growth of jimson-weeds unconfined by any slab-palings. Broom-sedge possessed what had been a buckwheat patch near Uncle Orrin's cabin at the end of the row. He remembered the bees in the buckwheat blossoms and their hives under the scraggy peach-tree, and how he had watched them on lucent summer mornings long ago. The "bee-gums" had vanished; and Orrin's cabin, like the others, was a wreck. Orrin himself, on whose knees he had sat when a little chap and listened to wonderful tales of the "varmints" and the "creeturs," had long since become only one of the memories of his boyhood.

He traversed the brier-grown and almost invisible pathway, once so familiar, that led from the quarters to the mansion-house, and walked past the stables where the horses had been kept. Their stalls were empty and the weather-boarding was ripped off in places. The corn-crib door hung open on a broken hinge.

His father had fallen in the Seven Days' Battles and his mother had soon followed. Thoughts of them impelled him in the direction of the brick-walled graveyard beyond the house from which the marble tombstones were visible above its green carpet of periwinkle vines. As he approached the mansion, in which five generations of his people had lived their quiet and uneventful lives, a sense of the futilities of existence overwhelmed him. He paused and looked beyond the broken hedge, and saw the gravestones grim and silent under the summer sun.

There was no one in the house to bid him welcome, no sign of life or movement about the place. The front door gaped open and the porch, where clambering tea-roses had filled the air of long ago with fragrance, was dropping down. The

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Drawn by George Wright.

"It beats the world, Jim!" exclaimed John Dillon, taking back the little banner and smoothing it caressingly.
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windows stared, shutterless, from broken sash and pane upon the desolate lawn which once lay beneath them in smooth, luxuriant greenness.

The lilac bushes had disappeared; but some broken mimosa-trees, still crowned with delicate and lace-like foliage, remained. The leaves were yellowing, as though they lamented the departure of the pink and feathery blossoms with which the earlier summer had adorned them. The inevitable and vandal sassafras had usurped the places of the old japonicas and "sweet-smelling shrubs," and had taken brigand possession of the broad carriageway over which the great, curved-spring family carriage had rolled behind the bay horses, with Uncle Cupid on the boot, on Sundays, to take his father and mother to Christ Church.

Over the whole place hung the pall of poignant and inexpressible change. The past was engulfed in the desolation that had been wrought into everything within his vision. The illusions of his earlier life had vanished.

He could not find it in his heart to enter the old gray house now haunted by disappointments and sorrow. He stood and gazed at it.

A rabbit came hopping out of an undergrowth of briers in a corner of the yard and ran through the sassafras bushes near him.

He turned and strode away under the smiling August morning.

As he walked along the sandy river road toward the county court-house his mind was full of memories of the great struggle. They submerged his semiconscious recognition of the once familiar landmarks. He thought of the April morning in '61 when, with the confidence of youth, he had ridden with his father along this road in the direction in which he was now travelling.

"Lincoln has made the call for seventy-five thousand troops," he had said, "and the State has seceded. There are one hundred and fifty men in our company, and we shall be in Richmond in three days."

"It is a sad time for all of us, my boy," his father had responded, "but saddest for us older folk who have loved the Union so long. My prayer has been that God would preserve it."

"They are coming to invade the State, sir," he had said. "We should be false to our forefathers and to ourselves if we did not defend it."

His heart had been hot, and the vision of approaching war had kindled the fires of anticipated glory and adventure. Three weeks before he had been elected a lieutenant of the company.

More than four years had intervened between that April morning and this time of his home-coming—years of struggle, of hardship, of self-abnegation, and of conflict all in vain. The confidence that had known no misgivings was shattered. The end had come. Many of the lads with whom he had played in the old field as boys and marched to Richmond as soldiers were dead in battle; and the flag under which he and they had fought was furled in defeat forever.

After Appomattox he had gone South with many of his comrades in arms to join Johnston at Charlotte; and later he had ridden farther on with a few of them, in the vague hope of attaining a new Confederacy beyond the Mississippi. Now that it was all over he had come back home, ragged, penniless, bereft, unparoled. It was August, 1865, and he had never surrendered.

He entered the little village and walked along the grass-grown country road that was its main street until he reached the one-storied brick court-house, covered by Virginia creeper, that had stood there for more than a hundred years in its grove of ancient oak-trees. On either side were the modest houses of the villagers, weather-beaten and unpainted with their tiny green-palinged yards in front and their vegetable gardens at the back. They seemed very poor and forlorn as he regarded them and small with the littleness that physical objects often present to those who have gone away and return. In the stretch of open land between the court-house and the river his company had drilled before they went to Richmond; and he imagined now that he could see the phantom squads marching there and could hear the voice of the captain giving his sharp commands, and the roll of the drum.

Looking up from where the gate to the court-house yard had once been, he saw a

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flag drooping above the low building. It did not occur to him that it was the banner which his father had followed at Monterey and Buena Vista. It only symbolized now the wreck of a great hope.

His impulse, upon seeing it hanging there in the unruffled summer sunshine, was to turn and go away—anywhere, that he might escape the memories which the vision of it awoke.

But he would first inquire of the clerk if any of the boys had come back—John Dillon and Henry Williams and Tommy Taylor, the little lame lad, who could not run with the others but who loved to fetch the ball when it went beyond bounds. He wanted to know about them all.

A young negro man sat on the stone steps in the shadows cast by the immemorial oaks.

"Who you lookin' fur?" the negro asked as he approached.

"How are you, Silas?" he said, recognizing the speaker. "I want to see Mr. Henderson."

His impulse had been to resent the demeanor of his father's ex-slave, but he kept his temper.

"Dey ain't no clerk in dar now," the man responded, ignoring his salutation. "Dis here is de Freedom's Bureau. De Freedom's Bureau is done turn out Mr. Henderson. Dat whar Cunnel Chisholm o' de Union army stay now."

"Will you move and let me go in?" he said.

The black man arose leisurely and stood aside.

"Dey gwi' give us de white folks' lan'," he remarked, eying the visitor's worn gray uniform. "Evvy cullud man gwi' git his forty acres an' a mule."

As he paused in the doorway of the clerk's office he saw two Federal soldiers writing at the tables where Mr. Henderson and his deputy, George Collins, had once sat and written in the midst of the record-books on the shelves, some of which went back to the seventeenth century. Three or four negro men stood idly about the room.

He turned on his heel and went out upon the court green. The man at the steps chuckled as he passed.

He met Judge Holmes near the broken-down gate. He had been his father's friend and greeted him with a warm hand-clasp.

"I'm glad to see you back at last, Jim," said Judge Holmes. "Delighted to see you back. We had put you down among the dead or the missing."

"I asked for no furlough during the war, judge," he replied. "And I did not hurry home."

Then he questioned the judge, as one wise and prescient, about the present and the future.

"There are few left except the old folks," said Judge Holmes. "There have been great changes; and now we have a harder fate to face than fighting."

He listened with grave attention.

"The State is under military rule," continued the judge, "and it is likely to remain so indefinitely. If civil government is ever restored, our former slaves will become our political masters. The whites will be disfranchised. Our farms and plantations have been desolated. There is no stock, no seed, no labor, no anything."

"What else?" queried the home-comer as the judge paused.

"Possibly, land-confiscation. Certainly, a carnival of plunder and oppression, marshalled by rapacity and vice. All the signs are around us. It is a horrible outlook, Jim."

Then he asked the judge about his old playmates and companions, calling their names as the orderly sergeant had called them from the muster-roll on the drill-ground by the river.

Some had been killed in action, some had died in hospital, some had returned maimed in body or broken in health, some had never come back.

A few were in the country. John Dillon was living down on the Dragon Swamp upon his mother's plantation. Judge Holmes could not imagine how in the world John was to ever make a living there for his mother and the girls.

"They have got nothing but the place, and John left his leg at the Wilderness. Maybe they'll take the land from him."

"And Henry Williams?"

"I hear that Henry is up near Kingsmill, but I haven't seen him."

"Good-by, judge," said Jim, holding out his hand.

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"Why, where are you going?" queried the judge.

"I don't know. Anywhere," he answered. "England, France, Egypt—anywhere. I have got to go away. Some of them were talking about Brazil and some about Mexico."

"I hope you'll stay, Jim," said the judge.

"What for?" he asked abruptly; and there was no reply.

He passed into the grass-grown street, and the judge saw him vanish from sight at the bend of the road by the river.

Fifty-one years later an automobile sped down the river road and in it sat a man who, in spite of his white hair and the lines in his rugged face, was erect and soldier-like as youth itself. His unusual appearance had attracted the attention of those who had seen him step alertly from the steamboat at the river wharf.

An octogenarian negro, leaning over the wharf's edge to take a bucket of fish from a young darky in a bug-eye, exclaimed at sight of him:

"'Fo' Gord, ef dat ain't de spit 'n' image uv ole Mr. Fent'ess when carriage company uv useter come ter de gre't house 'way back yonder befo' de war!"

The stranger's black broadcloth coat was long-skirted and his waistcoat showed a broad expanse of shirt-front above which a large silk stock illustrated the fashion of the earlier part of the previous century. His trousers were loose and baggy and the white hair which hung below his coat collar was crowned by a broad-brimmed black felt hat.

The vehicle stopped at the gate in front of the little red-brick court-house and the stranger's eyes sought its gabled roof.

"They have taken it down," he said; and the chauffeur wondered what he was talking about.

He emerged from the car and, walking with direct and military step along the worn pathway under the oak-trees, entered the building.

Two or three children in pinafores stared wonderingly at him and a bird sang from a wild-plum thicket near the fence.

In the little office, amid the shelves of record-books and time-stained bundles of papers, he found an unknown man, gray and rugged-faced like himself, writing at the table where the Federal officer had sat half a century before. The left sleeve of the writer was empty and pinned to his coat at the shoulder.

He gave the stranger courteous greeting and invited him to be seated.

"I am the clerk," he said. "I'll see you in a few minutes."

Then the one-armed clerk turned to an aged countryman, bent and withered, who leaned upon a cane where he stood near the writing-table. On the table lay a large printed sheet of paper with blank spaces, which the occupant of the office had been filling in with pen and ink.

"Why didn't you apply before this?" he queried of the withered countryman as he wrote.

"It's been fifty-odd years now," was the answer. "I've been away from the county most o' the time and I didn't need it. Now I do. I came back some six months ago and they told me I could get it. Mr. Dillon is here at the court-house to-day from down by the Dragon Swamp. He knows when I went into it. I can get him for my witness."

"Well," said the clerk, "it's all right so far. Let's finish it."

He picked up the sheet and glanced over it, reading aloud the printed headings.

"Name? Um-huh! Age? Residence at time of enlistment? Yes. Let's see? Um-huh! Company? Regiment? Division? Date of enlistment? Yes, we've got all that down. Battles in which engaged? Yes. We were on that. Did you say Antietam, also?"

"I said Sharpsburg," was the reply. "That's what we called it. It was over in Maryland, on Antietam Creek."

"Where did you surrender?" asked the clerk.

"I didn't surrender," said the other. "When the government left Richmond, April 2d, '65, I knew that the jig was up. I quit and went home."

"You did what?" exclaimed the one-armed clerk, pushing his chair back from the table.

"I quit. The war was over."

The clerk arose and confronted the applicant.

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"You are a deserter, sir. The State gives no pension to any man who quit."

He took the sheet from the table in his remaining hand, from which the pen had dropped to the floor.

"What was the use?" the bent countryman asked. "Lee surrendered the few men he had left a few days after I quit him."

The clerk caught the paper in his teeth and, with the hand that held it, tore it in two pieces and flung the fragments on the floor.

"You should have been faithful to the end," he said.

"I went in at Manassas and I stayed till they left Richmond," the other replied. "It's only forty dollars. I've done without it fifty years. I reckon I can stand it."

He turned and hobbled out of the room.

"He wasn't entitled to it, sir," said the clerk to the stranger, who had sat listening.

"Where did you lose your arm?" the latter queried, looking at the empty sleeve.

"The Crater," was the answer.

"What command?"

"Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania."

The stranger sprang to his feet.

"Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania? Why, I heard you say to that old Confederate he ought to have been faithful to the end. I don't understand."

"Sit down, sir," said the clerk, "and I'll tell you, if you care to listen. I came here with the Union army in '65. I liked the country and the people. I stayed. I helped them some, when the negroes and the scalawags and the carpet-baggers gave them trouble. They were good to me. They made me clerk when they got the ballot back. I married my wife here. My children were born here. I have held this office for forty-seven years. I am the oldest court clerk in the State."

"*I* quit, after the end," said the stranger, contemplatively. "I wonder if I ought to have gone away?"

A lame old man wearing a bronze cross on the lapel of his coat that had on it: "Deo Vindice: 1861–1865, C. V.," limped into the room. He was burly of figure and his broad face beamed with good humor. He took off his straw hat, and with a big cotton bandanna handerchief wiped his bald head fringed with wisps of gray hair.

"Come in and have a chair, Mr. Dillon," the clerk said to him.

"John," said the stranger, stepping forward to meet the lame man, "I reckon you've forgotten me."

The burly lame man gazed at him curiously.

"Ain't you Jim Fentress?" he asked. "There's something about you——"

"God bless you, John! It's been fifty years," said the stranger.

"And then some," exclaimed John Dillon as they threw their old arms about each other.

"Let's get outside in the shade, Jim," said the lame man. "Come out with us, major."

They hauled three chairs down the stone steps into the shadows flung by the immemorial oak-trees.

Two young men passed along the village street and looked at them.

"Ancient history," one of them said, pointing.

"In three volumes," said the other.

They laughed and walked on.

"Fifty-odd years, Jim," repeated John Dillon, regarding the stranger with misty eyes and beaming face.

He and the clerk filled and lighted their Powhatan clay pipes, with short fig-stems, and the man called Jim Fentress drew from a little leather case a cigarette wrapped in thin corn-shuck.

"Tell us where you've been, Jim, and what you've been doing all this time," said John Dillon.

"I couldn't stand it here after the war," the other replied, blowing the smoke through his nostrils. "I came back for a day and went away. My people were dead. My friends were dead or gone. My home was ruined and empty. The cause I had fought for was lost. You remember it all, John; but you had something to stay for—your mother, your sisters."

John Dillon nodded, with his pipe between his teeth.

"It is odd," the stranger continued, and then paused, looking up to the roof of the court-house.

"What, Jim?" queried John Dillon, re-

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moving his pipe and expelling a smoke cloud.

"That what made me go away brought me back."

He looked up again as though once more seeking something he could not find.

"I only thought of it then in that way," he said. "Now the whole thing is changed."

John Dillon and the clerk who had lost his arm at the Crater drew their chairs nearer to the speaker, wondering. The three old heads were very close together, and the smoke of the Virginia tobacco mingled with that of the Mexican cigarette.

"Like many others who had fought through the war and had nothing left to live for here," continued the man called Jim Fentress, "I determined, after it was over, to go to another country. I sold my father's old home for what it would fetch—a pittance—and went to Mexico. I became an exile."

"I have read the deed. It is recorded in yonder," said the clerk, nodding toward the court-house.

"Maximilian was there, and, though I have no liking for emperors and kings, it looked then as if I might get another brush at the—another brush with the bluecoats," said the stranger. "The United States Government was talking about driving him out."

The clerk smiled at him. He remembered.

"But that fight never came off. Maximilian had his hands full with his Mexicans. I was with him in his last stand at the stone bridge by Queretaro; and when they shot him on the Hill of the Bells I thought I had had enough of fighting. But I hadn't, John."

"Did you get into any of their revolutions?" queried John Dillon.

The stranger paused to light another shuck-covered cigarette.

"I'll tell you," he said. "After that a feeling of restlessness got into me. I lived for a while in Mexico City. I went into a silver-mining proposition in the mountains of Chihuahua. I made money. I got into oil in Tampico. But I was never satisfied. I travelled over the whole blamed greaser country. I bought a *hacienda* and I farmed for a while. But all the time there was something tugging at me to move. I never learned what it was until last June."

His two auditors were listening eagerly.

"I have spent much of my life in the saddle," he went on. "I have had some interesting adventures; but we'll leave them out to-day, gentlemen. I tried to cut myself off from the past, to forget. I read no American papers; and Mexican news—their assassinations and insurrections—did not appeal to me. Neither Diaz, in his day, nor Gonzales, nor Madero, nor old Huerta concerned me. What I want to tell you now is what brought me home."

They saw that his eyes once more sought the court-house roof.

"It was the flag that was up there when I came back after the war. That flag sent me away and it fetched me back."

A light illuminated the face of the one-armed clerk; and John Dillon beamed.

"On a morning of last June I was riding—riding aimlessly, as I so often rode. I think of myself now as eternally riding and riding down there—a sort of wandering Jew on horseback. As I rode I heard a sound which I hadn't heard since the emperor's time. I had kept away from their rows. It was the unmistakable and unforgettable noise of battle. I spurred in its direction and I came upon a sight that seemed to clutch my heart and stir all my blood as in the old days when you and I rode with Jeb Stuart, John. Not far from a little Mexican town that I had just passed through I saw on one side a squadron of negro cavalry, led by three or four white officers, engaged in a desperate conflict with a horde of armed greasers on the other. One of the negro soldiers carried a flag. It was the flag that I had last seen up yonder. The negroes were charging the Mexicans when I got there, and the racket of the shooting and the charging was infernal. I learned later that the black soldiers had been ambushed.

"The sight of that flag in the midst of that battle had a strange effect on me. I wanted to get near it, to fight for it, to go with it into the fiery hell that the greasers were making with their machine guns. They are new guns, John. We didn't have 'em in the old days.

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"I recalled, as I plunged the spurs into my horse and rode toward the flag, how my father had told me that he had fought for it with Taylor at Buena Vista and how hard it was for him to leave it when the Union was broken up.

"I had carried a pistol for more than forty years. A gun is a friend in trouble down there in Mexico. Something inside me kept telling me that the greasers were fighting my father's flag.

"I rode into the thick of that bloody scrimmage, as near as I could get to the soldier who carried the flag. I felt that I must get close to it and go with it. Those machine guns were ripping out the bullets, and they were singing like bees. As I reached the color-sergeant's side a Mexican bullet hit him, and he fell from his horse like a log. I caught the flag and carried it forward. I yelled, with my pistol in one hand and the flag in the other, while the bridle hung loose on my horse's neck: 'This is my father's flag!'"

"I've seen you charge, Jim," said John Dillon. "I wish I could have been right there with you!"

His eyes shone with the light of ancient battle.

"When the fight was over and we had to go back in face of the heavy odds against us, I swung on to the flag. The greasers killed or captured nearly one-half of our squadron, but they paid the price and we kept the flag."

The clerk held out his hand and the exile clasped it. John Dillon, stirred by the story, arose from his chair.

"Go on, Jim," he said excitedly. "Go on!"

"But the strangest thing was what happened afterward. I went with them when the troop returned to the main column, and the general thanked me. He sent me to El Paso with a despatch.

"I stayed there till the greasers brought the prisoners back; and I saw them come across the bridge. The wounded color-sergeant was with them. His arm was in a sling. I spoke to him, and when he looked at me he said: 'Are you the man I heard hollerin' about his father's flag?' I said I was. Then he asked me: 'Who was your father and what were you talkin' about?' I said my father's name was Henry Fentress and that his flag was the flag of the Union, that I had not seen for fifty years until I saw him carrying it in that fight.

"Then he told me that his grandfather had belonged to a man of that name on a plantation here on this river, and I asked him who he was. 'Why, I played ringtaw and knucks and leap-frog with your grandfather when I was a boy,' I said."

"That was Jack Mullin's son," interrupted John Dillon. "The old man told me that he was a soldier in the cavalry."

"When I parted with him at El Paso he gave me this," continued the exile, thrusting his hand into his left breast pocket and drawing from it an envelope. He opened it and took out a little silk banner. "'You seem to like your father's flag, so I got this one for you,' he said to me. 'I'll keep it, sergeant,' I said to him. 'It's mine now.'"

John Dillon took the tiny ensign in his hand and regarded it curiously. Then he handed it to the clerk.

"That was my father's flag," said the exile, following it with his eyes.

"Our fathers' flag," said the clerk, who had lost his arm at the Crater.

"Our fathers' flag," repeated the returned Confederate solemnly.

Then he added: "And *our* flag, old Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania!"

"It beats the world, Jim!" exclaimed John Dillon, taking back the little banner and smoothing it caressingly.

The Union clerk shook hands with the Confederate exile again.

"I tell you it beats the world, major!" repeated John Dillon, handing it back to the exile and slapping the clerk on the shoulder above his empty sleeve.

"Same old volumes," said one of the young men to the other as they returned along the grass-grown street.

"Same old ancient history," the other replied. "Good old volumes and good old history. You can bet dollars to doughnuts they're talking about *their* war 'way back yonder."

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HERE FROGGY, FROGGY

By Hugh Wiley

Author of "On the Altar of Hunger," "A Mushroom Midas," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THAT Pat Kelly, cook on *U. S. Dredge No. 8*, poured three ounces of lemon extract into a goblet, added three ounces of vanilla, and drank the resulting Gentle Annie with a grunt of disappointment, convinced by his fifth morning's morning that quantity could never substitute for quality.

His grimace of disgust expanded into an undulating shiver which explored the remotest fibres of his ponderous body. The hula-hula exercise concluded, he festooned his professional July dishabille with a large rusty dish-pan, a meat-saw, and a long knife, after which he hesitated sideways out of the narrow door of his galley. He shuffled four paces aft and squeezed into the refreshing coolness of the refrigerator-room, where he set about the business of hewing off assorted segments of round steak for the noon meal.

Fifty feet for'd, in his eight-by-twelve office, Captain Dan Porter, perspiring freely, played the four of spades on the five of clubs. This departure from Cap'n Dan's habitual observance of the sacred pact which obtains between Ol' Sol and all true river men may have been provoked by one paragraph of a letter from Colonel McDonald, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., addressed to Daniel Porter, Master *U. S. Dredge No. 8*, which follows:

"Serious consequences may attend a repetition of dredging costs equal to those of your last month's work. The Mississippi River Commission, accompanied by Senator Cromwell and myself, will leave St. Louis next Monday on the annual inspection trip. Upon our arrival at your dredge Monday afternoon I will explain to you the necessity for reducing cost of dredging."

Fifty miles up-stream, in his St. Louis office, Colonel McDonald abstractedly skipped two pages of a violent struggle involving Nicholas Carter, Yen Chi Han, and seven million dollars' worth of smuggled opium. Subconsciously the colonel contemplated the problem presented in a reply to his letter which he had that morning received from Cap'n Dan Porter:

"I can reduce dredging costs by working three crews on this dredge and running twenty-four hours per day, but with a single crew as at present, and with our fires banked half the time, the costs this month will probably exceed the record established last month."

Meanwhile, Kelly cut meat. Submerged beneath the frequent drafts of flavoring extracts his nervous tremors had subsided to a gentle rhythm which synchronized with the measured kick of the engines on the deck below. None but an expert could have observed that Kelly's shakes were his personal property. Otto, the Proosian pastry cook, was an expert observer. Upon Kelly's departure from the galley the ambitious and treasonable Otto had puffed at the flame of jealousy that ever burned within his narrow chest, and had addressed a characteristic criticism of his absent chief to young Jerry Monahan, waiter.

"Again der king iss sopping up der Gentle Annies," Otto remarked, "und by der efning train for der drinking jag by Saint Looie we will lose him. Und I will der meat cook be!"

Jerry Monahan, violent in his Celtic loyalty, selected several expressive epithets from an almost complete vocabulary of vituperative phrases and drowned the indiscreet Otto in a deluge of profane eloquence. "Wat's it to youse, you duff-jugglin' Dutch cheese," he concluded, "if Paddy needs his July jag! Braid them bretzels an' lay off knockin' me boss!"

Otto subsided into a black shell of silent rage, directed at humanity in general but specifically the Biddle Street Irish

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who infested the service in capacities of cooks and waiters.

The July sunlight suddenly quivered with a blast of song exploding through the open door of the refrigerator-room. Presently the waiter, with neck movements resembling those of a crowing bantam, lifted a hyena falsetto accompaniment:

"An' whin I am coldly layin'
In my lasht long dreamless sleep
Plant me where thim silv'ry moonbeams,
(Moo-
hoon-
beams)
Sof'ly o'er me grave shall creep."

Mr. Paddy Kelly concluded the recital with a solo:

"Jerry, c'mere an' fetch these steaks
Before I scalp you."

Summoned by his chief, the boy jumped to obey, inspired by an impulse to display to Otto the strength of the bond which existed between members of a fraternity in which the Proosian could never be received.

"Thirty slugs av round f'r th' bums, sivin T-bones f'r th' engineers, but bless me, Jerry, what to cut f'r Cap'n Dan I dunno."

Jerry lifted the dish-pan and its cargo of meat. "Ain't that iligant, Paddy, where we hit th' high tone on th' 'moo-hoon-beams'? Why not cut wan av thim tinderloin f'r Cappy?"

"What talk have you!" the cook reproved. "An' him eatin' bakin'-soda th' lasht foive days f'r th' stomach av 'um. You'd be assassinatin' th' man wid tinderloin—'tis a dainty th' system av 'um needs. If all av thim corn-beef weren't ate up now. . . ."

"I have ut! I have ut, Paddy!" the waiter exclaimed. "Frog-legs, Paddy. Wan av thim green frogs roosts av mornin's under th' willys ferninst th' slough."

The cook turned an admiring look at his helper. "Lad," he said, "wid that brain ye'll be a cook yet. I'll fry 'um wid butther an' Cappy'll be soggy wid th' pleasure av eatin' 'um an' thin I'll get me a leave f'r to-morrow in Sint Loose."

"Th' fireman, Tender Eye, he have a twinty-two—I'll get th' lend av it off 'um, Paddy, an'——"

"Ye will not," the cook interrupted, "an' me able to cast a knife through th' divvils at fifty feet. Row me ashore by th' slough an' I'll stab th' green felly f'r Cappy's dinner in wan second."

Jerry placed the pan of steaks on the galley table where the heat could improve them, twisted his apron into a belt around his waist and went aft and below. Presently, seated in a skiff, he hung 'longside the dredge awaiting his chief. The cook bathed his nerves with another enamel of Gentle Annie, selected a long and heavy knife, and joined his assistant in the skiff. They rowed to the shore and beached the bow of the skiff in the plastic margin of the Mississippi, and then, afoot, they made their way to the up-stream bank of a muddy tributary which near there mingled its reluctant waters with the darker currents of the big river.

In silence they stalked through the grasses which lined the bank of the slough, arriving finally at the big willow-tree which marked the domain of their intended prey. The cook crouched, with difficulty, and on hands and knees he crept to the edge of the bank. He parted the thick growth of dusty weeds that verged the brink, and through this opening inspected the muddy bank up-stream and down. He discovered his victim.

"Ten feet beyant th' snag, Jerry," he whispered to his companion, who, like a faithful setter, had charged along behind his master. "Whisht—bigger nor a bass-drum an' fasht asleep. Stay here whilst I slay 'um."

His assistant demurred. "Ah, Paddy, l'ave me watch you."

"Quiet, then," the cook assented, "an' no whishperin' whin we get forninst th' little baste."

The pair crept to the point of attack. The frog rested comfortably in the gratifying mud at the water's edge, ten feet below his assassins.

The cook stood half upright on the edge of the bank. He made a preliminary gesture to assure himself of clearance. He held the knife by its point. He drew back his great right arm in preparation for the fatal throw. Steel death launched fair at the motionless prey, but with the menace of the gleaming metal instinct tensed the motor muscles of the frog and he leaped in a sprawling parabola to the safety of

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the slough, bellowing, en route, a gentle note of derision. The knife chucked out of sight in the soft ooze.

Kelly reared up and lifted a clinched fist, calling down the wrath of heaven upon the frog. The frog came to the surface in time to hear the opening words of the invocation and then, quickly, he dived again. It appeared that the large enemy was following up the attack with further pursuit. The soft earth under the cook's left foot had caved beneath his weight and Kelly had begun a frantic whirling of arms in an effort to regain his balance. Against the steady drag of gravity his efforts were in vain. He dived, in desperation, head foremost into the slough, landing heavily at a point where mud was thicker than water. The frightened frog swam rapidly away. With bathing hippopotami and mud volcanoes the place was becoming too crowded. He sought a new frontier.

By the time the cook had righted himself in his form-fitting environment, Jerry was making for the skiff. He ran a hundred feet and lay down, rolling and writhing in the clutches of some sudden malady, but after a while he managed to regain his feet and finally, staggering, to attain the skiff. He rowed to the side of the anchored cook, and after a period of heaving and hauling, the tentacles of vacuum were severed and Kelly was dragged aboard. He flopped into the wide skiff and subsided with a walrus-like thud that threatened to sink the craft.

Jerry endured the difficult silence as long as he could, and addressed the plastered victim of the encounter: "It were noble av ye, Paddy, divin' afther th' l'apin' divvil."

"Have sinse, lad, have sinse!" replied the exasperated Kelly. "I should have detained 'um wid a brick."

"Or started divin' sooner nor he made his leap," the waiter retorted. "But what mope have ye, Paddy, th' froight av gittin' shaved so close have kilt 'um—else he'd have come back an' bit ye."

"Quiet, lad, an' l'ave me groan in peace. Th' dirthy baste, lost to me skillet—an' takin' me best knife wid 'um, hang 'um!"

The defeated pair landed 'longside the dredge where willing hands assisted the cook in his slithering passage up the four-foot free-board of the hull. Volunteers connected up the fire hose and started the force-pumps. After playing the hose on Kelly for five minutes he was sufficiently furrowed to permit of his disrobing without the use of a shovel. Jerry returned from the quarters on the deck above, bringing dry raiment and towels, and in a few minutes the incident had passed into the classic annals of the Mississippi dredging fleet.

Kelly and his helper returned to the galley.

"Bust open a case av thim hen eggs, Jerry," the cook presently directed, "an' if ye find a pair av thim widout beaks, I'll fence them in wid dough an' poach 'um f'r th' dinner av Cappy, blame th' tinder stomach av 'um."

He glanced at the clock and immediately tunnelled into the pan of meat, after which, from the armful that he had accumulated, he rapidly covered the hot surface of the galley range with round steak.

The hands of the clock touched twelve. "Dish up!" he said, to Otto. He turned to Jerry who had discovered an unexpected pair of passable eggs in a total of two dozen which he had inspected. "Th' Pinkertons have nothin' on you, lad, f'r detectin' things," he complimented. The cook deposited each of the eggs in the hollow of a lump of dough which lay in the bottom of a small pan. "Gintly, thim eggs is feeble," he cautioned, as Otto poured in the boiling water. When the eggs had whitened they were deposited on toast, after which, heavily disguised with a generous seasoning of pepper and garnished with the pale-green sprouts of an ambitious potato, they were forwarded to Captain Porter. Jerry, acting as observer of results, addressed the cook with his report.

"Th' face av Cappy twishted a bit, an' th' nose on 'um strolled around, but he ate thim, Paddy! Ate thim he did—ye can ask 'um f'r Sundah safe now, Paddy. Th' man is fed!"

Kelly braced himself with another splash of stimulant and ambled for'd to Captain Porter's office. "Cap'n, sir," he began, "I have bad news fer ye about a broom th' flunky wid th' blue pants lost overboard whilst attimptin' to murther a

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snake wan av thim stiffs aft was seein' from lushin' too heavy on th' booze whin th' whishkey boat come past lasht Sundah wid——"

Captain Dan smiled wearily and interrupted the extended preamble. "Get back here on the evening train to-morrow and it'll be all right, Paddy."

"Cap'n, thank you! I was intindin' askin'——"

"When I say to-morrow, I mean it, Paddy," the captain again interrupted. "Colonel McDonald and the commission are due here Monday afternoon on the *Grant*. You get back here Sunday night."

"I'll be here, cap'n, wid bells on, an' thank you again, sir." The cook retired to his quarters and began a series of contortions by means of which he gradually affected a change of costume in the confines of a stateroom nominally six feet by eight, but which contained, in addition to the person of the cook, a trunk, a bed, and a hot segment of the stack which led upward from the starboard battery of boilers. But in spite of difficulties, the transition was finally an accomplished fact. Augmented and adorned with a rusty black Prince Albert suit, "of a vintage," a salmon-colored vest, squidgy black shoes and a hemispherical brown derby, the cook made his way to the galley in search of assistance in the matter of sartorial adjustment which would add final perfection to the splendor of his haberdashed avoirdupois.

"C'mere, Jerry, an' lash this tie around me throat," he ordered.

His admiring assistant tied a cow-hitch in the violent green scarf and retreated two paces so that the perspective would include the full effect of the perfected ensemble.

"An eyeful, Paddy," he finally exclaimed, "an eyeful wid th' grand clothes!"

The cook dismissed the flattery with a regal wave of his hand. A tubular celluloid cuff, slung by the energy of the centrifugal gesture, escaped from the retaining sleeve of the antique Prince Albert. It landed on the top of the hot range. There followed a flash of blinding flame and a pungent odor, and then a burst of oratory hotter than the flame and incensed with the brimstone accents of a frazzled soul. Otto, the treasonable Proosian, inwardly wallowing in rare delight, retrieved the agate cuff-button from the top of the range and presented it to his chief with a servile bow. Kelly's language cooled as suddenly as it had flamed. He gave thought to the professional duties of the moment. "Roast beef f'r dinner to-morrow, Otto," he directed, "but leave it tough or else thim stiffs'll never git back on their hin' legs, wanst they git their snouts in th' trough."

He turned to the waiter. "Th' skiff, Jerry, an' row me ashore." The pair went below and embarked. They landed at the end of a meandering path which had been worn to the river's edge from the track of the railroad whose embankment paralleled the stream. The cook bade his assistant a brief farewell. "An' watch th' Proosian," he admonished, in parting. "Wanst he starts a goulash barbecue, Cappy loses a crew. I know thim stiffs. Watch th' Proosian. To-morrow I'll be back, lad."

The cook walked down the track toward the station, which lay a mile away. The rusty Prince Albert absorbed and retained the rays of the July sun. Color from the green scarf dyed the neck-band of his shirt. The rock ballast between the rails hurt his feet, but realization of these several discomforts was dulled by a vision of his ultimate goal—the long bar in Grogan's Place where wines, liquors, and cigars awaited those adventurers who would partake thereof.

The local was twenty minutes late in arriving at St. Louis. Kelly made up a part of this lost time in his stampede from the portals of Union Station to the doors of Grogan's Place. He indorsed a pay check and waved away the proffered cash. "Tell me whin I'm through," he ordered the keeper of the liquid lightning. Kelly drank with an overhand stroke that produced results. In half an hour his nerves had steadied and thereafter he drank with a consistent application and an industry which excited admiring comment on the part of various professional drunkards who trained at Grogan's Place. In the stretch he drank with a Chesterfieldian deliberation and an easy grace that added lustre to the shining elbow of the rusty Prince Albert. But none of the gladiators who have sought victory in Grogan's

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Place have ever won their battles, and as the hours passed the mantle of defeat descended upon the too ambitious Kelly, crushing him to the dust of the arena.

At midnight he reposed on the floor in the back room.

Upon the departure of his chief, Otto had tasted the sweetness of full authority. In the breast of the treasonable Proosian ambition flamed to a white heat. In his mad lust for power the despot ruled that pickled beef should form the evening fare. Soused in a bath of biting vinegar, large platters of what had been good roast beef were served for the Saturday supper of the crew. The general indorsement of his superior culinary skill, which Otto had hoped to inspire by means of the pickled beef was not forthcoming, however, and Otto suffered the keen lash of disappointment when he observed the manner in which his offering was received.

"Whoof!" This from Highpocket Hillman, busy with his first mouthful of the pickled beef. "Whoof! Th' bull beef is soured!" Not until Otto had personally explained the superior qualities of pickled beef did the men venture to indulge their appetites. They ate sparingly of the beef, grumbling a little, but they were too intent on starting the Saturday-night poker games to dwell at length upon the nicer flavors of their food.

Sunday morning witnessed another attempt on Otto's part to introduce a menu peculiar to his personal ideas of what was good to eat. Instead of the customary flannel cakes with their high factor of specific gravity and their absorptive powers equal to those of blue blotters, the Proosian presented a series of serrated edged affairs, floppy and yellow. These had a novel flavor due to the fact that Jerry had participated in their preparation. Otto had assembled and mixed the ingredients, meanwhile audibly reflecting that he was at last a full-fledged "meat cooker," enjoying all the fame that the imperial rank bestows. Jerry overheard the soliloquy. "Meat cooker, hey!" he inwardly commented. "Dutch pancakes, is it? Well—wid them crippled eggs an' wan shot av coal-oil in thim cakes, th' lads'll meet Paddy wid a brass band, afther killin' Otto." He quietly introduced the shot of coal-oil and stirred it into the cake batter. . . . Breakfast finished, there remained upon each plate one Dutch pancake. The men had satisfied their appetities on coffee and bacon, and slabs of bread. Otto observed the reception accorded his work and presently his chagrin flamed to a slow anger. There followed a denunciation of all dredge crews, uttered in spluttering syllables of Proosian rage which the listening Jerry mightily enjoyed. Whenever Otto showed signs of running down he was re-energized by some cleverly aimed barb, shot with cunning skill from Jerry's inexhaustible quiver.

"Th' lads be sayin' th' Proosians niver can be learned t' cook f'r sour apples—they bein' baboons wanst an' eatin' raw fish an' th' like." The Proosian volcano responded nobly.

"Highpocket an' Th' Turtle be raisin' a mob t' hang you, Otto, if dinner ain't pleasin' thim," he casually remarked during a lull in the Proosian's verbal activities. This was pure fiction, but like the cake of soap that excites the geyser in Yellowstone, it obtained results, rocking the Proosian's reason and incidentally insuring that the Sunday dinner would be a complete catastrophe. Frantic with the memory of his two preceding failures, made desperate by the cruel tactics of the heartless Jerry, and finally compelled to witness the cremation of eight apple pies, Otto leaped headlong into a menu that included delicacies whose first requisite is that calm skill which comes from placid confidence.

As a result, the crew dined on onions, oleomargarin, molasses, coffee, and bread. Otto contemplated this final disaster. "Der revolver, if it der catridges had, I vould myself in der head shoot," he proclaimed.

"Th' bullet might glance an' hurt a man," Jerry comforted. "An' don't get things messed up wid shootin' yourself, annyway—jump overboard."

Jerry had called his bluff, but the Proosian sought to justify his delay in despatching himself. "Gott! If at der schwimming wasser verein der medals I wass not vinning for floating, der drowning vouldt be easy."

"Fergit it. Fergit it," replied the

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heartless Jerry. "Paddy'll hand thim steaks f'r supper whin he comes an' th' stiffs'll pull through. Wan hour more an' th' local gits in."

But the confident words did not accord with an anxious note that was strangely present in Jerry's voice. Subconsciously he feared the outcome of the day should Paddy not arrive. Some keen telepathy, perhaps, for underneath the calm that pervaded the crew's quarters the ferment of insurrection had begun its lift. Jerry, perhaps, had overplayed his hand. Where Sunday was usually a festival occasion, characterized by idle prowlings along the river banks, or inland rambles after casual adventure, on this sullen day the crew, to a man, remained aboard the dredge.

When the St. Louis local whistled for the distant station several members of the crew strolled to the guards of the dredge. Seated along the rail they watched the stretch of track that led from the railroad station. Fifteen minutes passed and no Paddy. Another ten minutes and still there was no sign of the cook.

"Staggerin' an' settin' down it'll take him half an hour to git in sight," The Turtle observed.

"Nope—he's missed th' train, I tell you," Highpocket insisted. "He's missed the train."

They waited a while longer and then returned to their quarters. The news that the cook had not arrived was communicated to their fellows. It was received in silence. Finally, one of the younger members spoke.

"Well," he reflected, "th' old burg looks good to me."

"She sure do," The Turtle presently agreed, "an' whilst I ain't no blanket stiff nor yet no short-stake bum, I'm more 'n thirty dollars to th' good an' both me feet is itchin'."

"Wan more dose av that Otto's grub an' it'll be a rough-box an' a lonely grave on th' bank, good-by, proud world, fer me." This from Tender Eye, senior member of the stokers.

They thought of the lure of the lights of town. Suddenly Highpocket sat up on the edge of his bunk. "I've made mine!" he announced. He arose to his feet and started for the head end. Tender Eye halted him. "Where are yez headed f'r?" he asked.

"For'd to tell Cappy t' mix me up a walk. I'm launched."

"Wait wan second—wait wan second," Tender Eye advised. "Would ye be junglin' up this night in th' willys on th' bank, or will ye lay aboard an' take it easy 'til th' mornin'? Have sense. I'm wid ye in th' mornin'."

The advantage of retaining the comforts of their present quarters for the night instead of spending it on shore where they would wait until the following afternoon for the train to St. Louis was instantly apparent. Highpocket, The Turtle, and Tender Eye having set the example, other members of the crew made haste to speak their thoughts. It developed that the desertion was a unanimous movement. To the last man they determined to quit on the following morning, and, having made their decision, and with their minds contemplating the pleasures that awaited them in St. Louis, their spirits improved and a general cheerfulness soon made itself apparent. At the supper-table their good-natured chattering fell on the anxious ears of the Proosian and led him to discard his doubts as to his ability as a "meat cooker."

"So, Jerry, der meat cooker I am yet," he remarked. His confidence was coming back. "Hear der laffing—und garlic mit der steak."

"It's d' steak an' not d' poison," Jerry objected; but he, also, was mistaken, for it was neither steak nor seasoning which inspired the light mood of the crew.

It seemed to Jerry that all hearts were gay except his own. He was distressed about his absent chief. It may have been the prompting of experiences of the past, or some faint thread of mental sympathy through which he sensed an answering impulse from the absent Paddy, but whatever it was, the heavy fact remained that Paddy had not returned. Nor was he to return that night, for at the moment Paddy was a guest of the St. Louis police department.

With the coming of the dawn on Sunday morning the cook had stirred from his stupor in the back room of Grogan's

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Place. Grogan and three of his friends were playing poker. A few privileged intimates were in the place, reading their Sunday papers. Kelly got to his feet and walked behind the bar and helped himself with such liberality that by half past eleven the good old glow was again permeating the remorseful fibres of his being. And then, with rare courage, he faced about and put the pleasures of the place behind him. He cursed the sense of duty which drove him from his Elysium, but, nevertheless, after he had taken several drinks and had secured a precautionary quart bottle of his favorite poison, he bade his companions a brief adieu and faithfully set about to return to his work.

He boarded a passing street-car headed for Union Station, and relapsed into a seat. But not for long did he remain aboard the car, for suddenly he recalled the frogging expedition and the incidental loss of the carving-knife which he had thrown at the frog. Government property—missing! Red tape, affadavits, lifted right hands, ceremony, complicated formula for hereby taking oath and deposing to wit so help you Allah, and all of that rigamarole for rendering evidence to the fact that the knife had not been stolen by

"Plant me where thim silv'ry moonbeams."—Page 452.

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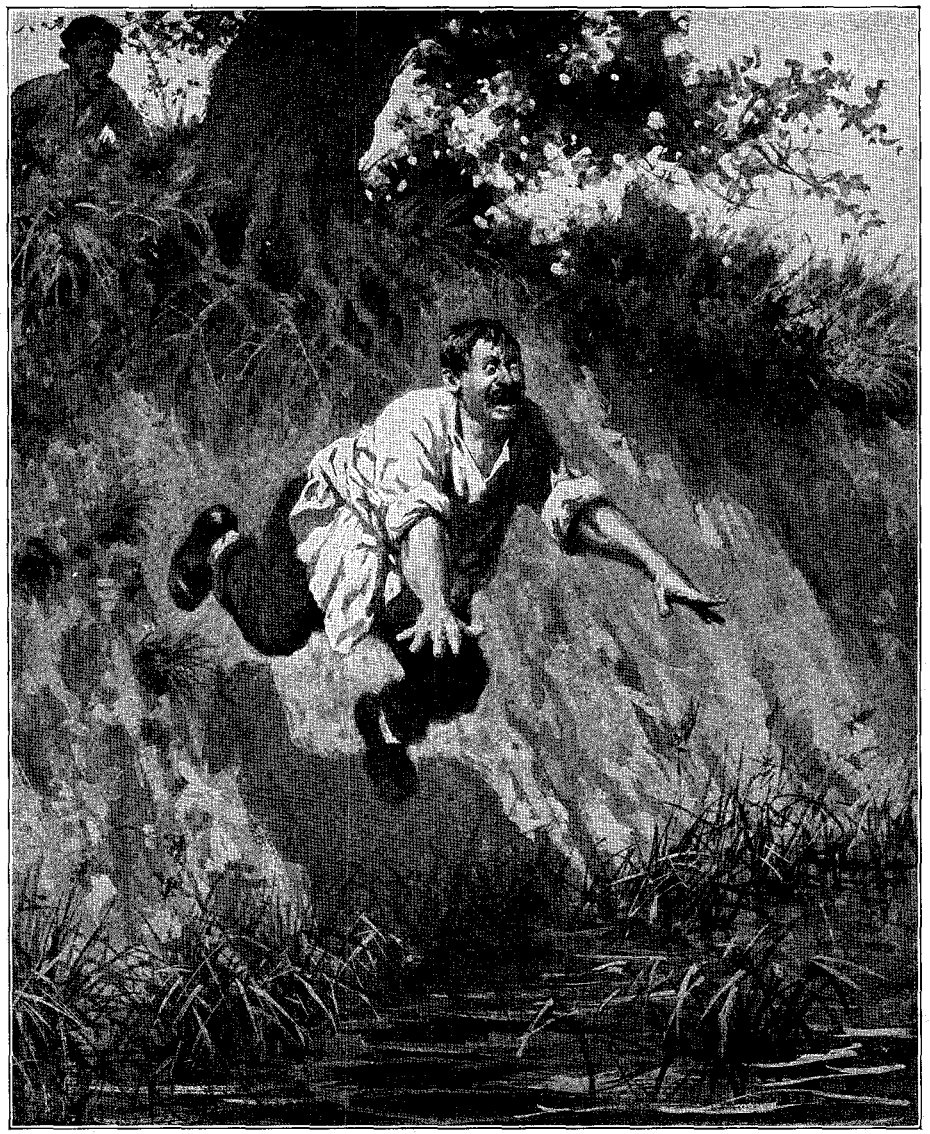

He dived, in desperation, head foremost into the slough.—Page 453.

the Democrats or John Doe or Daniel Boone. He decided that the simple expedient of replacing the blasted knife at his personal expense was better than having to submit to the endless signing of papers that would result should he report the loss. And so before he had travelled two blocks he signalled the conductor to stop the car. He got off and ambled back to Grogan's Place where, once inside, he grabbed the long carving-knife that lay upon the lunch-counter. He hastily explained the situation to Grogan, incidentally accumulating four large drinks of whiskey during the oration, after which he walked from the saloon, energetically signalling an approaching car that was yet three blocks away. At Union Station he lurched across the pavement and dived for the long stairway that leads downward to the area which fronts the gates. Bystanders gave the wild-

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looking man ample leeway. Backing and filling, tacking full across the fifty-foot channel, Kelly navigated the shoals of humanity that lined his course to the port of the ticket windows. In the lee of the brass grills he luffed and came about, smartly.

On the starboard side he carried the precautionary quart, while on the port there flourished Grogan's long carving-knife. Kelly became dimly conscious of a disturbance which centred about him. Faintly suspecting that he was the cause of it, he essayed a reassuring oration with gestures. The oration was a failure, but not so the hoarse cheer which he hauled from the depths of his turgid vocabulary.

"Hooray!" he yelled, "'ray f'r Kelly!" He clawed along to a brighter ticket window. The knife gleamed in his hand. He addressed the startled ticket seller. "Wan way f'r Bush— 'Ray! Bushburg, lad. 'Ray f'r poor ol' Kelly."

The effect was all that an orator could desire. Events moved rapidly. A woman grabbed her child and screamed. People started for somewhere else. The incidental panic bore eloquent testimony to the quality that is characteristic of a crowd. And then the law reached out a freckled hand, and Kelly's cruise was interrupted. Relieved of knife and bottle, he was led, protesting, through the brave throng that now was slow to give the captured desperado passageway. Five minutes on the curb, a short ride in the chariot of the law, and Kelly stood blinking before the bar of approximate justice.

"W'ats th' charge?" the desk sergeant asked.

"Weapons, attimpted robbery at Union Station, riotin', an' mebbe A. an' B.," reported the hero who had made the capture.

The desk sergeant became interested. "W'ats your name?" he asked the swaying Kelly.

The cook smiled weakly at the sergeant. "Kelly," he replied thickly. "Paddy, 'ic, Kelly."

Then the desk sergeant smiled. "Paddy Hick Kelly, hey?" He turned to the officer who had brought Kelly in. "Slough Hick f'r a sleep," he ordered, "an' fergit th' riotin' business an' th' knife. Make 'um comfortable. Charge dismissed."

Kelly was assisted to a cot in the night

He . . . lay down, rolling and writhing in the clutches of some sudden malady.—Page 453.

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room. "Plant me," he softly sang, "where th' silv'ry moo-hoonbeams——"

"Can that stuff, Caruso!" his host interrupted. "Nix on th' anthems. Take your sleep."

"Hooray!" he yelled, "'ray f'r Kelly!"—Page 459.

Through Sunday afternoon and night, and well into Monday morning, Kelly slept. At eleven-thirty Monday morning he walked from the portals of the palace of the law, a free man, but weighted under a depressing cloud of remorse and regret. Resolutely he walked past the saloon doors that lined his course to Union Station. He walked into the station, bought his ticket for Bushburg, found his train, and subsided into a seat in the smoking-car. He thought of his work, recalling the scenes on the busy dredge—the active crew, the faithful Jerry, and "poor ol' Cappy." Poor ol' Cappy it might well become, for at that moment the *Grant*, carrying Colonel McDonald, Senator Cromwell, and the Mississippi River Commission was swinging the bends below St. Louis, headed down river with a cargo of criticism, while on *Dredge No. 8* Captain Dan was signing time-checks and handing them out to the

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Captain Dan had suddenly become a discouraged old man.—Page 462.

departing crew. After listening to a brief explanation from the spokesman of the crew, Captain Dan had offered neither invitation nor protest, knowing that neither friendship nor authority could stay the stampede.

After the crew had left the dredge, Captain Dan, sensing the fate that threatened him when Colonel McDonald should arrive, accepted his trouble with a philosophic calm. He studied the matter carefully, playing questionable solitaire the while, and finally turned to his clerk.

"Ketch the afternoon train for St. Louis," he ordered, "and bring back a crew with you. Mebbe I'll be here when you get back—an' mebbe I won't." With his decision made, he concentrated on his game. His technic displayed no more flaws until the dinner-gong disturbed the silent dredge. It seemed to ring with a clamor unnecessarily loud. Dinner, for Captain Dan, was difficult. The kick of the pumping-engines usually prevented the coffee-cups being filled, but now the cups held the centre of their saucers, full to the brim and spilling never a drop. The conversation of his companions was subdued, but still it seemed to have the incongruous quality of idle words uttered in the silence of some deserted city of the past. Captain Dan choked a little on his third cup of coffee. He left the table and went to his eight-by-twelve office and shuffled the cards. Time after time he shuffled them, thoughtfully, but never once were they laid out in the regular array of solitaire. The booming whistle of the *Grant*, carrying across the bend from six miles up the river, broke in upon his meditation. He brushed the cards aside. With his head bowed, he sat at his desk, waiting. His old hands hung listless from the arms of his chair. He stared with unseeing eyes at a blot of ink on the edge of his desk. "Here's where she gets shaller," he whispered, "mebbe too shaller fer me to make

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th' crossing. And all because that stupid drunken cook——"

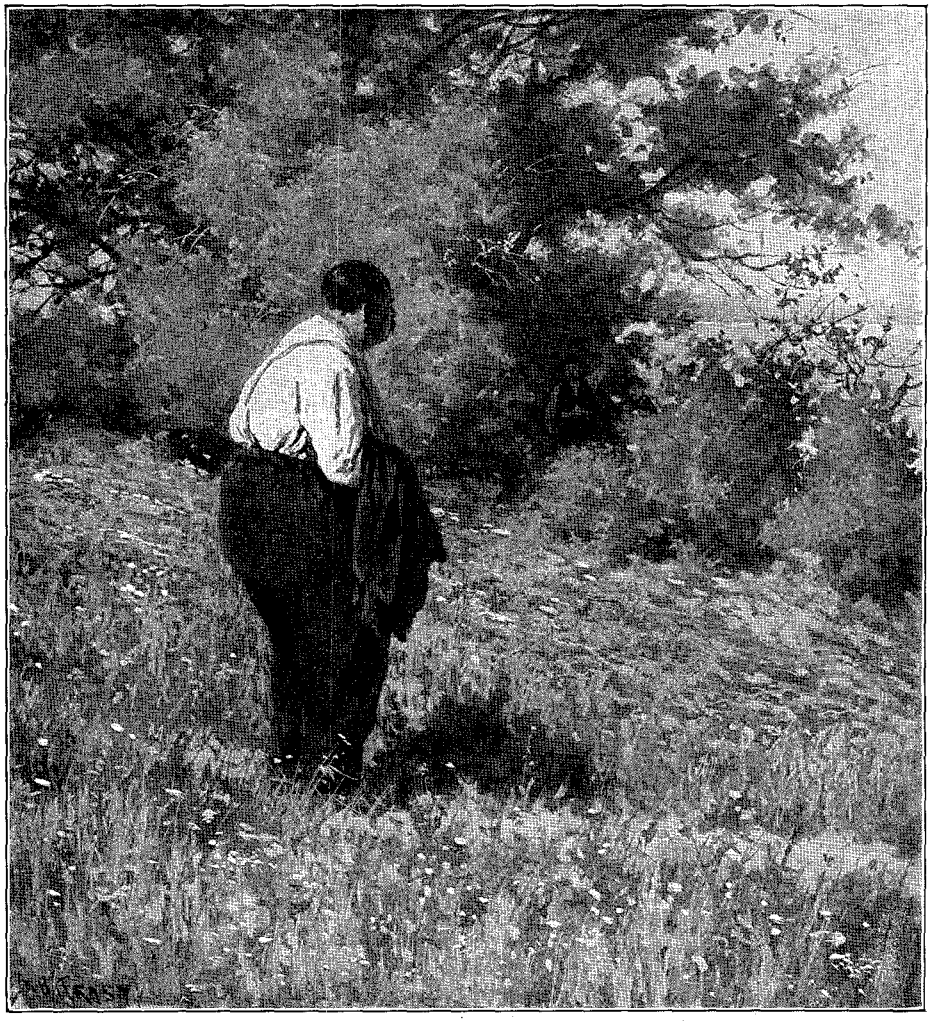
Captain Dan had suddenly become a discouraged old man.

Kelly got off the train at Bushburg and walked heavily down the track toward the path that led to the edge of the river, where presently he would embark for the dredge. The rock ballast between the rails hurt his feet. The rusty Prince Albert absorbed the rays of the July sun. He took it off. Color from the green scarf dyed the neck-band of his shirt. He tore the scarf from around his neck and threw it away. He unbuttoned the salmon-colored vest. He removed the brown derby hat.

And in spite of his various handicaps his progress was constant, and finally he reached the point where the path branched from the railroad-track.

From the willows on the river bank there came the sound of jumbled voices, cluttered by the contributions of several men talking at once. A shout of greeting, winging clear from the medley, surprised him. He stepped from the path and walked into the willows. He discovered the crew.

"Hello, cook!" greeted Highpocket. "Have you a bottle with you?"



A shout of greeting . . . surprised him.

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"C'mon back to St. Louis with us, Paddy, an' we'll show you a *good* time," The Turtle called out in welcome.

The cook was puzzled. He contemplated the assemblage with a questioning look. "What are yez doin' on shore?" he asked.

In culinary terms, garnished with profanity, the men outlined the extenuating circumstances back of their desertion. "Pizenin' th' grub with vinegar an' weeds an' garlic an' Gawd knows what—th' Proosian," explained The Turtle, "an' us starvin' t' death. So we bunched it."

Kelly looked at them. In his eyes was a tolerant sympathy and a compassion which a man might show toward petulant children. He was about to voice his amused criticism when, suddenly, the whistle of the *Grant* carried to his ears. Inert for an instant, his manner changed and he became cyclonic in his energy. "Th' *Grant!*" he exclaimed. "Wid colonel an' th' brass-necks aboard av her? An' you bunch of stew-bums layin' here an' poor ol' Cap'n Dan without a crew!" He flamed into a blast of withering profanity. "Line up, you Biddle Street scum—aboard th' dredge, ye spawn o' th' gutter! Leave me now an' no cook from Keokuk t' N' Orleans 'll ever feed th' wan av ye!"

And with it all he smiled. Perhaps it was the smile that turned the tide, or possibly his graphic picture of the hungry days ahead; at any rate The Turtle made the first reluctant step toward the bank, and the group began to move. To a man they congregated on the shore. An instant later, to the ears of the moping

"I whishpered to 'um, 'Here froggy, froggy,' cap'n."—Page 464.

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Jerry aboard the dredge there came an old familiar hail. Electrified at the sound of Kelly's voice, Jerry tumbled from the galley and ran below. He cast off the painter of a skiff and rowed to the shore, fumbling the oars a little in his eager haste. As he touched the bank, the cook and a dozen of the crew stepped into the skiff. They rowed to the dredge and two of them returned for their remaining companions.

"You, Tender Eye, slice thim fires, an' git her steamin'," the cook directed. "Highpocket, git your linesmen an' start thim nigger engines!" Not for nothing had Kelly spent ten years aboard the dredging fleet. "Haul thim engineers below an' git th' pumpin'-engines turnin' over, Turtle! An', you, whin th' colonel comes aboard, *look alive*."

The cook went above. Making for his stateroom, he saw the *Grant* swinging around the bend. Rapidly he changed to the garb of his profession. He waddled across the passageway to the door of his galley. As he tied the strings of his apron he felt the first transverse vibrations of the dredge, which meant the pumping-engines had started. He burst in upon the startled Otto like an adipose cyclone. "Th' best in th" shop f'r th' lads to-night, Otto," he ordered. He turned to Jerry. "Lad, I'll trust ye t' cut me thirty tinderloin f'r th' supper av thim stiffs, an' thirty T-bones f'r th' breakfast av thim."

He left the galley and headed for'd toward the office. Midway of the cabin he met Captain Dan, who had been aroused from his disconsolate mood by the kicking of the engines below. Captain and cook regarded each other for an instant. "Cap'n, sir," the cook began, "about a knife that were lost by th' jumpin' av a frog I was intindin' f'r th' dinner av you—" He stopped. The look of disgust in Captain Dan's gray eyes discouraged speech. Ignoring Kelly, Captain Dan walked past him and went below. For a minute the cook stood there, alone. About him, for all of his bulk, there was the look of a child who has been unjustly punished. He turned and walked slowly to his galley. "An whin I am col'ly layin'," he began. He entered the galley. Jerry lifted a wavering falsetto to the faltering song the cook was attempting. There was no harmony. Their voices were suddenly hushed. "W'ats th' matter, Paddy?" asked the boy. "W'ats th' matter, ol' Paddy?" The cook did not answer.

Through the dim window of the galley they sighted the *Grant*, hanging in the current abreast of the dredge. From her deck there presently embarked Colonel McDonald and several other men. The awkwardness with which the group swayed around in the yawl served to identify them as "Th' brass collars." Colonel McDonald and his companions came aboard the dredge and began a trip of inspection over it.

Outside the door of the galley the cook heard Colonel McDonald speaking to Captain Dan. "Your crew exhibits unusual energy, captain," the colonel said. "You seem to have the men trained to a point of high efficiency. I will authorize you to hire two additional crews, for I agree with you that three shifts are more economical than one."

The colonel and his companions returned to the *Grant* and resumed their journey down-stream.

The door of the galley opened and Captain Dan beckoned to Kelly. The cook stepped over the sill and closed the door. The look in Captain Dan's gray eyes had changed. "Paddy," he said, with a slow smile that expressed a sentiment he could not speak, "go ahead about that frog that was jumpin' an' missin' the knife." He held out his hand to the cook.

The cook lifted his head and looked at his captain. His face lightened and his answering smile sealed the bond that was created between them. "I whishpered to 'um, 'Here froggy, froggy,' cap'n, an' pasted th' knife at 'um—but my foot slipped. I should have detained 'um in th' head wid a brick."

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THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY HENRY JAMES

I

IF the author of this meandering record has noted elsewhere that an event occurring early in 1870 was to mark the end of his youth, he is moved here at once to qualify in one or two respects that emphasis. Everything depends in such a view on what one means by one's youth—so shifting a consciousness is this, and so related at the same time to many different matters. We are never old, that is we never cease easily to be young, for *all* life at the same time: youth is an army, the whole battalion of our faculties and our freshnesses, our passions and our illusions, on a considerably reluctant march into the enemy's country, the country of the general lost freshness; and I think it throws out at least as many stragglers behind as skirmishers ahead—stragglers who often catch up but belatedly with the main body, and even in many a case never catch up at all. Or under another figure it is a book in several volumes, and even at this a mere instalment of the large library of life, with a volume here and there closing, as something in the clap of its covers may assure us, while another remains either completely agape or kept open by a fond finger thrust in between the leaves.

A volume, and a most substantial, *had* felt its pages very gravely pressed together before the winter's end that I have spoken of, but a restriction may still bear, and blessedly enough, as I gather from memory, on my sense of the whole year then terminated—a year seen by me now in the light of agitations, explorations, initiations (I scarce know how endearingly enough to name them!) which I should call fairly infantine in their indifference to proportions and aims, had they not still more left with me effects and possessions that even yet lend themselves to estimation. It was at any rate impossible to have been younger, in spite of whatever inevitable submissions to the rather violent push forward at certain particular points and on lines corresponding with them, than I found myself, from the first day of March, 1869, in the face of an opportunity that affected me then and there as the happiest, the most interesting, the most alluring and beguiling, that could ever have opened before a somewhat disabled young man who was about to complete his twenty-fifth year. Treasures of susceptibility, treasures not only unconscious of the remotest approach to exhaustion, but, given the dazzling possibilities, positively and ideally intact, I now recognize—I in fact long ago recognized—on the part of that intensely "reacting" small organism; which couldn't have been in higher spirits or made more inward fuss about the matter if it had come into a property measured not by mere impressions and visions, occasions for play of perception and imagination, mind and soul, but by dollars and "shares," lands and houses or flocks and herds.

In speaking of my earliest renewal of the vision of Europe, if I may give so grand a name to a scarce more than merely enlarged and uplifted gape, I have, I confess, truly to jerk myself over the ground, to wrench myself with violence from memories and images, stages and phases and branching arms, that catch and hold me as I pass them by. Such a matter as my recovery of contact with London for a few weeks, the contact broken off some nine years before, lays so many plausible traps for me that discretion half warns me to stand off the ground and walk round it altogether. I stop my ears to the advice, however, under the pleading reminder that just those days began a business for me that was to go ever so much further than I then dreamed and planted a seed that was, by my own measure, singularly to sprout and flourish—the harvest of which, I almost per-

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mit myself to believe, has even yet not all been gathered.

I foresee moreover how little I shall be able to resist, throughout these Notes, the force of persuasion expressed in the individual *vivid* image of the past wherever encountered, these images having always such terms of their own, such subtle secrets and insidious arts for keeping us in relation with them, for bribing us by the beauty, the authority, the wonder of their saved intensity. They have saved it, they seem to say to us, from such a welter of death and darkness and ruin that this alone makes a value and a light and a dignity for them, something indeed of an argument that our story, since we attempt to tell one, has lapses and gaps without them. Not to be denied also, over and above this, is the downright pleasure of the illusion yet again created, the *apparent* transfer from the past to the present of the particular combination of things that did at its hour ever so directly operate and that isn't after all then drained of virtue, wholly wasted and lost, for sensation, for participation in the act of life, in the attesting sights, sounds, smells, the illusion, as I say, of the recording senses.

What began, during the springtime of my actual reference, in a couple of dusky ground-floor rooms at No. 7, Half-Moon Street, was simply an establishment all in a few days of a personal relation with London that was not of course measurable at the moment—I saw in my bedazzled state of comparative freedom too many other relations ahead, a fairly intoxicated vision of choice and range—but that none the less set going a more intimately inner consciousness, a wheel within the wheels, and led to my departing, the actual, the general incident closed, in possession of a return-ticket "good," as we say, for a longer interval than I could then dream about, and that the first really earnest fumble of after years brought surprisingly to light.

What other passions of a deeper strain, whether personal or racial, and thereby more superstitiously importunate, I must have felt involved in the question of an effective experience of English life I was doubtless then altogether unprepared to say; it probably came, however, I seem actually to make out, very much to this particular perception, exactly, that any penetration of the London scene would *be* experience after a fashion that an exercise of one's "mere intellectual curiosity" wherever else wouldn't begin to represent, glittering as the rewards to such curiosity amid alien peoples of genius might thoroughly appear. On the other hand, it was of course going to be nothing less than a superlative help that one would have but to reach out straight and in the full measure of one's passion for these rewards, and to find oneself carried all the way by one's active, one's contemplative concern with them—this delightful affair, fraught with increase of light, of joy and wonder, of possibilities of adventure for the mind, in fine, inevitably exhausting the relation.

Let me not here withal pretend to say how far I then foresaw myself likely to proceed, as it were, with the inimitable France and the incomparable Italy; my real point is altogether in the simple fact that they hovered before me, even in their scrappy foretastes, to a great effect of ease and inspiration, whereas I shouldn't at all have resented the charge of fairly hiding behind the lowly door of Mr. Lazarus Fox—so unmistakably did it open into complications tremendous. This excellent man, my Half-Moon Street landlord—I surrender, I can't keep away from him—figures to me now as but one of the thousand forms of pressure in the collective assault, but he couldn't have been more carefully chosen for his office had he consciously undertaken to express to me in a concentrated manner most of the things I was "after." The case was rather indeed perhaps that he himself by his own mere perfection put me up to much of what I should most confidently look for, and that the right lines of observation and enjoyment, of local and social contact, as I may call it, were most of all those that started out from him and came back to him. It was as if nothing I saw could have done without him, as if nothing he was could have done without everything else. The very quarters I occupied under his protection happened, for that matter, to swarm—as I estimated swarming—with intensities of suggestion—aware

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as I now encourage myself to become that the first note of the numberless reverberations I was to pick up in the after-time had definitely been struck for me as under the wave of his conducting little wand. He flourished it modestly enough, ancient worthy of an immemorial order that he was—old pensioned servant, of course, of a Cumberland (as I believe) family, a kind, slim, celibate, informing and informed member of which occupied his second floor apartments; a friend indeed whom I had met on the very first occasion of my sallying forth from Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square to dine at a house of sustaining, of inspiring hospitality in the Kensington quarter. Succumbing thus to my tangle of memories, from which I discern no escape, I recognize further that if the endlessly befriending Charles Nortons introduced me to Albert Rutson, and Albert Rutson introduced me to his feudal retainer, so it was in no small degree through the confidence borrowed from the latter's interest in the decent appearance I should make, an interest of a consistency not to have been prefigured by any at all like instance in the past, that I so far maintained my dizzy balance as to be able to ascend to the second floor under the thrill of sundry invitations to breakfast.

I dare say it is the invitations to breakfast that hold me at this moment by their spell—so do they breathe to me across the age the note of a London world that we have left far behind; in consequence of which I the more yearningly steal back to it, as on sneaking tiptoe, and shut myself up there without interference. It is embalmed in disconnections, in differences, that I cultivate a free fancy for pronouncing advantageous in it: sunk already was the shaft by which I should descend into the years, and my inspiration is in touching as many as possible of the points of the other traditions, retracing as many as possible of the features of the old face, eventually to be blurred again even before my own eyes, and with the materials for a portrait thereby accessible but to those who were present up to the time of the change.

The mid-Victorian London was sincere —that was a vast virtue and a vast appeal; the contemporary is sceptical, and most so when most plausible; the turn of the tide could verily be fixed to an hour—the hour at which the new plausibility began to exceed the old sincerities by so much as a single sign. They could truly have been arrayed face to face, I think, for an attentive eye—and I risk even saying that my own, bent upon them, as was to come to pass, with a habit of anxiety that I should scarce be able to overstate, had its unrecorded penetrations, its alarms and recoveries, even perhaps its very lapses of faith, though always redeemed afresh by still fonder fanaticisms, to a pitch that shall perhaps present itself, when they expose it all the way, as that of tiresome extravagance. Exposing it all the way is none the less, I see, exactly what I plot against it—or, otherwise expressed, in favor of the fine truth of history, so far as a throb of that awful pulse has been matter of one's own life; in favor, too, of the mere returns derivable from more inordinate curiosity. These notes would enjoy small self-respect, I think, if that principle, not to call it that passion, didn't almost furiously ride them.

What must have seemed to me of a fine international mixture, during those weeks, was my thrilling opportunity to sit one morning, beside Mrs. Charles Norton's tea-urn, in Queen's Gate Terrace, opposite to Frederic Harrison, eminent to me at the moment as one of the subjects of Matthew Arnold's early fine banter, one of his too confidently roaring "young lions" of the periodical press. Has any gilding ray since that happy season rested here and there with the sovereign charm of interest, of drollery, of felicity and infelicity taken on by scattered selected objects in that writer's bright critical dawn? —an element in which we had the sense of sitting gratefully bathed, so that we fairly took out our young minds and dabbled and soaked them in it as we were to do again in no other. The beauty was thus at such a rate that people had references, and that a reference was then, to my mind, whether in a person or an object, the most glittering, the most becoming ornament possible, a style of decoration one seemed likely to perceive figures here and there, whether animate or not,

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quite groan under the accumulation and the weight of. One had scarcely met it before—that I now understood; at the same time that there was perhaps a wan joy in one's never having missed it, by all appearance, having on the contrary ever instinctively caught it, on the least glimmer of its presence.

It may perhaps seem strange that the soil should have been watered by such an incident as Mr. Lazarus Fox's reply, in the earliest rich dusk, to my inquiry as to whither, while I occupied his rooms, I had best betake myself most regularly for my dinner: "Well, there is the Bath Hotel, sir, a very short walk away, where I should think you would be very comfortable indeed. Mr. So-and-So dines at his club, sir—but there is also the Albany in Piccadilly, to which I believe many gentlemen go." I think I measured on the spot "all that it took" to make my friend most advisedly—for it was clearly what he did—see me seated in lone state, for my evening meal, at the heavy mahogany of the stodgy little hotel that in those days and for long after occupied the north-west corner of Arlington Street and to which, in common with many compatriots, I repeatedly resorted during the years immediately following. We *suffered*, however, on those occasions, the unmitigated coffee-room of Mr. Fox's prescription—it was part of a strange inevitability, a concomitant of necessary shelter and we hadn't at least gone forth to invoke its austere charm. I tried it, in that singular way, at the hour I speak of—and I well remember forecasting the interest of a social and moral order in which it could be supposed of me that, having tried it once, I should sublimely try it again. My success in doing so would indeed have been sublime, but a finer shade of the quality still attached somehow to my landlord's confidence in it; and this was one of the threads that, as I have called them, I was to tuck away for future picking up again and unrolling. I fell back on the Albany, which long ago passed away and which I seem to have brushed with a touch of reminiscence in some anticipation of the present indulgence that is itself quite ancient history. It was a small eating-house of the very old English tradition, as I then supposed at least, just opposite the much greater establishment of the same name, which latter it had borrowed, and I remember wondering whether the tenants of the classic chambers, the beadle-guarded cluster of which was impressive even to the deprecated approach, found their conception of the "restaurant"—we still pronounced it in the French manner—met by small compartments, narrow as horse-stalls, formed by the high straight backs of hard wooden benches and accommodating respectively two pairs of feeders, who were thus so closely face to face as fairly to threaten with knife and fork each other's more forward features. The scene was sordid, the arrangements primitive, the detail of the procedure, as it struck me, well-nigh of the rudest; yet I remember rejoicing in it all—as one indeed might perfectly rejoice in the juiciness of joints and the abundance of accessory pudding; for I said to myself under every shock and at the hint of every savor that this was what it was for an exhibition to reek with local color, and one could dispense with a napkin, with a crusty roll, with room for one's elbows or one's feet, with an immunity from intermittence of the "plain boiled," much better than one could dispense with that. There were restaurants galore even at that time in New York and in Boston, but I had never before had to do with an eating-house and had not yet seen the little old English world of Dickens, let alone of the ever-haunting Hogarth, of Smollett and of Boswell, drenched with such a flood of light. As one sat there one *understood;* one drew out the severe séance not to stay the assault of precious conspiring truths, not to break the current of inrushing telltale suggestion. Every face was a documentary scrap, half a dozen broken words to piece with half a dozen others, and so on and on; every sound was strong whether rich and fine or only queer and coarse, everything in this order drew a positive sweetness from never being—whatever else it was—gracelessly flat. The very rudeness was ripe, the very common sense was conscious—that is not related to mere other forms of the same, but to matters as different as possible, into which it shaded off and off

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or up and up; the image in fine was organic, rounded and complete, as definite as a Dutch picture of low life hung on a museum wall. "Low" I say in respect to the life; but that was the point for me, that whereas the smartness and newness beyond the seas supposedly disavowed the low, they did so but thinly and vainly, falling markedly short of the high; which the little boxed and boiled Albany attained to some effect of, after a fashion of its own, just by having its so thoroughly appreciable note value in a scheme of manners. It was embedded, so to speak, in the scheme, and it borrowed lights, it borrowed even glooms, from so much neighboring distinction.

There isn't a thing I can imagine having missed that I don't quite ache to miss again; and it remains at all events an odd stroke that, having of old most felt the thrill of the place in its mighty muchness, I have lived to adore it backward for its sweet simplicity. I find myself in fact at the present writing only too sorry when not able to minimize conscientiously this, that or the other of the old sources of impression. The thing is indeed admirably possible in a *general* way, though much of the exhibition was none the less undeniably, was absolutely large: how can I for instance recall the great cab-rank, mainly formed of delightful hansoms, that stretched along Piccadilly from the top of Green Park unendingly down, without having to take it for unsurpassably modern and majestic? How can I think—I select my examples at hazard—of the "run" of the more successful of Mr. Robertson's comedies at the "dear little old" Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road as anything less than one of the wonders of our age? How, by the same token, can I not lose myself still more in the glory of a time that was to watch the drawn-out procession of Henry Irving's Shakespearean splendors at the transcendent Lyceum? or how, in the same general line, not recognize that to live through the extravagant youth of the æsthetic era, whether as embodied in the then apparently inexhaustible vein of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas or as more momentously expressed in those "last words" of the *raffiné* that were chanted and crooned in the damask-hung temple of the Grosvenor Gallery, was to seem privileged to such immensities as history would find left to her to record but with bated breath? These latter triumphs of taste, however, though lost in the abysm now, had then a good many years to wait and I alight for illustrative support of my present mild thesis on the comparative humility, say, of the inward aspects, in a large measure, of the old National Gallery, where memory mixes for me together so many elements of the sense of an antique world. The great element was of course that I well-nigh incredibly stood again in the immediate presence of Titian and Rembrandt, of Rubens and Paul Veronese and that the cup of sensation was thereby filled to overflowing; but I look at it to-day as concomitantly warm and closed in and, as who should say, cosey that the ancient order and contracted state and thick-colored dimness all unconscious of rearrangements and reversals, blighting new lights and invidious shattering comparisons, still prevailed and kept contemplation comfortably confused and serenely superstitious, when not indeed at its sharpest moments quite fevered with incoherences.

The place looks to me across the half century richly dim, yet at the same time both perversely plain and heavily violent —violent through indifference to the separations and selections that have become a tribute to modern nerves; but I cherish exactly those facts of benightedness, seeming as they do to have positively and blessedly conditioned the particular sweetness of wonder with which I haunted the Family of Darius, the Bacchus and Ariadne, or the so-called Portrait of Ariosto. Could one in those days feel anything with force, whether for pleasure or for pain, without feeling it as an immense little act or event of life, and as therefore taking place on a scene and in circumstances scarce at all to be separated from its own sense and impact, so that to recover it is to recover the whole medium, the material pressure of things, and find it most marked for preservation as an aspect, even, distinguishably, a "composition"? *What* a composition, for instance again, I am capable at this hour of exclaiming, the conditions of felicity in

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which I became aware, one afternoon during a renewed gape before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," first that a little gentleman beside me and talking with the greatest vivacity to another gentleman was extremely remarkable, second that he had the largest and most *chevelu* auburn head I had ever seen perched on a scarce perceptible body, third that I held some scrap of a clew to his identity, which couldn't fail to be eminent, fourth that this tag of association was with nothing less than a small photograph sent me westward across the sea a few months before, and fifth, that the sitter for the photograph had been the author of Atalanta in Calydon and Poems and Ballads! I thrilled, it perfectly comes back to me, with the prodigy of this circumstance that I should be admiring Titian in the same breath with Mr. Swinburne—that is in the same breath in which *he* admired Titian and in which I also admired *him*, the whole constituting on the spot between us, for appreciation, that is for mine, a fact of intercourse, such a fact as could stamp and color the whole passage ineffaceably, and this even though the more illustrious party to it had within the minute turned off and left me shaken. I was shaken, but I was satisfied—that was the point; I didn't ask more to interweave another touch in my pattern, and as I once more gather in the impression I am struck with my having deserved truly as many of the like as possible. I was welcome to them, it may well be said, on such easy terms—and yet I ask myself whether, after all, it didn't take on my own part some doing, as we nowadays say, to make them so well worth having. They themselves took, I even at the time felt, little enough trouble for it, and the virtue of the business was repeatedly, no doubt, a good deal more in what I brought than in what I took.

A hundred more such like modest memories breathe upon me, each with its own dim little plea, as I turn to face them, but my idea is to deal somehow more conveniently with the whole gathered mass of my subsequent impressions in this order, a fruitage that I feel to have been only too abundantly stored. Half a dozen of those of a larger and more immediate dignity, incidents more particularly of the rather invidiously so-called social contact, pull my sleeve as I pass; but the long, backward-drawn train of the later life drags them along with it, lost and smothered in its spread—only one of them stands out or remains over, insisting on its place and hour, its felt distinguishability.

To this day I feel again *that* roused emotion, my unsurpassably prized admission to the presence of the great George Eliot, whom I was taken to see, by one of the kind door-opening Norton ladies, by whom Mrs. Lewes's guarded portal at North Bank appeared specially penetrable, on a Sunday afternoon of April, '69. Later occasions, after a considerable lapse, were not to overlay the absolute face value, as I may call it, of all the appearances then and there presented me—which were taken home by a young spirit almost abjectly grateful, at any rate all devoutly prepared, for them. I find it idle even to wonder what "place" the author of Silas Marner and Middlemarch may be conceived to have in the pride of our literature—so settled and consecrated in the individual range of view is many such a case free at last to find itself, free after ups and downs, after fluctuations of fame or whatever, which have divested judgment of any relevance that isn't most of all the relevance of a living and recorded *relation*.

It has ceased then to know itself in any degree as an estimate, has shaken off the anxieties of circumspection and comparison and just grown happy to act as an attachment pure and simple, an effect of life's own logic, but in the ashes of which the wonted fires of youth need but to be blown upon for betrayal of a glow. Reflective appreciation may have originally been concerned, whether at its most or its least, but it is well over, to our infinite relief—yes, to our immortal comfort, I think; the interval back cannot again be bridged. We simply sit with our enjoyed gain, our residual rounded possession, in our lap; a safe old treasure, which has ceased to shrink, if indeed also perhaps greatly to swell, and all that further touches it is the fine vibration set up if the name we know it all by is called into question—perhaps however little.

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It was by George Eliot's name that I was to go on knowing, was never to cease to know, a great treasure of beauty and humanity, of applied and achieved art, a testimony, historic as well as æsthetic, to the deeper interest of the intricate English aspects; and I now allow the vibration, as I have called it, all its play—quite as if I had been wronged even by my own hesitation as to whether to pick up my anecdote. That scruple wholly fades with the sense of how I must at the very time have foreseen that here was one of those associations that would determine in the far future an exquisite inability to revise it. Middlemarch had not then appeared—we of the faith were still to enjoy that saturation, and Felix Holt the radical was upward of three years old; the impetus proceeding from this work, however, was still fresh enough in my pulses to have quickened the palpitation of my finding myself in presence.

I had rejoiced without reserve in Felix Holt—the illusion of reading which, outstretched on my then too frequently inevitable bed at Swampscott during a couple of very hot days of the summer of 1866 comes back to me, followed by that in sooth of sitting up again, at no great ease, to indite with all promptness a review of the delightful thing, the place of appearance of which nothing could now induce me to name, shameless about the general fact as I may have been at the hour itself: over such a feast of fine rich natural tone did I feel myself earnestly bend. Quite unforgetable to me the art and truth with which the note of this tone was struck in the beautiful prologue and the bygone appearances, a hundred of the outward and visible signs of the author's own young rural and midmost England, made to hold us by their harmony. The book was not, if I rightly remember, altogether genially greeted, but I was to hold fast to the charm I had thankfully suffered it, I had been conscious of absolutely needing it, to work. Exquisite the remembrance of how it wouldn't have "done" for me at all, in relation to other inward matters, not to strain from the case the last drop of its happiest sense.

And I had even with the cooling of the first glow so little gone back upon it, as we have nowadays learned to say, had in fact so gone forward, floated by its wave of superlative intended benignity, that, once in the cool quiet drawing-room at North Bank I knew myself steeped in still deeper depths of the medium. G. H. Lewes was absent for the time on an urgent errand; one of his sons, on a visit at the house, had been suddenly taken with a violent attack of pain, the heritage of a bad accident not long before in the West Indies, a suffered onset from an angry bull, I seem to recall, who had tossed or otherwise mauled him, and, though beaten off, left him considerably compromised—these facts being promptly imparted to us, in no small flutter, by our distinguished lady, who came in to us from another room, where she had been with the hapless young man while his father appealed to the nearest good chemist for some known specific.

It infinitely moved me to see so great a celebrity quite humanly and familiarly agitated—even with something clear and noble in it too, to which, as well as to the extraordinarily interesting dignity of her whole odd personal conformation, I remember thinking her black silk dress and the lace mantilla attached to her head and keeping company on either side with the low-falling thickness of her dark hair, effectively contributed. I have found myself, my life long, attaching value to every noted thing in respect to a great person—and George Eliot struck me on the spot as somehow *illustratively* great; never at any rate has the impression of those troubled moments faded from me, nor that at once of a certain high grace in her anxiety and a frank immediate appreciation of our presence, modest embarrassed folk as we were.

It took me no long time to thrill with the sense, sublime in its unexpectedness, that we were perhaps, or indeed quite clearly, helping her to pass the time till Mr. Lewes's return—after which he would again post off for Mr. Paget the pre-eminent surgeon; and I see involved with this the perfect amenity of her assisting us, as it were, to assist her, through unrelinquished proper talk, due responsible remark and report, in the last degree suggestive to me, on a short holiday taken with Mr. Lewes in the south of France, whence they had just returned.

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Yes indeed, the lightest words of great persons are so little as any words of others are that I catch myself again inordinately struck with her dropping it offhand that the mistral, scourge of their excursion, had blown them into Avignon, where they had gone, I think, to see J. S. Mill, only to blow them straight out again—the figure put it so before us; as well as with the moral interest, the absence of the *banal*, in their having, on the whole scene, found pleasure further poisoned by the frequency in all those parts of "evil faces: oh the evil faces!" *That* recorded source of suffering enormously affected me—I felt it as beautifully characteristic: I had never heard an *impression de voyage* so little tainted with the superficial or the vulgar. I was myself at the time in the thick of impressions, and it was true that they would have seemed to me rather to fail of life, of their own doubtless inferior kind, if submitting beyond a certain point to be touched with that sad or, as who should say, that gray color: Mrs. Lewes's were, it appeared, predominantly so touched, and I could at once admire it in them and wonder if they didn't pay for this by some lack of intensity on other sides. Why I didn't more impute to her, or to them, that possible lack is more than I can say, since under the law of moral earnestness the vulgar and the trivial would be then involved in the poor observations of my own making—a conclusion sufficiently depressing.

However, I didn't find myself depressed, and I didn't find the great mind that was so good as to shine upon us at that awkward moment however dimly anything but augmented; what was its sensibility to the evil faces but part of the large old tenderness which the occasion had caused to overflow and on which we were presently floated back into the room she had left, where we might perhaps beguile a little the impatience of the sufferer waiting for relief? We ventured in our flutter to doubt whether we *should* beguile, we held back with a certain delicacy from this irruption, and, if there was a momentary wonderful and beautiful conflict I remember how our yielding struck me as crowned with the finest grace it could possibly have, that of the prodigious privilege of humoring, yes literally humoring so renowned a spirit at a moment when we could really match our judgment with hers. For the injured young man, in the other and larger room, simply lay stretched on his back on the floor, the posture apparently least painful to him—though painful enough at the best I easily saw on kneeling beside him, after my first dismay, to ask if I could in any way ease him. I see his face again, fair and young and flushed, with its vague little smile and its moist brow; I recover the moment or two during which we sought to make natural conversation in his presence, and my question as to what conversation *was* natural; and then as his father's return still failed my having the inspiration that at once terminated the strain of the scene and yet prolonged the sublime connection. Mightn't *I* then hurry off for Mr. Paget?—on whom, as fast as a cab could carry me, I would wait with the request that he would come at the first possible moment to the rescue.

Mrs. Lewes's and our stricken companion's instant appreciation of this offer lent me wings on which I again feel myself borne very much as if suddenly acting as messenger of the gods—surely I had never come so near to performing in that character. I shook off my fellow visitor for swifter cleaving of the air, and I recall still feeling that I cleft it even in the dull four-wheeler of other days which, on getting out of the house, I recognized as the only object animating, at a distance, the long blank Sunday vista beside the walled-out Regent's Park. I crawled to Hanover Square—or was it Cavendish? I let the question stand—and, after learning at the great man's door that though he was not at home he was soon expected back and would receive my message without delay, cherished for the rest of the day the particular quality of my vibration. It was doubtless even excessive in proportion to its cause—yet in what else but that consisted the force and the use of vibrations? It was by their excess that one knew them for such, as one for that matter only knew things in general worth knowing.

I didn't know what I had expected as an effect of our offered homage, but I had somehow not, at the best, expected a relation—and now a relation had been

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dramatically determined. It would exist for me if I should never again in all the world ask a feather's weight of it; for myself, that is, it would simply never be able not somehow to act. Its virtue was not in truth at all flagrantly to be put to the proof—any opportunity for that underwent at the best a considerable lapse; but why wasn't it intensely acting, none the less, during the time when, before being in London again for any length of stay, I found it intimately concerned in my perusal of Middlemarch, so soon then to appear, and even in that of Deronda, its intervention on behalf of which defied any chill of time? And to these references I can but subjoin that they obviously most illustrate the operation of a sense for drama. The process of appropriation of the two fictions was experience, in great intensity, and roundabout the field was drawn the distinguishable ring of something that belonged equally to this condition and that embraced and further vivified the imaged mass, playing in upon it lights of surpassing fineness.

So it was, at any rate, that my "relation"—for I didn't go so far as to call it "ours"—helped me to squeeze further values from the intrinsic substance of the copious final productions I have named, a weight of variety, dignity and beauty of which I have never allowed my measure to shrink.

Even this example of a rage for connections, I may also remark, doesn't deter me from the mention here, somewhat out of its order of time, of another of those in which my whole privilege of reference to Mrs. Lewes, such as it remained, was to look to be preserved. I stretch over the years a little to overtake it, and it calls up at once another person, the ornament, or at least the diversion, of a society long since extinct to me, but who, in common with every bearer of a name I yield to the temptation of writing, insists on profiting promptly by the fact of inscription—very much as if first tricking me into it and then proving it upon me.

The extinct societies that once were so sure of themselves, how can they *not* stir again if the right touch, that of a hand they actually knew, however little they may have happened to heed it, reaches tenderly back to them? The touch *is* the retrieval, so far as it goes, setting up as it does heaven knows what undefeated continuity. I must have been present among the faithful at North Bank during a Sunday afternoon or two of the winter of '77 and '78—I was to see the great lady alone but on a single occasion before her death; but those attestations are all but lost to me now in the livelier pitch of a scene, as I can only call it, of which I feel myself again, all amusedly, rather as sacrificed witness.

I had driven over with Mrs. Greville from Milford Cottage, in Surrey, to the villa George Eliot and George Lewes had not long before built themselves, and which they much inhabited, at Witley—this indeed, I well remember, in no great flush of assurance that my own measure of our intended felicity would be quite that of my buoyant hostess. But here exactly comes, with my memory of Mrs. Greville, from which numberless by-memories dangle, the interesting question that makes for my recall why things happened, under her much-waved wing, not in any too coherent fashion—and this even though it was never once given her, I surmise, to guess that they anywhere fell short.

So gently used, all round indeed, was this large, elegant, extremely near-sighted and extremely demonstrative lady, whose genius was all for friendship, admiration, declamation and expenditure, that one doubted whether in the whole course of her career she had ever once been brought up, as it were, against a recognized reality; other at least perhaps than the tiresome cost of the materially agreeable in life and the perverse appearance, at times, that though she "said" things, otherwise recited choice morceaux, whether French or English, with a marked oddity of manner, of "attack," a general incongruity of drawing-room art, the various contributive elements, hour, scene, persuaded patience and hushed attention, were perforce a precarious quantity.

It is in that bygone old grace of the unexploded factitious, the air of a thousand dimmed illusions and more or less early Victorian beatitudes on the part of the blandly idle and the supposedly accomplished, that Mrs. Greville, with her ex-

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quisite good nature and her innocent fatuity, is embalmed for me; so that she becomes in that light a truly shining specimen, almost the image or compendium of a whole side of a social order. Just so she has happy suggestion; just so, whether or no by a twist of my mind toward the enviability of certain complacencies of faith and taste that we would yet neither live back into if we could, nor can catch again if we would, I see my forgotten friend of that moist autumn afternoon of our call, and of another, on the morrow, which I shall not pass over, as having rustled and gushed and protested and performed through her term under a kind of protection by the easy-going gods that is not of this fierce age.

Amiabilities and absurdities, harmless serenities and vanities, pretensions and undertakings unashamed, still profited by the mildness of the critical air and the benignity of the social—on the right side at least of the social line. It had struck me from the first that nowhere so much as in England was it fortunate to *be* fortunate, and that against that condition, once it had somehow been handed down and determined, a number of the sharp truths that one might privately apprehend beat themselves beautifully in vain. I say beautifully for I confess without scruple to have found again and again at that time an attaching charm in the general exhibition of the enjoyed immunity, paid for as it was almost always by the personal amenity, the practice of all sorts of pleasantness; if it kept the gods themselves for the time in good humor, one was willing enough, or at least I was, to be on the side of the gods.

Unmistakable too, as I seem to recover it, was the positive interest of watching and noting, roundabout one, for the turn, or rather for the blest continuity, of their benevolence: such an appeal proceeded, in this, that and the other particular case, from the fool's paradise really rounded and preserved, before one's eyes, for those who were so good as to animate it. There was always the question of how long they would be left to, and the growth of one's fine suspense, not to say one's frank little gratitude, as the miracle repeated itself.

All of which, I admit, dresses in many reflections the small circumstance that Milford Cottage, with its innumerable red candles and candle-shades, had affected me as the most embowered retreat for social innocence that it was possible to conceive, and as absolutely settling the question of whether the practice of pleasantness mightn't quite ideally pay for the fantastic protectedness. The red candles in the red shades have remained with me, inexplicably, as a vivid note of this pitch, shedding their rosy light, with the autumn gale, the averted reality, all shut out, upon such felicities of feminine helplessness as I couldn't have prefigured in advance and as exemplified, for further gathering in, the possibilities of the old tone. Nowhere had the evening curtains seemed so drawn, nowhere the copious service so soft, nowhere the second volume of the new novel, "half uncut," so close to one's hand, nowhere the exquisite head and incomparable brush of the domesticated collie such an attestation of *that* standard at least, nowhere the harmonies of accident—of intention was more than one could say—so incapable of a wrong deflection.

That society would lack the highest finish without some such distributed clusters of the thoroughly gentle, the mildly presumptuous and the inveterately mistaken, was brought home to me there, in fine, to a tune with which I had no quarrel, perverse enough as I had been from an early time to know but the impulse to egg on society to the fullest discharge of any material stirring within its breast and not making for cruelty or brutality, mere baseness or mere stupidity, that would fall into a picture or a scene.

The quality of serene anxiety on the part for instance of exquisite Mrs. Thelusson, Mrs. Greville's mother, was by itself a plea for any privilege one should fancy her perched upon; and I scarce know if this be more or be less true because the anxiety—at least as I culled its fragrance—was all about the most secondary and superfluous small matters alone. It struck me, I remember, as a new and unexpected form of the pathetic altogether; and there was no form of the pathetic, any more than of the tragic or the comic, that didn't serve as another pearl for one's lengthening string. And I pass over what

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was doubtless the happiest stroke in the composition, the fact of its involving, as all-distinguished husband of the other daughter, an illustrious soldier and servant of his sovereign, of his sovereigns that were successively to be, than against whose patient handsome bearded presence the whole complexus of feminities and futilities couldn't have been left in more tolerated and more contrasted relief; pass it over to remind myself of how, in my particular friend of the three, the comic and the tragic were presented in a confusion that made the least intended of them at any moment take effectively the place of the most. The impression, that is, was never that of the sentiment operating—save indeed perhaps when the dear lady applied her faculty for frank imitation of the ridiculous, which she then quite directly and remarkably achieved; but that she could be comic, that she *was* comic, was what least appeased her unrest, and there were reasons enough, in a word, why her failure of the grand manner or the penetrating note should evoke the idea of their opposites perfectly achieved.

She sat, alike in adoration and emulation, at the feet of my admirable old friend Fanny Kemble, the good nature of whose consent to "hear" her was equalled only by the immediately consequent action of the splendidly corrective spring on the part of that unsurpassed subject of the dramatic afflatus fairly, or, as I should perhaps above all say, contradictiously, provoked. Then aspirant and auditor, rash adventurer and shy alarmist, were swept away together in the gust of magnificent rightness and beauty, no scrap of the far-scattered prime proposal being left to pick up. Which detail of reminiscence has again stayed my course to the Witley Villa, when even on the way I quaked a little with my sense of what *generally* most awaited or overtook my companion's prime proposals.

What had come most to characterize the Leweses to my apprehension was that there couldn't be a thing in the world about which they weren't, and on the most conceded and assured grounds, almost scientifically particular; which presumption, however, only added to the relevance of one's learning how such a matter as their relation with Mrs. Greville could in accordance with noble consistencies be carried on. I could trust *her* for it perfectly, as she knew no law but that of innocent and exquisite aberration, never wanting and never less than consecrating, and I fear I but took refuge for the rest in declining all responsibility. I remember trying to say to myself that, even such as we were, our visit couldn't but scatter a little the weight of cloud on the Olympus we scaled—given the dreadful drenching afternoon we were after all an imaginable short solace there; and this indeed would have borne me through to the end save for an incident which, with a quite ideal logic, left our adventure an approved ruin.

I see again our bland, benign, commiserating hostess beside the fire in a chill desert of a room where the master of the house guarded the opposite hearthstone, and I catch once more the impression of no occurrence of anything at all appreciable but their liking us to have come, with our terribly trivial contribution, mainly from a prevision of how they should more devoutly like it when we departed. It is remarkable, but the occasion yields me no single echo of a remark on the part of any of us—nothing more than the sense that our great author herself peculiarly suffered from the fury of the elements, and that they had about them rather the minimum of the paraphernalia of reading and writing, not to speak of that of tea, a conceivable feature of the hour, but which was not provided for.

Again I felt touched with privilege, but not, as in '69, with a form of it redeemed from barrenness by a motion of my own, and the taste of barrenness was in fact in my mouth under the effect of our taking leave. We did so with considerable flourish till we had passed out to the hall again, indeed to the door of the waiting carriage, toward which G. H. Lewes himself all sociably, *then* above all conversingly, wafted us—yet staying me by a sudden remembrance before I had entered the brougham and signing me to wait while he repaired his omission.

I returned to the door-step, whence I still see him reissue from the room we had just left and hurry toward me across the

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hall shaking high the pair of blue-bound volumes his allusion to the uninvited, the verily importunate loan of which by Mrs. Greville had lingered on the air after his dash in quest of them; "Ah those books —take them away, please, away, away!" I hear him unreservedly plead while he thrusts them again at me, and I scurry back into our conveyance, where, and where only, settled afresh with my companion, I venture to assure myself of the horrid truth that had squinted at me as I relieved our good friend of his superfluity. What indeed was this superfluity but the two volumes of my own precious "last" —we were still in the blest age of volumes —presented by its author to the lady of Milford Cottage, and by her, misguided votary, dropped with the best conscience in the world into the Witley abyss, out of which it had jumped with violence, under the touch of accident, straight up again into my own exposed face?

The bruise inflicted there I remember feeling for the moment only as sharp, such a mixture of delightful small questions at once salved it over and such a charm in particular for me to my recognizing that this particular wrong—inflicted all unawares, which exactly made it sublime—was the only rightness of our visit. Our hosts hadn't so much as connected book with author, or author with visitor, or visitor with anything but the convenience of his ridding them of an unconsidered trifle; grudging as they so justifiedly did the impingement of such matters on their consciousness. The vivid demonstration of one's failure to penetrate there had been in the sweep of Lewes's gesture, which could scarce have been bettered by his actually wielding a broom.

I think nothing passed between us in the brougham on revelation of the identity of the offered treat so emphatically declined—I see that I couldn't have laughed at it to the confusion of my gentle neighbor. But I quite recall my grasp of the *interest* of our distinguished friends' inaccessibility to the unattended plea, with the light it seemed to throw on what it was really to *be* attended. Never, never save as attended—by presumptions, that is, far other than any then hanging about one would one so much as desire *not* to be pushed out of sight.

I needn't attempt, however, to supply all the links in the chain of association which led to my finally just qualified beatitude: I had been served right enough in all conscience, but the pity was that Mrs. Greville had been. This I never wanted for her; and I may add in the connection, that I discover now no grain of false humility in my having enjoyed in my own person adorning such a tale. There was positively a fine high thrill in thinking of persons—or at least of a person, for any fact about Lewes was but derivative—engaged in my own pursuit and yet detached, by what I conceived, detached by a pitch of intellectual life, from all that made it actual to myself. *There* was the lift of contemplation, there the inspiring image and the big supporting truth; the pitch of intellectual life in the very fact of which we seemed, my hostess and I, to have caught our celebrities sitting in that queer bleak way wouldn't have bullied me in the least if it hadn't been the centre of such a circle of gorgeous creation. It was the fashion among the profane in short either to misdoubt, before George Eliot's canvas, the latter's backing of rich thought, or else to hold that this matter of philosophy, and even if but of the philosophic vocabulary, thrust itself through to the confounding of the picture. But with that thin criticism I wasn't, as I have already intimated, to have a moment's patience; I was to become, I was to remain—I take pleasure in repeating—even a very Derondist of Derondists, for my own wanton joy: which amounts to saying that I found the figured, colored tapestry *always* vivid enough to brave no matter what complication of the stitch.

(To be concluded.)

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MISS FOTHERGILL

[DR. BROOKE'S LOVE-AFFAIRS]

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS

I

MRS. O'HERRON laid it all at my door; and I promptly laid it back at hers. She was quite unreasonable and more than usually feminine in her arguments. If I hadn't invited Dr. Brooke to go with me to the show it never would have happened! I retorted that that had nothing to do with the matter; wasn't he the only doctor in the village and wouldn't his services have been requisitioned anyhow? Indeed, it was not my fault; but it *was* hers. If the posters hadn't been put up on the side wall of her grocery, how else would the village folk have known there was going to be a show? And such posters!

By rare good luck I happened to arrive in the village at the very moment the excitement was beginning. A man in blue overalls, pulling a cart laden with rolls of paper and several pails of glue, was being followed down the main street by an excited crowd, mostly children. The desired destination, which appeared to be Mrs. O'Herron's grocery, reached, the man in overalls began smearing the side of the building with glue. This accomplished, the miracle slowly unfolded. Having chosen a sheet of paper and measured the space with his eye, the man very deftly threw the sheet on the wall and flattened it out by means of the glue-brush; and then—lo and behold, there it was! Two bewitching, tiny little feet in satin slippers, red satin slippers with the most unconscionably high heels you've ever laid your eyes on. Another sheet of paper and you saw ravishing ankles clad in red silk rising out of the slippers and swelling—well! Still another sheet and a swirling, billowy mass of ruffles was evolved. Then came a fantastically small waist, a perfectly rounded bosom casually, very casually, encased in a negligible bodice; and at last—you can't imagine how exciting it was—a face! I can't begin to tell you of the beauty of that face. Bluest of eyes, rubiest of lips, rosiest of cheeks, and the most golden of hair that has been bestowed upon woman since Helen of Troy! Top this with a most extravagant hat, all nodding black plumes; fill in the background with an aeroplane from which this modern Helen was just alighting—she hadn't quite alighted yet; her feet were just off the ground—and you will have only an inadequate idea of what so deeply stirred the village, stirred it to its depths. Add to this the legend, "The Biplane Girl, produced by the Broadway and Strand Musical Comedy Company, for one night only, prices ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents," and you will understand why any one would have stood before the poster with rapt attention. You would have done it yourself. And as for the children! Threats of punishment were not worth the switch with which the castigation was to be inflicted. For a whole week not one of them reached school on time.

The committee of civic entertainment called in a body on Mrs. O'Herron and protested against the immoral use to which she had let the side of her house. Naturally such a committee would resent rival entertainment, and particularly entertainment of a confessedly low order. In a few days the evil effects of such vulgar advertisements could already be seen. Hadn't Mrs. Simms's youngest daughter appeared at the post-office in a costume copied identically from that worn by the lewd creature of the billboard? If such were the degenerating influences before the show came, what had they to expect, once the performance had taken place in their midst, but that the village would be turned into a seething Gomorrah!

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Mrs. O'Herron listened thoughtfully, good-naturedly, even sympathetically. Somewhat to the consternation of the committee, though none of them refused her invitation, she asked them to go outside with her and take another look at the poster. With arms akimbo, she stood a little in front of the committee and inspected the evil in their midst. If you had been looking at her through a crack in the shutters you would have seen a repressed twinkle in her eyes. She even went so far as to nod at the dazzling creature; and, as for her expression, you would have sworn that it was admiring if not actually approving. But, of course, the committee saw none of this; they were looking at the poster, not at Mrs. O'Herron. When she faced them she was as serious as the situation demanded.

"'Tis not for me to be questioning the opinions of you ladies and gentlemen," she said. "I'll be giving orders to have it down at once, then."

She called Patrick, heir to the family, aged eight, and told him to fetch a ladder and a bucket of calsomine, and to lose no time in whitewashing the evil thing. The committee placated and got rid of, Mrs. O'Herron became once more thoughtful. "'Tis not for me," she murmured, with a nod of frank approval, this time at the rapidly disappearing poster, "to be missing a show like that."

However, Mrs. O'Herron's suppression of the announcement was of no avail. The rebuff was offset by an even greater effrontery. The advance agent had a special billboard built just between the Baptist church and the town hall—can you believe it? and thereupon was pasted, in even stronger colors, the mysterious, ominous, baleful, and invariably beautiful biplane creature. Again the children were late at school; and on Saturday, market day, all the wagons halted so long before the billboard that the constable had to be called upon to relieve the *impasse*.

Then, at last, the eventful night was come.

II

I INVITED Dr. Brooke to go with me to this much-heralded performance. He accepted, with the comment that the lady must be very sweet and lovely if she looked anything like her picture.

The performance couldn't have been worse; at least until the leading lady made her appearance—in the manner supposed to be represented on the billboard. The biplane, however, was only a much-wrinkled back drop and the lady's entrance merely from the wings.

Except in costume, she was not at all like the poster. She was small, a tiny bit of a woman; from the lack of curves in her figure she might have been a young boy; and she looked so frail that you wondered where the strength came from that furnished energy enough for dancing and singing. Her face, even beneath its coating of powder and rouge, appeared young; though, now and then, in moments of repose, there was something startlingly weary in both face and figure. She wasn't pretty, yet a certain natural charming grace made you think she was. Every movement she made was pretty and dainty; she appeared unconsciously to fall into attitudes that were pleasing and a bit wistful; you wanted to watch her all the time she was on the stage. She sang rather well, she danced exceptionally well, and there was a gayety about her acting that drew you to her in an extraordinary way. You felt she was a good sort: jolly, gay, insouciante. Yes, you couldn't help liking her; at the end of the first act every one did.

During the entr'acte I turned to Dr. Brooke. He had been most attentive, but had not joined me in applauding encouragement to the leading lady. When I looked at him I was surprised to find his expression so serious.

"Are you hopelessly discouraged? Don't take it so gloomily. I find the leading lady delightful."

He met my laughter gravely. "The woman is ill. She ought not to go on with her part."

"She appeared active enough."

"She's keeping up on stimulants. It's all forced. She ought to be in bed this minute."

He was quite right. During the second act she sank down before the footlights and lay there in a dead faint. Before I knew it Dr. Brooke had sprung on the stage and picked her up. The curtain

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was lowered, and a few minutes later the manager, a portly individual wearing a checked suit, flashing diamond stud, and all the accoutrements which the position invariably appears to demand, came before the curtain and announced that Miss Mimi Fothergill had been taken suddenly ill—nothing serious, only an indisposition,—and that the performance would continue with her understudy in the part. This was greeted with applause and hisses, meant for sympathy and disapproval, I suppose, during which I made my escape.

At the door I ran into Dr. Brooke carrying the leading lady in his arms. You would have thought he was her nearest and dearest relative; in fact, judging from the lack of interest displayed by the members of the company, he was. It is only due the manager, though, to explain that, after having raged and cursed upon hearing Dr. Brooke's statement that the lady could not go on with her part, he had requested him to do what he could to get her in a condition to leave on the midnight train.

We stood at the door and vainly sought some sort of conveyance. None was in sight and without further hesitation Dr. Brooke started off down the street, still with the unconscious lady in his arms, and I following. It was fortunate we met no one; the situation might have demanded explanations. There was no doubt about its appearing questionable—even mediæval.

Mrs. O'Herron's grocery was the first building we came to. It may have been that the lady was becoming a somewhat heavy burden, or that he felt the immediate necessity of restoring her to consciousness; at any rate Dr. Brooke went up the steps of the grocery and kicked the door open. You see, both arms were occupied with the lady.

A dim light showed us Patrick stretched on the counter, sound asleep. Awakened suddenly, he scrambled up, rubbed his eyes, and stared at the lady.

"Where's Mrs. O'Herron?" asked Dr. Brooke.

"Mommer's gone to the show."

Dr. Brooke gave a despairing look around, saw there was no suitable place to deposit the lady, and finally asked if the room up-stairs which Mrs. O'Herron rented to commercial travellers when the inn was full was occupied. Patrick shook his head and led the way toward the stairs.

The room was stuffy and bitter cold. Dr. Brooke ordered Patrick and me to open a window and light the fire. He laid the lady on the bed—with great relief, judging from the sigh that escaped him.

While we were carrying out his orders the lady gasped, opened her eyes for a moment, gave reassuring evidence of life, and again returned to unconsciousness.

About this time Mrs. O'Herron returned from the performance. Dr. Brooke tried to explain, succored by me. When we had finished what must have been a very unsatisfactory account of the whole proceeding Mrs. O'Herron dragged off her hat, dropped it in a chair, and, with businesslike movements, went to the bed.

"Why didn't you take her clothes off?" she demanded, after a cursory inspection of the lady.

Dr. Brooke blushed. "I—I hesitated."

"'Tis like yourself to be hesitating, and yourself a practising physician twenty years gone! No wonder she's fainted, laced to death like she is! If you gentlemen be so modest you'd better be leaving the room."

I returned to the lower floor, leaving Dr. Brooke and Mrs. O'Herron to their ministrations. A half-hour later he came down and asked me to go to the inn and inform the manager of the whereabouts of the leading lady; otherwise he might be alarmed at her disappearance—a perfectly reasonable surmise, thought of neither by Dr. Brooke nor me but, of course, by Mrs. O'Herron.

While I was gone the lady opened her eyes for the second time, stared first at Dr. Brooke, then at Mrs. O'Herron, and finally at the room. She made a feeble effort to get up, found she could not, and fell back on the pillows.

"What's the matter with me? What's gone wrong?"

Dr. Brooke, sitting in the chair beside her, tried to explain. "You fainted on the stage. I brought you here."

This did not appear to reassure her. She still stared at him out of her weary eyes.

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"Who are you?"

"I'm the doctor."

"Great Willy!" murmured the lady. "Am I in a bug-house?"

"You are at Mrs. O'Herron's." Dr. Brooke's voice was full of gentle consideration.

"Where's Jim—Jim, the manager of the show?"

"He is still there. They are going on with the show."

The lady appeared to consider this; then, with a start, as if trying to pull herself together, she looked at Dr. Brooke.

"What time is it?"

"A little after eleven."

"Give me a lift. I've got to get up."

"No—you are not to get up. You aren't able to. You are to stay right here."

"Say," she said, her voice a little stronger, "are you batty—or am I? What sort of a place am I in, anyhow? This ain't my room at that rotten tavern. And now you're talking about my staying here! What's the matter with me? I've got to get up and beat it on that twelve o'clock train. Do you get me?"

Dr. Brooke shook his head, never so kindly. "You are not strong enough to travel."

At this the lady laughed wearily. "That ain't going to keep me from doing it. I've felt all in for two months—but I've kept at it. If you're a doctor, give me something to put me on my feet. Oh, you needn't be afraid. I'm used to it! It's all that's been keeping me up!"

"And it is exactly what is the matter with you now. I am not going to let you travel to-night."

She looked at him fixedly and again smiled wearily. "Say, you are a funny one! What'll Jim say to my not going on with the company? I'm all that's keeping him from going broke. No,"—this with another feeble effort at rising,—"I've got to get on the move!"

Suddenly she fell back exhausted and apparently relinquished all further effort.

"Will you try to go to sleep now?" Dr. Brooke leaned nearer to her. "I'll explain everything to the manager. You can join the company in a day or two."

She looked at him dreamily. Complete exhaustion was making her lids heavy. Then her gaze turned to Mrs. O'Herron, who had come forward and handed Dr. Brooke some medicine which he had asked her to prepare. The lady watched him take the glass and thank Mrs. O'Herron.

"Say," she murmured sleepily, "but you're stuck on her, ain't you?"

"I don't think I understand."

"I say you're stuck on her. You can beat anybody I ever saw making goo-goo eyes."

Having relieved her mind of this thought, she drifted peacefully off to sleep.

I found the florid manager in the midst of his battered company, giving vent to strong language directed toward the landlord of the inn. Where was the leading lady? What in the devil had become of her? Was this a second Mott Street where people were pinched right under your eyes?

I reported the lady safe and, after the company had been hurried off to the station, the manager went with me to Mrs. O'Herron's. We found Dr. Brooke seated on a cracker-box, smoking his pipe and reflecting. He met the manager cordially, conducted him up the steps, and returned with him in a surprisingly few minutes. The leading lady, it appears, was not awakened, and Dr. Brooke's determination was so convincing in regard to her not travelling that night that the manager had consented to leave her behind.

And so it was that our troubles began.

III

"SURE, I'd not be after telling it to another soul; and I'm only saying it to you because you do be a good friend of his, that you are," said Mrs. O'Herron, leaning confidentially on the counter and lowering her voice in a way that was meant and did not fail to flatter. "But I think 'tis something scandalous! What will the village folks be saying!"

"About what, Mrs. O'Herron?"

"About what! Now hark at the man! 'Tis of herself I'm talking—the actress woman up-stairs. Do you know what it is I'm saying to myself? 'Tis that they're

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after leaving her here high and dry. As for that man of hers, that Jim fellow, he's calling it a good riddance. You know what it is all you men do be thinking of a woman that's sick and ailing!"

"All men! Dr. Brooke, too?"

She threw me a glance full of pity for my lack of insight. "Himself is always by way of being different!"

However, Mrs. O'Herron had seen to it that the village had facts, always a death-blow to gossip. Miss Fothergill was too ill to go on with the company, and he, Dr. Brooke, had asked her, Mrs. O'Herron, out of the kindness of her heart, to take the poor creature—almost destroyed with too much singing and dancing—under her sheltering wing; and she, out of that same kindness of heart, had consented to do so. Of course Dr. Brooke had assured her that she would be well paid. Actor folk always had plenty of money. And the good Lord knew that Mrs. O'Herron, with a bedridden husband—yes, thank you, himself was just the same, a bit better to-day, worse to-morrow—and three young children, needed every penny she could make! Business was mighty poor in the summer-time; 'twas then that people lived off their vegetable gardens.

"The worst of it," Mrs. O'Herron continued, more and more confidentially, "is that three weeks be gone and she herself made strong and well by that tonic of the doctor's, is after doing but one thing. What, think you, is that?"

I hadn't an idea.

"Bless you, if she don't go, every afternoon, to Dr. Brooke's house and sit in that garden of his till 'tis myself that must be sending Patrick to fetch her back to supper. Haven't folks already been seeing her there and asking me in whispers, and you know what that means, what she be doing there every day."

I asked what explanation she had given. For a few moments she permitted a sad, patient expression to dwell in her averted eyes. "I told them 'twas only natural. Wasn't himself the doctor, giving her a treatment every day? And didn't she have to be going there for it?"

"Is she there now?"

"Is she? Bless you, man, yes; she's been there since two of the clock—and now it's on toward five."

"Good-by, Mrs. O'Herron. I'm off to meet her."

"'Tis myself would be glad if you was off to bid her farewell!"

I found Miss Fothergill sitting in a reclining chair under the pine-tree at the corner of the garden, quite at home and with every evidence of the permanency which was causing Mrs. O'Herron so much perturbation. A faded lavender frock and a white sunbonnet made up the costume which I fancied had been supplied by the complaining landlady. Neither was becoming; in fact, there was something ludicrous in the contrast between the antiquated costume and the quaint, mimic-lined young face of the actress.

At first she appeared rather quiet, though always responsive. Her face lighted up delightfully when she said anything; and her eyes, wonderfully expressive and ever changing in such a way that you were never sure which color they really were, were full of the gayety I remembered seeing that night on the stage. Beneath her entire lack of conventionality, her ignorance of what you *précieux* would call refinement, was that same jolly comradeship which had shown in her acting. It made her very human, so very human, and lovable. You felt that she was the sort of person that might lead any life, probably had, and yet retain a certain freshness, a certain hopefulness, that would always be fresh and clean. Her voice, too, was appealing; it was clear and high and very girlish; it went a long way toward softening the vulgarity of her language. Dear me—what language! Many times I had no idea of the significance of her expressions; Dr. Brooke never had. This appeared to amuse her immensely, and when we would ask her to repeat what she had said she would call us country folks, "farmers," and laugh gayly; and when she laughed your heart went out to her, every bit of it.

"Say, but it's funny being here in this stepping-off place," she said. "Take it from me, I never figured on anything like this. Never been this far off the trolley-line before. But, you know, on the square—I'm not joshing—I'm getting to like it. It's kind o' clean and sweet and still. Gee!—but it's still at night! Gave me

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the willies at first, but I'm getting hardened to it now. Makes me think, and, believe me, I'm not strong on thinking."

If you could have seen the way Dr. Brooke treated her! He literally hung on her words, part of this attitude due to his effort at understanding her vocabulary. I believe the finished courtesy of his manner puzzled her. You see, she had never known anything like it. At first she appeared almost to resent his perfectly maintained dignity; then, gradually, she began to see it was natural and came from the heart. Even so it was disturbing to her; at times it made her a little constrained, it even made her a bit angry—at herself and at him. Yet, beneath it all, you could see in her eyes that, though she were puzzled at this utterly new politeness and respect, she was immensely pleased.

"Yes, I'm getting to like it," she went on. "It puts you on to yourself. You find out what you like"—suddenly the gayety went out of her face and left it hard and drawn—"and what you hate."

Dinah announced a patient and, as Dr. Brooke left us to go into the house, I saw with a start what had caused Mrs. O'Herron so much alarm. It was the expression in Miss Fothergill's eyes; the same expression I had seen before in other eyes—Adelaide's, Mrs. Merryweather's, Lucrezia's. I verily believe if I saw a woman look at him without that expression I'd think something was wrong with her. And yet, somehow, I was unprepared to see it in this battered little derelict from goodness knew where. It seemed absurd, improbable. What could there be in Dr. Brooke to attract her!

Her next words were, in a way, explanatory.

Still watching his departing figure, she said, more to herself than to me: "He certainly has been mighty white to me. Never had anybody so good to me before. Oh, I've had 'em good to me, but not like him; the others always gave me the notion they were after something; but he! not a bit of it! He's so easy and gentlelike, and real kind." She lay back in the chair and let a little sigh escape her. "Gee—but it does me good all over to be hanging around here all day—with him!"

I saw her frequently after this first meeting, always seated under the pine-tree in the garden. It was a strange contrast, she and that old garden.

I have not told you much of this garden, in the fear that you would not see it as it really is. It doesn't lend itself to description; it must be felt. It has always reminded me of an old friend, the sort we are fond of, yet neglect until trouble comes; then we are quick enough to remember and hasten there to find the welcome we are so sure of receiving, the comforting companionship, the soothing silence that was forgotten in happier moments. It was almost wholly in shadow, this garden; cool, quiet shadows in which you could sit and look out upon the splotches of sunlight and color. It hadn't had the care of a gardener for years and years; perhaps it was that which made it so friendly and fragrant. Nor did it have any of the snobbism of your modern gardens, made overnight and crowded with showy, scentless flowers; it had never attempted Italian formality; there were no Noah's Ark trees and hedges, no perfectly shaved lawns, no swept walks; indeed, it wasn't a bit of a well-groomed garden. Still, it had everything it ought to have: two very, very old elms—there's shade for you; heaps and heaps of honeysuckle—there's fragrance; a row of sunflowers, some towering hollyhocks, stray groups of larkspur, poppies everywhere, and some sturdy rose-bushes—all this for color. There were other flowers, too, but they were only guests for the season; these others had always been there and always would be. I almost forgot the fish-pond with no fish in it, and the pine-tree at the corner of the fence. "That a garden!" you exclaim, contemptuously. Ah, but you are an outsider! You don't understand! But Miss Fothergill—Mimi, as we grew to call her—did. Why? Bless me if I know! It was just a little thing like that in her, a sensitiveness and feeling, way down below the hard crust of her battered life, that made you love her.

One day Dr. Brooke brought a letter out to her. Mrs. O'Herron had sent it on from the grocery. Mimi looked at the address with no change of expression, said it was from Jim, and tore it open. A money order fell into her lap. After reading the letter she told us he was on his

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way back east, would come by for her soon, and had sent her fifty dollars. After this announcement she looked away, thoughtful and without the least evidence of pleasure at the news. Then, quite suddenly, the corners of her mouth twitched and she smiled, exactly as a little child would have done over some wholly wonderful, unexpected prospect. A few minutes later, with hardly a word of farewell, she left us.

On my way home I passed Mrs. O'Herron's and as usual stopped. A peculiar thing about Mrs. O'Herron's grocery is that, to save your life, you can't pass it by. Every one I know feels the same way. You are drawn unconsciously within its portals, and once there, if you are a self-respecting, conscientious person, you don't leave without buying something.

Mimi at the far end of the shop called me. I approached and found her poring over a jeweller's catalogue.

"What do you think would tickle him most?" she asked, her eyes still glowing with childish joy.

"He! Who?"

She drew down her mouth in a delightfully deprecating manner. "Cut it out. Don't try to kid me. Dr. Brooke—of course. Did you think I meant the street-sprinkler?"

I sat down beside her and smiled.

"Would he like this?" She frowned over the choice, exactly like a little girl. "What would he like? It's almost put me on the blink, trying to dig out something that would please him. You guys get everything that's coming to you; you ain't ever wanting a thing with all your heart, are you? Anyhow," returning to the catalogue, "I'm up against it good and hard."

I suggested calling Mrs. O'Herron in to give her opinion. This brought a frown from Mimi and a certain stiffening on the part of Mrs. O'Herron. It was plain enough that they were not hitting off very well.

"She's dead against my giving him anything." Mimi tossed her head at her landlady.

Indeed Mrs. O'Herron was! 'Twas throwing away good money to give the doctor anything; that is what it was. As for his having any kind of jewelry, what would he be after doing with it? A watch-chain? Didn't he already have one? Gold-rimmed spectacles! Bless you, he didn't wear them! He didn't have to, thanks be to God! A cigarette-case? Hadn't she seen herself that he didn't smoke anything but a pipe! "Take it from me, Miss Fothergill, don't throw away the good money you have. Be saving it. 'Tis always a rainy day that do be coming."

Mimi shook her head impatiently. "Cut it out. I know what I want to do; and I'm on to you. I know why you are so dead against it."

Mrs. O'Herron's face showed consternation. She even took a step away from Mimi. And Mimi! You may be sure she saw her advantage and followed it up. She smiled in that sweet way women use instead of cursing each other.

"'Tis my frugal sense that's after helping you to put by your money," Mrs. O'Herron continued, very mild.

"Not on your life is it!" Mimi answered.

Mrs. O'Herron drew herself together with visible alarm, yet with a curiosity that must be allayed.

"What is it by way of being, then?"

Mimi lifted her eyes, her lips still curved in the honeyed smile.

"It's because you're stuck on him yourself. See!"

IV

A FORTNIGHT later a large package arrived addressed to Miss Mimi Fothergill, care of Mrs. O'Herron, et cetera, et cetera. It was very light, much too light for its size, Mrs. O'Herron commented. She didn't believe there was anything in it. Mimi made no explanations. Without opening it she called Patrick to fetch it to Dr. Brooke's, and set off there with him at once. Arrived and finding him out, she dismissed Patrick and carried the case herself into the garden. She tore off the wrapping-paper, set the case—imitation leather—in a chair, and lifted the lid. She appeared very much pleased, inspected the contents one by one, arranged them carefully, then lowered the lid and sat down on it, spreading out her skirts in such a way that the case was no longer visible.

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Then she waited. You may guess—that is, if you have ever given a present because you wanted to and not because it was an obligation—how impatiently she waited.

When Dr. Brooke came he found her sitting there, the sunbonnet fallen back from her head, her hair glowing in the sunlight, her strange little face flushed, her big, uncannily big, eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Why didn't you stay away for good? I thought you'd forgotten your cue!"

He explained that he had been way, way out in the country to see a very, very ill patient.

She hardly listened. "Something's come for you!"

"Something for me!"

She nodded. "A handout—a present."

He laughed and said it was so long since he had had a present that he wouldn't know how to accept one.

At this she clapped her hands and laughed gayly. "Gee! That makes me glad all over!"

"That I haven't had a present for so long?"

"Yes. And that it's up to me to give it to you."

"You!"

She nodded, stood up, and thus displayed the case.

"It looks mighty big," he said, taking a step toward it.

She caught hold of his hand and held him back. "You've got to guess first what's in it."

But how could he! A box like that! There might be anything inside! A riding-saddle! A set of harness for the speckled mare! Or—yes, he had it now! It was one of those patent foot-warmers to put in his buggy on cold winter nights!

She laughed until the tears came into her eyes. He was the original funny man! A foot-warmer! Golly!

Then, what was it? He gave it up. It was quite beyond him.

She raised the lid and all the while watched him closely. No wonder his eyes blinked. The sight was dazzling. Carefully arranged on a green satin lining—an effect calculated with infinite pains—was a glittering display of silver toilet articles. Twenty pieces, each one engraved impressively with a mammoth "B." Nothing had been forgotten, not even the nail-buffer and an enamelled pot of cream.

Dr. Brooke's astonishment was sincere. He was probably wondering all the time what under the sun he was going to do with it. Dr. Brooke and a complete outfit of silver toilet articles was the extreme of incongruity. But he was pleased—Mimi was sure of that until he turned toward her and actually scowled. She caught her breath with surprise, disappointment, then anger.

"*You* bought all that for *me!*" Everything about him was accusing; his eyes, his voice, his pointing finger.

She nodded, quite bewildered. "You don't like it?" she asked.

"It is beautiful. I *do* like it—but——"

"Yes?"

"You ought not to have spent all that money on me! You can't afford it. You must have spent every bit of that fifty dollars!"

"I did; every red cent of it."

"Don't you know it was wrong?"

She shook her head, still puzzled. "I wanted to do it. The money was mine. Why shouldn't I?"

He looked at her very gently, he even smiled a little; then he took her hand and drew her toward a chair. She obeyed docilely. His manner was quite beyond her.

"Don't you know, Mimi, that Jim sent you that money to live on, not to squander in this way! You ought to be more thrifty."

Her spirit was returning. "Oh, cut out that sort of josh! I hate thrifty people!"

"Still—you've got to live. And you haven't the right to throw away your money on me. It's all wrong!"

She looked at him thoughtfully, silently, and gradually there came into her face a dull, half-angry, half-wounded flush. Finally, she got up, closed the lid of the box, and stood looking down at it with slightly trembling lips.

"You don't get me at all," she said, in a voice full of bitter disappointment. "It ain't that bunch of things I'm giving you; I don't care a hoop about them. They're the purple limit; I'm on to that myself. Some of 'em ain't even marked sterling!"

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Why didn't you stay away for good? I thought you'd forgotten your cue!"—Page 484.

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She gave the case a disgusted glance and turned away. Her eyes, at first angry, were now intent with the thought she was trying to express. "You don't get me at all," she repeated. "Can't you see it would be swell for me to give you something, me that's always been handed out presents and never even thought about handing out anything in return! I wanted to try the giving stunt on myself—just to see how it felt! Don't you know how pious ginks are always chewing the rag about it! It's the first time I ever thought about it myself. On the square it is. You're dead right about my needing the money. I'm that hard up, and I need some new rags about as bad as I ever did. But I thought I'd better strike, right off the bat, this time and do something that had hit me all in a heap! You see, you've been mighty white to me when I was knocked out and since."

Suddenly her voice broke and she turned away. Dr. Brooke took a step toward her.

"Mimi!" he exclaimed.

"No, don't break in, let me get through with this job! I want to sort o' talk it out to myself and see where I stand. It's new dope to me; never met up with it before! Mebbe you don't believe it, but I've been kind o' set up over it. Been batty for a couple of weeks thinking about giving you this stuff. And now"—she choked back a sob—"well, I guess I've fallen to your game this time. You see, you sort o' fooled me with that gentleman-like way you've got. That, and this sleepy, God-forsaken hole threw me off my nut!" Again she stopped, as if at a loss how to continue. Then, with a visible effort, she forced herself to meet Dr. Brooke's eyes and with crimson face and angry eyes rushed on: "Oh, I know you're straight goods and all that, but when it comes to a show-down—you just ain't there! You ain't willing to take anything from me. Yes, I'm on to your reasons now, even if it did take me a month to fall to it. You think I'm a rotter! Well—what if I am? It's none of your business. That's up to me!" She broke down completely this time and, struggle never so hard, she could no longer keep back the tears. They gushed down her cheeks. "I'll wire to Jim to come and get me. This place is giving me the willies, anyhow."

Dr. Brooke let her finish, let the tears come in torrents, let her sink down on the case and cover her face with her hands. He even waited a few minutes until she had sobbed herself into exhausted calm. Then he went to her, took hold of both her hands, and raised them to his lips. Poor little battered Mimi! It was probably the first time she had ever had her hands kissed.

"Mimi," he said, looking down at her—you know how—"I don't know anything about you; I don't want to. It's what you are, what you can't help being, what God made you, that I love."

She looked at him through tear-dimmed though still doubting eyes. Gradually, under the infinite gentleness of his glance, she smiled.

"Then—then you are going to take it?"

"It will be my most treasured treasure of treasures."

She dried her eyes. "Now—quit your joshing." She laughed and gave a dubious glance at the case, and, still dubious, looked again at Dr. Brooke. "You don't think it's the purple limit?"

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw."

"Golly! But you're a hot-air artist. I'll bet you don't know what a single thing's for!" She held up the buffer. "What's that?"

She had him. He turned red and stammered. She grabbed his hand, opened the pot of cream, dipped her finger in it, and touched each one of his nails with the rose-colored salve. Then she polished them vigorously. Dr. Brooke manicured! It's too much for the average mind to take in!

In the midst of this happy scene the florid manager arrived.

V

I WALKED down to the village that evening and was hailed by Mrs. O'Herron. Her face told me that something pleasant had happened.

"She's gone, thanks be to the good Lord," she broke out, before I had gone up the steps. Jim had come for her, given her just three hours to get ready, and had carried her off to the train. If I wanted

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to bid her farewell I'd just have time to reach the station. The train was coming in at that moment.

I ran to the station and arrived in time to see Mimi boarding the train. I followed her into the car. Her greeting was hardly cordial; indeed, I felt rebuffed and chilled. She said nothing, expressed no regret at leaving, gave me a very limp hand, and looked at me with dull, weary eyes that brought back forcibly the memory of her first appearance among us. The florid manager was profuse in his thanks for all we had done for her and did his best to make up for Mimi's dreary silence. Any one could have seen that she was utterly miserable.

During the few moments I talked to the manager she took a piece of paper out of her purse, scribbled a few lines on it, and, watching an opportunity, thrust it into my hand.

"Give that to him. Good-by."

Again she gave me a limp hand and an attempt at a feeble smile.

I went straight to Dr. Brooke's and found him sitting in the dark on the front porch.

He greeted me with a question. "Did she go on that train?"

We could still hear the distant rumble and now and then a long, mournful whistle.

"Yes. She has gone. What happened?"

"He came for her."

"But she looked so broken up over something!"

He did not answer. We smoked in silence a long time. I did not get it out of him that night, and it was only long afterward that he would discuss her at all. Even then, it was only through inference that I was able to piece together the end of that day.

The florid manager's arrival in the garden, shown there by Dinah, was a thunderclap. Mimi had not expected him for at least a week. Her surprise had left her silent. Even after his announcement that he had come to fetch her away with him she had said nothing and followed him out of the garden with barely a word to Dr. Brooke.

A half-hour before the train left she had appeared in Dr. Brooke's dining-room. He was at supper. Without a word she slipped into a chair beside the table and gazed at him. She brushed aside his courtesy and his questions and continued staring at him as if she were trying to force her thoughts into his consciousness.

Finally she spoke.

"Do you want me to stay here?"

He rose, went to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Mimi—you wouldn't be happy here. You——"

She threw off his hand and stood up.

"All right. That's all I wanted to know!"

Before he could say another word she had gone.

At the end of an hour's silent communion I rose to go home.

"You don't think she would have been happy here, do you?"

"I can't say. Women don't seem to care much about the place if the man they love is there."

"But surely—with her——"

I gave him the scribbled lines she had sent him. He went in the house to read them.

He has never told me what she wrote.

LOVE'S SILENCE

By Margaret Cable Brewster

"All that thou art to me?" O, golden head;
O, Love, my inmost Heart, if I could say
The half of what thou art to me each day
It were but mockery, and my Love were dead.

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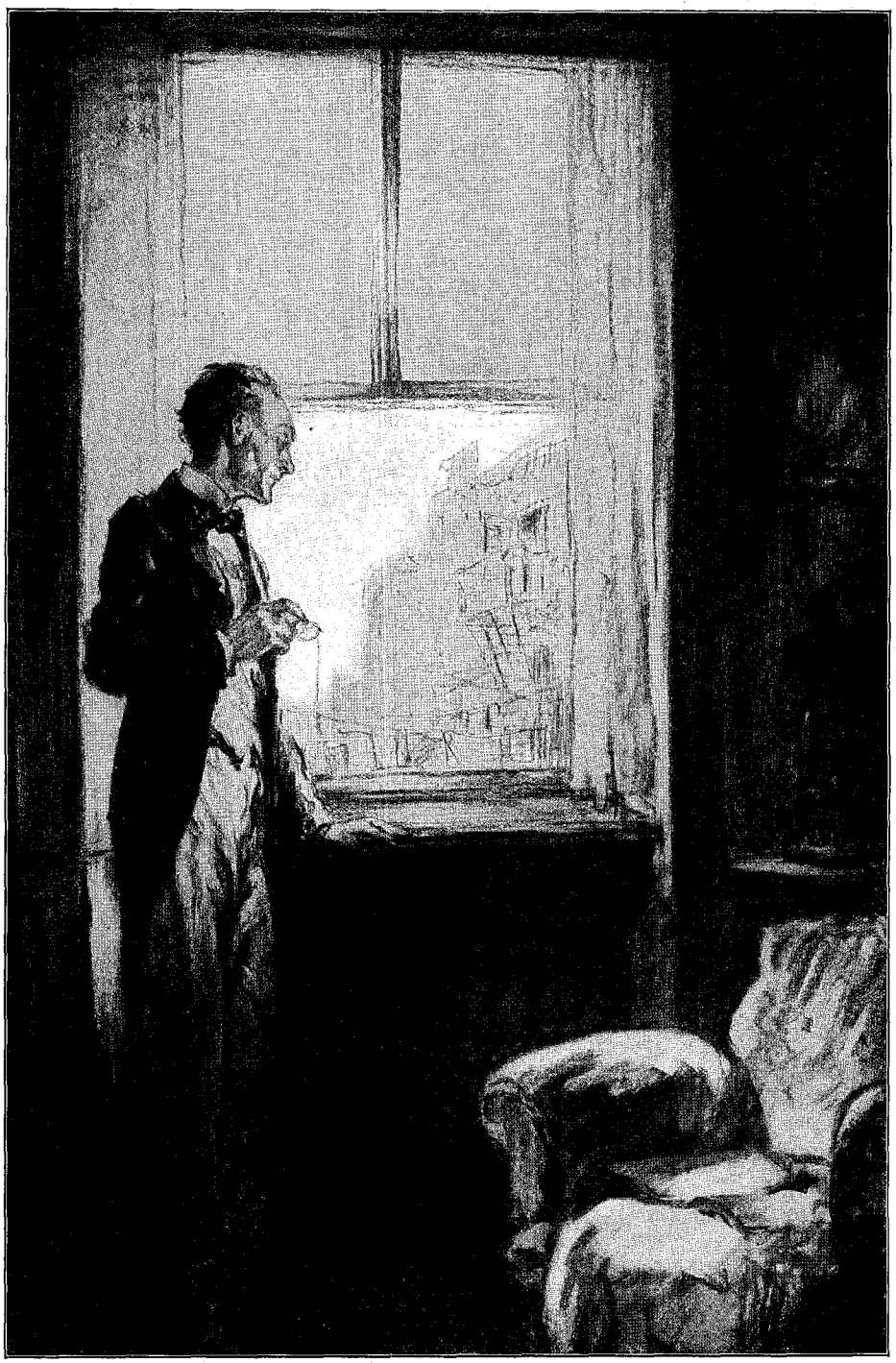

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

Leaven . . . could see from his windows life returning to the world. But within the grayness deepened.
—Page 496.

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A CHANGE OF AIR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

VIII

"YES, I'm in," Bessie John murmured to the echo of the maid's retreating footsteps, "but why in the world didn't you say I was out? Why don't you always say 'out' to Aunt Blanche? But one has to pay more for servants who can do that with the proper air. I wonder why? You'd think it was an easy accomplishment to acquire. Stella did it beautifully—she never made a mistake—but she wouldn't do a thing for the twinnies when Nurse was out, and she wanted her wages raised every month. A social sense below stairs comes very high. Nurse's social sense is all we can afford. I have to go without one, myself, to pay for hers. As for you, darling"—Philip John was in the room, watching her idly as she prepared herself to descend—"you never had one, did you? Yours are the manners of the original theocracy. A Levite who married into one of the Lost Tribes. Shocking!"

She rubbed her chin on the top of his head as she passed him.

"I don't blame you for not wanting to see that dreadful old woman," he offered genially. "Want me to come down and help?"

"You don't help, Pilly-Winky." She shrugged her shoulders. "Aunt Blanche is afraid of you. She knows you're a Christian, and that you know she isn't. I mean, theology aside, you're the real thing; and, if you ask my opinion, I don't believe Aunt Blanche will get a look-in on the Day of Judgment."

"I fancy that's too hard on her. I don't think much of her mental processes, but she probably acts according to her lights."

"Then her light is a leaky gas-jet. Oh, of course, she doesn't know what a pig she is. But, you see, when you're about, she dimly discerns the sty. So she doesn't let herself go. And she's no fun at all unless she does. If I've got to see her, I want to get comedy out of it."

Mrs. John, still reluctant, lingered a little on the threshold.

"Why did you back her up, Bess?" The question was an anachronism; it referred to events of nearly a year before, when the Johns and at least one other had been very uncomfortable in Mr. Reid's office. But Bessie John had always known it would some day be asked, and she took time to answer it.

"I didn't, Philip. She backed me up. Which is a very different matter."

Then she went, for she did not care to discuss it further now. Bessie John had been miraculously preserved, at that time, from a serious disagreement with her husband; preserved, as she piously acknowledged to herself, by the startling intervention of Walter Leaven. He had driven them all violently forth from any participation in Miss Wheaton's affairs, had taken over the whole situation himself at once, so that their uncomfortable hour need positively never have been. He would permit no "subscriptions" even from the Johns or Mrs. Williston; and this information had been passed on to them so quickly by Mr. Reid that Bessie had never had to quarrel with her husband over the amount. No one knew, not even John, how grateful Bessie was to be relieved of such a necessity. She did not call Leaven a saint, but she was not far from thinking him an angel. He had seemed to intervene, that is, supernaturally. Thanks to Leaven, they had only come to the brink of quarrelling; they had never had really to begin. Neither of them had ever been anxious to; and, as far as she could see, they never, never would have to, now.

Bessie was dressed in black, and she and Mrs. Williston sat sombrely opposite each other in the sea-captain's front parlor.

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Change of Air" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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"Good of you to come out on a holiday, when your family must be wanting you at home," Bessie began, not too amiably.

Mrs. Williston shook her head. "I sometimes feel that I am a check on their high spirits. Their ways are not my ways."

"I should have thought they did their best." Bessie knew the reply was not the right one; but she was annoyed that Aunt Blanche should have turned up on one of Philip's rare days of freedom.

Mrs. John's tone had been colorless enough, but Mrs. Williston scented prejudice in it. Irony she was incapable of recognizing—which may have been why Bessie John kept up the intimacy. With prices where they were, a wife and mother had to take her pleasure where she could get it cheapest.

"Bessie, I don't believe you know what I have to bear. I have no complaint to make—I am not a complaining person—but I am sensitive, and to have my most serious advice disregarded, completely disregarded . . ." Her handkerchief came out of her bag.

"Oh . . . they seem so courteous, Aunt Blanche." Her vivid memories of that slavish household forced the speech from her.

"Is this generation ever courteous? But, of course, I make allowances for that. I do not complain, I tell you—you will never find me complaining—but it is hard not to be loved by one's own. I pray you may never have it to bear." She shook her head, as if she had the vision of basely ungrateful grown-up twins. "They respect me, but I do not feel I have their confidence. I have to ask questions. . . . Sometimes I wonder if all I have done for them has been in vain. Have you ever noticed that the most unselfish persons get the least gratitude?"

"Yes, often." Bessie's voice was quite empty of irony this time.

"But that is not what I came to talk about," Mrs. Williston went on. "I feel it my duty to go and see Cordelia Wheaton. You know she is very ill. I have purposely kept away for a good many weeks. When she first came back, I meant to see her often. I thought that the countenance of an old friend might be welcome. Especially an old friend who, if I do say it, has kept the respect of a modest and godly circle. I said to myself: 'Blanche Williston, isn't it your duty to go over into Macedonia and help?' It wasn't easy. I have grown used to working with sympathetic Christian souls—our board meetings are more like prayer-meetings, Bessie, than mere business occasions. But I said: perhaps it is *too* pleasant for me, *too* easy where I am; perhaps I ought to go into the outer darkness and find Cordelia. And I tried. I made my sacrifices. I refused the chairmanship of the executive committee of our new church auxiliary to the Liberian Religious Aid, because I felt that at any time of the day or night I might be called on to wrestle for Cordelia's soul. . . . And besides, Bessie"—she bent forward, almost whispering—"I said to myself: that poor misguided creature shall know that there is one respectable woman who does not avoid her; who goes to her, as a friend, in broad daylight."

"But what *do* you mean, Aunt Blanche?" Mrs. John had not seen Mrs. Williston for some time, to be sure, but certainly it would take decades to brew a scandal about poor, broken Cordelia Wheaton.

"Why, surely you knew, Bessie. Miss Bean would have taken her in, I believe, if she had been well paid. They could have done light housekeeping somewhere. It was what I originally suggested, if you remember. I don't know how long it would have lasted, but it would have been a step in the right direction. But Cordelia's evil genius stepped in and took her to himself. Surely you knew, Bessie—if you did not, you have been very remiss—that for three months Cordelia has been living with Mr. Leaven."

"Oh, that!" Bessie John gave a light sigh of disappointment. "Why, naturally I've known that, ever since it happened. I thought you were talking about a scandal. 'Why have you got such big teeth, grandmother?'"

Mrs. Williston glared at her silently.

"It's out of 'Red Riding Hood,' Aunt Blanche." Bessie grew impatient. "I mean, I honestly thought for a minute that Miss Wheaton had given you some reason to be shocked. I didn't know but she had thrown a bronze Buddha at you."

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"Do you mean to tell me, Bessie John, that you think Cordelia Wheaton should live with a man she is not married to?"

Mrs. John regarded her caller with open mouth. Then she began to giggle. The giggle grew on her, turned to an hysterical laugh. It was a moment or two before she could speak. Mrs. Williston had never recovered from the glare, and now the glare showed signs of intensifying itself. Bessie John put up a hand to plead for silence until she was fit to speak.

"Why—why—Aunt Blanche!" she cried feebly. "Do you mean to tell me that you think there is anything shocking in that? Why, they're both on the edge of the grave."

"So am I on the edge of the grave, as you so politely put it, Bessie. But I think you would be shocked if I went to live with Walter Leaven."

Mrs. John's newly won gravity forsook her. She giggled again. "So I should, Aunt Blanche. Awfully shocked. I should think you were Messalina, no less. You must admit that, when you've appeared to hate him so many years, it would give rise to the gravest suspicions —clandestine meetings no longer to be borne: all that sort of thing. I should get out a warrant at once and hurry you off to do light housekeeping with old Miss Bean."

"You have a very unpleasant vein of humor, Bessie."

"So I have. So I have. Forgive me, Aunt Blanche." Mrs. John wiped her eyes in sign of contrition. "But I think it would dry up without you. . . . Only, seriously, why can't you put all that silly stuff out of your head?"

Mrs. Williston's reply was unexpectedly mild. "I don't say there is anything *wrong*, Bessie. I sincerely hope there isn't. But I do not believe in defying the laws of God and man. I should suppose they were both past the temptations of youth. But what reason is there, except human perversity, for their not marrying?"

"About a hundred, I should imagine, Aunt Blanche. In the first place, it would look so silly. In the second, there's Miss Wheaton's religion, isn't there? And in the third place, who in the world knows or cares? I think it's quite delightful of them."

"I shouldn't have expected you to find *three* immoral reasons for defending them, Bessie."

Mrs. John shook herself together and spoke seriously. "I'm not immoral, as you well know. I merely think it's awfully unimportant. Miss Wheaton weighs three hundred pounds, and she's slowly dying. As for Mr. Leaven, he's not a man, in that sense: he's a very well executed bronze. I think it's too bad of you to worry. It's just because they have so little, either of them, to do with the world, the flesh, and the devil that they are so touching. For I find them touching. So does Philip, even more than I do. And Phil is six times as moral as any of us. Cheer up! I know you've taken a perverted sort of pleasure in thinking how unconventional they are, but a woman of your worldly experience knows there's *nothing in it.* I wouldn't bother with Miss Wheaton, if I were you. I'd go for Liberia with both hands and both feet. I dare say it does shock you a little" —she relented to that extent—"but you've really only to put your mind on it to see that there are other things that need your mind more."

Mrs. Williston gathered up her furs for departure. "I came to ask if you wouldn't call on Cordelia with me," she began, "but I don't think you are in the mood to go."

"No, I couldn't go with you to-day. I will sometime, perhaps. But I want to say one thing." She leaned forward. "If you go and insult that poor old lady, you'll be doing a very unkind thing. I truly hope you won't. I believe she's hardly aware of this world at all. Don't you go poking it in her face." She put a caressing tone into her voice that redeemed her speech from impertinence.

"It is always the business of a Christian woman—" began Mrs. Williston.

Mrs. John stood up and folded her arms, looking down on her visitor. "Umph! Let's get rid of this," she muttered. "Aunt Blanche, answer me one question. Why didn't you make some protest when Mr. Reid first told you? That was the time to stop it—before it had happened. You didn't say a word,

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then, about the laws either of God or of man."

"I was bewildered, Bessie. I was hurt that my advice was scorned. For the moment I was helpless."

"*You were relieved*, Aunt Blanche." The words came quietly, like a verdict. "We all were, for we were all in the same boat. You were so glad to be ordered off the premises that you didn't dare open your lips for fear they would say 'Thank God!' It's only now—now that you know that Walter Leaven wouldn't let one of us touch Cordelia Wheaton if he had to poison us on the threshold—that you let yourself think of such things. If you really think them, you ought to move heaven and earth to take her away. Nothing would induce you to take her away, even if she'd come. Therefore you ought to be silent. I don't blame you for being willing to leave her where she is, but as long as you do you'll have to let scandal alone."

"I will offer to take her away, if you think that right." Mrs. Williston was spurred to self-defense.

Mrs. John shook her head. "Too cheap and easy, Aunt Blanche. She's going to die where she is. You wouldn't offer if you thought they'd listen to you. No: that doesn't let you out. It's got to stop."

"Do you think I would spread such a thing?"

"Wouldn't trust you a bit, my dear," (Bessie's voice was honey, with a taint of aloes) "if you once got the bit in your teeth. But I think you'll presently see that you'd only get yourself laughed at—or perhaps very, very severely criticised." Then Bessie John condescended to imitate the augurs. "Aunt Blanche, Walter Leaven has saved all our faces. You and I may know we were right; but he is making it possible for us to look pretty. Don't spoil it."

"I don't feel pretty—letting one of my oldest friends do such an extraordinary thing. It is bound to reflect on me, when people come to realize. For I shall always keep up with Cordelia," she finished austerely.

"You *are* brave, Aunt Blanche. You trust in God and keep your powder dry, don't you?" Bessie asked irrelevantly. "But whether you think you look pretty or not, I can tell you that you would have looked downright ugly if Miss Wheaton were starving on Miss Bean's light housekeeping. So should I. And I'm very grateful for not having to look ugly. We should have had perfectly good consciences, both of us; but it is very pleasant to have Walter Leaven preserve our complexions as well."

Mrs. Williston so obviously made no headway with the metaphor that Mrs. John changed the subject.

"It's perfectly all right, so long as you don't mix up in it," she declared. "Of course, it will be a great relief when Miss Wheaton dies——"

"Bessie!" Mrs. Williston was on very intimate terms with death in the abstract, but she was incapable of mentioning the demise of an individual save with proper deprecation.

"Well, won't it? When she's got to suffer as she probably has? Do you suppose it's very gay for her—or for him, either? Oh, well, let's not discuss it further. . . . I really can't go with you to-day, Aunt Blanche. But I'll pay my respects some time along. The twins have had whooping-cough, you know. I've been very much occupied at home."

Mrs. Williston rose. "I shouldn't have wanted you in any case, Bessie. Not after the light way you have been talking. You didn't talk that way about your friend—the little artist-girl."

"Oh, Julie Fort? No, I didn't. But there's all the difference in the world, you see. Miss Wheaton has done nothing. The very idea is too grotesque. Only your Gothic mind could harbor it. Whereas, Julie has done—everything."

"Is all her money gone?" Mrs. Williston hovered ghoulishly on the threshold.

"So I heard. The man she ran off with had a little, I believe."

"Are they married? Was there a child?"

But Bessie John's patience was outworn. "No, there was no child. I heard that they had quarrelled. I heard a lot of horrid things. I don't want to discuss Julie, Aunt Blanche. It's all too unpleasant."

"Does Cordelia know?" The ghoul would not go.

"Why should she? And if you tell her"

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—Bessie John threw her head back—"then *I'll tell.*"

"Tell what?" Mrs. Williston's voice was sharp.

"Your family—about your annuity."

"My annuity? What do you mean?"

Mrs. John folded her arms and stood very straight. "I admit that it's only a shrewd guess. But I have put a lot of things together, and I'm pretty sure. Anyhow, your family could jolly well find out—and they would."

She loathed such talk, really; but, most of all just then, she loathed Aunt Blanche.

"All I mean is that Miss Wheaton is to be left in peace." The words were firm, but she ended with a tired sigh.

"If you think it would grieve Cordelia . . ."

"I see you get me, Aunt Blanche. Good-bye." And this time Bessie turned her back. But she rang for the parlor-maid, and saw, across the twilight of the big room, the servant go with Mrs. Williston to her cab.

"Woo-oof!" she murmured as she saw the cab drive away. There was immeasurable disgust in her tone.

"Philip!" He loomed at the top of the staircase as she mounted. "Next time, I will let you come down. Or rather, if Annie can't learn always to say 'out' to Aunt Blanche, she'll have to go. New York might as well have open sewers as to have that woman at large."

Arm in arm they went back into Bessie's room.

"What's the trouble?"

"She wants to start a scandal about poor old Miss Wheaton."

"Miss Wheaton? But—" Philip John burst into laughter.

"That's what I told her. But I had to threaten her in the end."

"How did you manage it?"

"Told her I'd accuse her, to her family, of an annuity."

"But you don't know if she has one."

"I didn't. But I do now. Because she crumbled at once. And I hinted to her that we all had good cause to be grateful to Walter Leaven. She ended by wanting to know all about Julie Fort—that little rotter."

"Did you tell her the girl had gone utterly to the bad?"

"Not precisely. That is, I didn't ravish her ears with any details. I simply couldn't: they would have delighted the old woman so. Her mouth was the greediest thing, while she waited."

"You know I don't believe, Bess"—John meditated amid smoke-spirals—"that your delightful Aunt Blanche really has pornographic tastes. I don't understand you: you 'Aunt Blanche' her, and then you call her the devil in person."

"Pornographic tastes? Um—perhaps not. She'd be just as pleased with delirium tremens. That's why I hate reformers: they have such catholic lusts. Any evil, almost, will satisfy them. Of course, if the world weren't rotten, they'd lose their blessed jobs, and they know it. Aunt Blanche isn't capable of anything *except* reforming the world. I never saw a reformer yet who would be trusted to do anything in a world that was decent already. They'd be supported by the state as incompetents. Aunt Blanche couldn't make herself normally useful in any capacity whatever: she hasn't the wit. Therefore she is given the thunderbolts of Jove to play with."

"As usual, my dear girl, you're far too sweeping."

"Of course I am. No fun, if you don't state your position with violence. . . . But I told her she ought to get down on her knees to old Walter Leaven," Bessie finished resolutely.

"Why?" Philip John was quiet and curious.

"Because"—Bessie drew a deep breath of effort—"because he saved our faces."

"Ah?"

"Yes, Philip. I always meant to say that to you. That's all I mean, by the way. I was right, and I should have stuck to it. I would never have done one bit more than I planned to do that day in Mr. Reid's office. Never. But it wouldn't have looked nice. No, it wouldn't. I can't agree with you any farther than that. But just so far, I do. Thank heaven, it isn't an issue now. But probably I owe it to you to say that, to that extent—it isn't very far, by the way—I'm with you. I don't want to discuss it—not ever, Philip. Not now, even. We'll drop it right there."

John searched her eyes with his own.

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"Right there? Sure you don't want to go a little farther?"

"Perfectly sure. So sure that I'm inordinately grateful to Mr. Leaven. It would have been beastly for both of us."

"Why isn't it still rather beastly, if we don't agree?"

"Because we don't have to discuss it. And on every other point in the world we do agree, don't we? So we can drop it out of sight—like Catholics who marry Protestants and live happily ever after. Some do, you know."

Philip John smiled, very gently and tolerantly. Then he let the whole question slip forever into the limbo of events that never come to birth.

"It would make me very miserable to quarrel with you, Bess. I'm with you in hoping we shall never have to. After all, married folk can't afford it."

"And 'after all' "—she pleaded with him a little—"is there any honor in human relations more vital than the honor of marriage and of parenthood? If there is, I can't see it, that's all."

Philip John patted her hand gently, but did not reply. Bessie, too, hushed her instinct for perfection, swathing it in a rich robe of compromise. That was all she could do, she saw quite clearly. And who should say the richness of the robe was not, in its way, true homage to the sleeping creature? Well—so far as she could contrive it, the sleeping creature should lie in state. She returned the pressure of her husband's hand. "I'm going up to the nursery," she said. "Better come along."

IX

The view from Walter Leaven's rooms grew, in a sense, more sordid as spring advanced. The windows of the poor, hermetically sealed in winter, opened as the cold moderated. Heads and mattresses, milk bottles and green groceries, peopled the window-sills anew. Here and there, through larger openings, machinery and its servants were revealed to him. But he found his repayment in a lifted sky, remoter, bluer, and in a freer air, friendly, not yet grown brutal with heat.

He had rented a third room, across the hall, to go with his own two—a cheerless little apartment that never held a tenant long. Of this he made his own bedroom, furnishing his former chamber for Cordelia Wheaton. When he learned from Jim Huntingdon's long cablegram that Miss Wheaton was really ill, he had gone about his feverish arrangements. He did not know in what shape he might find her, but he took it that he was to receive her from Huntingdon at San Francisco, and to bring her home to die of her slow heart-affection—without, he hoped, too much pain. Leaven had told Mr. Reid, on the very day of the abortive conference, that Cordelia's support was to be his affair and his only. She might be given to understand what Mr. Reid liked, but not a penny should come to her from any of that crew.

"Of course, I should have given most of it myself," Reid had growled, "but I wasn't going to tell them so."

"I know, I know. I should have been sure of it. But this is exclusively my affair," Leaven had replied quietly. The lawyer knew a resolve when he saw one, and he did not attempt to change Leaven's mind. That was a mineral substance, not easily impressed.

When Leaven received Cordelia from Huntingdon's kind, impatient hands, he saw how well he had guessed. It was plain that Cordelia must be accompanied through the remaining months; that her vagueness must find guiding hands on every side. The shred of her wealth that he possessed (though he had kept it intact, like a relic) would not suffice to such a household as she would need if the guiding hands were to be mercenary ones. Still less should the hands be those of the old sempstress Mrs. Williston had mentioned—irreverent, with claws inset. . . . Yes, he would take her to himself. He would bring her home, with no flourish, with a quiet taking for granted of the situation which must convince. Luckily—he had time to learn, in the few hours between Huntingdon's arrival and his return, by another ship, to the passionate and sacred continent—Miss Wheaton was aware of her own physical condition. An American doctor in Hong Kong had looked her over and reported explicitly. He had only to provide for her comfort as relentlessly and uncommunicatively as a trained nurse.

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He had brought her, then, to his high-perched rooms, but not as a burden; as if, rather, the rooms had been merely waiting through her exile; as if the crowded objects had been heirlooms of her own. A little maid-servant came in by day to wait on Cordelia and fetch and serve her food. It was like purveying for a crippled bird: a little water, a few grains of corn. Leaven stuck to his dreary boarding-house. A nurse slept at night in the big sitting-room.

And what of Cordelia Wheaton? Leaven himself could not guess what lay beneath her quietness. Not once had she questioned; not once had she protested; and he hardly knew whether she had cynically grasped the situation, or whether she was too sunk in fatalism to wonder—or whether she merely had the finest manners in the world. Whichever it was, it was clear that she trusted him; that she was willing, if not content, to let him be her go-between with the world. Did the gray hue of death strike inward to her very heart? He could not say. He drew her sometimes to talk of life in Benares: its strange mingling of conventual and private mysticism; but she was unready with detail, over-dainty, it seemed, for concreteness. Faint implications of a point of view were there; hints of hierarchies no Occidental could recognize, and yet of a democracy positively biologic, which ignored not only classes but species. She did not preach; she only assumed and, ever so faintly, alluded. "Snake and man"—thus he had once summed up her blasphemy against civilization. Yet how gracefully she avoided insulting his humanism, save with the deep crease of her smile! She was a very great lady, in spite of all. Sometimes they drifted into reminiscence: like a pedlar, he would pull something out of the pack of their past and try to catch her eye with its glitter. But her effort was too painful: chronology fretted her like a lie not to be borne. She had already pricked the fallacy of time; soon she would have done with that of space. Her heart grew weaker as the spring came on, as if justifiably revolting against the burden of flesh it must vitalize. Leaven gave sharp directions to the doctor to save her pain. He suspected too vividly what she thought of pain! Moreover, for him, it was the arch-enemy. He wished her to float out on a stream of diffused consciousness—which should widen to unconsciousness at the last, as a river widens to the sea. He craved for her all possible amenities of dissolution. He did not even ask her to welcome the spring as it floated in through their wide-flung windows. He only hugged to himself the fitness of her dying in a gentler air. He conspired with nurse and physician for opiates cunningly spaced, that there should be no agonies, that she should slip from one oblivion of pain into the next. Cordelia sat in her great chair, pillowed and propped into the semblance of antediluvian bulk, an object so monstrous as to take his breath away when he entered after an absence: vast, shapeless, white, like a primeval foreshadowing of the human race to be. Yet her voice, when it came, was sweet, and her eyes kind as no other eyes had ever been.

It was not the way he had dreamed of having Cordelia, in the days when he had dreamed and his heart was not sapless or his face like burnt-out slag. (Not bronze, as Bessie John had said, since bronze has blood within.) Yet Walter Leaven was happier to have her thus than he could have been to have her any time these thirty years. He had forgotten now the long ache of empty hands. It had been vouchsafed him, before she died, to serve her: to appease a lifelong craving, long since grown formal, yet still there as a sense of incompleteness, of a step in the dance not taken. His relation to her was all piety and old convention; as empty of passion as the beautiful genuflections of an acolyte.

Suddenly, one afternoon in mid-March, she spoke to him very shyly. "You loved me, didn't you, Walter?"

"I have always loved you."

"But not now?" she asked anxiously.

"No—not now."

And she closed her eyes, reassured.

The little passage was not grotesque to Walter Leaven, for he understood.

It had been months now since any one had been admitted to Cordelia except the doctor and the nurses. Mr. Reid, Mrs. John, Mrs. Williston, Miss Bean—all of them had been turned away and now came no more. Cordelia asked no questions about her beneficiaries. It caressed

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some surviving vanity in Leaven that the only human relation she should have referred to spontaneously was his to her. The others were lost in that mist of kindness which was settling each day a little more impenetrably upon her soul. For it was a mist, through which the lamps shone ever fainter and fewer. Morphine took care of that, since a point of light would now be a point of pain.

April was a veiled month. The sun rode higher and more kindly, and Leaven, as I have said, could see from his windows life returning to the world. But within the grayness deepened. The sound of that difficult breathing kept on through the days and nights, incessant, natural as a hidden watercourse close at hand. When Leaven went forth into the streets, he missed it at the heart of the din. He was neither impatient nor sad. He would not have hastened or delayed Cordelia's death by the lifting of a secret finger. She must not suffer: of that he would make sure. But the thought of her passing brought no relief. He was consciously under no strain. What he had wanted had been vouchsafed him; and the months would not add to the gift. Nothing else, ever in all his life, could happen to him now.

Yet when the doctor told him the next days would see the end, he bestirred himself a little from his peace. He must be there at hand, every moment, lest in some last lucid instant she should wish to speak to him. He knew that the final unconsciousness would come before the heart stopped beating, and he drugged himself with coffee that he might not sleep at all. The doctor's advice he brushed aside as he would have rejected a spurious painting. He sat for hours, listening to the raucous familiar breathing, watching her closed eyelids.

On this day of late April, the sun was driving a level band of light through the western windows. He motioned to the nurse not to draw the curtain. The light was not yet upon Miss Wheaton's face, and something in his tradition craved sunlight for her at the end. As he bent over her, never taking his eyes from her closed eyelids, his mind went straying a little. He thought of the beneficiaries—all those people to whom this woman here had given the key of the fields. He was glad they would not know the moment of her passing—that they were so utterly barred out from knowledge of her. Then it came to him, with a slow insistent rush of conviction, that he himself was still in Cordelia's debt. Nothing he had done for her in this season of slow dying could equal the beauty of her complete abandoning of herself to his care. She had not troubled him with thanks, with questions, with deprecations. She had not even—oh, blessed abstention!—stated her case. She had taken him as simply as one takes God. She had been beautiful, that is, without intention; because to the very core of her, no matter what grotesqueries of creed overlaid her spirit, as grotesqueries of flesh overlaid her pure heart, she trusted him. She was unconscious of charity, whether hers or his, thereby creating a charity that he could never match.

Never? The sun turned its wide finger of light upon her eyes. They opened into what must have been to her relaxed vision, a great golden mist. Some early irrelevant moment of her life resumed her in her weakness.

"Heaven?" she murmured.

Leaven bent his face close to hers, passionately careful not to touch her or to intercept the sun.

"Nirvâna," he murmured back, with a lingering clearness. "Nirvâna." It was with no passion of sympathy, no blur of emotion, that he spoke. Leaven had never been colder than when he grasped, ostensibly, the hoarded sum of his contempt and flung it down there in the sunlight, to pay his debt. "Nirvâna," he repeated, deliberate, insistent as a mesmerist.

The faintest smile, as if some little, some infinitesimal thing had been set straight, brushed across Cordelia's mouth. The sacrifice of his lips' integrity had not been made in vain. She had touched and remitted. . . . Then her eyes closed again, and the nurse, at a gesture from him, drew down the shade.

An hour later, in the twilight, the head dropped, and the breathing, long since almost inaudible, turned to silence. The nurse nodded; and Leaven rose.

THE END.

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THE GLORY OF THE WILD GREEN EARTH

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

ONE does forget, doesn't one, in this individualistic, egotistical age, the essential fact that the plans of the gods, no matter how upsetting they may seem at first, have continuity and in the end bring ultimate good? We are so impatient; we have become so little willing to abide the final happening. So it was that in the beginning I resented bitterly the scurvy trick fate had played on Mansfield Carston; so it was that in the beginning I resented with not much less bitterness that I should first have become cognizant of this trick during my one month of a long-anticipated holiday. Only recently, with increasing perspective, has a sense of method back of all this occurred to me; a realization that perhaps if I had not been on a holiday, had not come straight from a lonely country, where one's senses grow keener, the fine shades of the drama I witnessed might have been lost upon me. City dwellers apprehend things by their width; the dweller in lonely places apprehends them by their sharpness. Only recently, too, has it begun to dawn upon me that possibly, after all, Mansfield Carston has not lost everything; instead, that he may have gained much. Already, in actual production, in the painting of lovely pictures that will not be forgotten, he had accomplished greatly; whether he had accomplished patience, whether he had accomplished that fine inner sense of things without which in the end achievement to the person who achieves is but a crippled hawk, brooding dissatisfaction, I cannot say. I do not think he had. Has he learned by now? And if he has, is his personal gain commensurate with the loss to the world? These are difficult questions to answer. I shall go

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back again to the beginning. In the beginning . . .

When a man has been driving cattle in blizzards, or muffling his mouth against the yellow dust of summer days for an uninterrupted period of three years, there comes a time, no matter how much he may love his little cow-ponies, and gray expanses of sage-brush, and all the poignant moments of the country in which he lives, when he wants gayety and plenty of it, gayety unshaken by the sterner facts of life. I had reached this point. For certain things I had been thirsting as a man thirsts for dusk in August; streets, for instance, with a veil of fog giving mystery to a thousand blinking electric signs; crowds, so that you hear the high, whispering accumulation of voices, feel the insistent elbows, smell the curious, sodden, inspiring smell of slightly damp, not very good clothes. And then, from all this, I wanted to come back to the unexpected quiet and aloofness of a club; to low-voiced, well-scrubbed servants; to a bed of cool sheets; to a morning of a valet and a porcelain tub and new and beautiful clothes. In short, I wanted to touch again for a while the thrilling magic of material comforts. And, particularly, I didn't want to think. I had been back a week; I was just settling down to a full enjoyment of the things I have described; life, meanwhile, with its incurable sardonicism, was taking not the least account of what I wanted or did not want. Out of the warm, tree-scented dusk of a May evening the sinister and the unexpected strolled in upon me. Its messenger, of all people in the world, was Pritchard—Pritchard, blond, bland, bred to the now archaic school that gentlemen should never show their feelings.

He—Pritchard—greeted me with the harmless condescension he practises; he placed one beautiful brown, begaitered boot on the foot-rail of the bar; in a disinterested voice he admitted a desire for a cocktail; in the same disinterested voice he informed me that the Carstons were back in New York, Mansfield Carston invalided from the trenches in Flanders, where, for the past two years, he had been. Fate seems to prefer for the conveying of its more tragic messages couriers with about them a touch of the futility of a Pritchard. For a moment the full significance of the information I had just received failed to come home to me; I was merely glad at the prospect of seeing, contrary to expectation, the Carstons so soon; merely greatly relieved that Mansfield Carston, with that brain of his so sensitive to beauty, those eyes with back of them so many pictures yet to be painted, was out of the hideous uncertainties of war. Inspiring as had been his sacrifice in enlisting, it had always seemed to me a sacrifice too great. Then, suddenly, a realization of the oddity of it all touched me. Although I saw them only at rare intervals, the Carstons were amongst the very best friends I had in New York; were amongst the few people whose movements I followed from my isolation in Wyoming. I had loved them both—and I use the much-abused word advisedly—ever since, ten years before, they had come, half without knowing why, to New York. I had watched them develop, from a shy, slim, gracefully awkward young British painter of portraits, and a shy, slim, auburn-haired young wife, into the winged sort of people they now were: the direct, dexterous-minded man; the delicately resilient, mistily beautiful woman. These attributes of Alice Carston—this quality of delicate resilience, this quality of misty beauty—need bearing in mind, for in the eyes of most of her friends the latter attribute far outweighed the former. I had never thought so. She had always given me the impression of sunset across cornfields—strength, you perceive; brooding thought; and I had always been sure that it was she who had directed the somewhat errant stream of her impatient husband's nature into the broad channel of accomplishment. Women are constantly doing this: making little dams along leaky banks; pulling out of the way dangerous driftwood; very alert; persistently anxious; and men seldom know about it.

Filaments of all these associated thoughts crossed my mind as I stared at Pritchard and grew into a definite perplexity. Why hadn't I known that the Carstons were back? Why hadn't I known that Mansfield Carston was wounded? Why had there been no mention of his return in the papers? Through

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all the anxiety that was hers, through all the difficulties that surround war-time mails, Alice Carston had, during her two years' stay in England, written me at intervals of a month. Her last letter had reached me only a couple of weeks before.

"They're not searching out their friends," said Pritchard.

I trust I am not given to premature apprehension—a middle-aged man in the cattle business shouldn't be—but at the moment a little, unexpected sense of oppression, of the untoward, blew upon me like a cold draft from a hidden crack. I do not like oppression, I do not like the untoward; I am averse to mystery. I attempted to corner Pritchard. It was curious to see embarrassment, hesitation, uncertainty struggle for possession of his careful, negative face. He pushed aside his glass; then he turned to me in sudden decision.

"I can tell you nothing," he said; "not a thing. I am as perplexed as you. I only know there is something hidden and out of the way, something beyond my experience. You see, I only saw the Carstons for a few minutes the other night, and"— he interrupted himself and stared vaguely at the wall opposite—"it happened to be fairly dark." I wondered what this had to do with what he was saying and why it was so carefully emphasized, but I had no time to question him, for he immediately proceeded; he proceeded, for Pritchard, with extreme volubility. I gathered that here were injured feelings. After all, he asked, he was one of the earliest and best friends the Carstons had, wasn't he? A little consideration was due him, wasn't it? Yes, just a little consideration. Hadn't he bought the first picture Mansfield Carston had ever sold in New York? Yes, that girl with the oranges. And now, here they were acting in a way he couldn't understand. Not a word to him of their being back; not a word. He had come across Alice Carston merely by chance in the street, and he had noticed right away an odd aloofness in her manner, an odd lack of cordiality, when he announced, as of course any one would have announced under the circumstances, his intention of calling at once.

"But I don't understand you," I insisted. "I don't know what you mean. Do you think there's something disgraceful?" I faced about on him. "What are you talking about, anyhow? Do you mean to imply that Carston isn't really wounded?"

There was a little minute of silence before Pritchard answered; when he did, he said an astonishing thing. "Yes," he said, "that's just it! I don't know whether he's wounded or not."

He allowed me a pause for this announcement to sink in. "That's just it," he continued; "just it! When you see a man sitting in a chair apparently as well as he's ever been, when he talks quite frankly about everything else in the world except what's the matter with him, but when, at the same time, from the moment you enter a room until you leave it, you are clearly aware of an atmosphere of reserve—reserve about real things, that is—and that on the part of two old friends whom you haven't seen for months, you wonder, that's all. You wonder, and you don't know."

He drew himself up. "I wouldn't talk this way," he observed, with a return to his old, muffled manner, "except to you and a few other of Mansfield Carston's friends. No, I wouldn't talk this way at all. I don't approve of conjecture, anyhow—and particularly about Mansfield Carston." He ate an olive apprehensively. "I've never met a man," he resumed, "so proud and so sensitive; have you? Never. No, I never met a man like him. And, do you know—it's queer, it's queer, but I've always had about him the feeling that if you were to say behind his back things he didn't like he'd know about it the next time you saw him." He looked at me anxiously. "Did you ever feel that way?" he asked. "He's—he's the most pervading man I've ever met." He wiped his mustache with a handkerchief of fine linen. "Going to dine here?" he concluded, with evident relief at the change of subject.

I shook my head. "No," I said. "No." As a matter of fact, it had been my intention to do so, but I felt that at the moment I could get along very well without further conversation with Pritchard. I wanted to think, and, although the

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Pritchards of the world may occasionally start one thinking, they seldom aid in the furtherance of the task.

Not far off was a small and fairly quiet hotel. I sought its down-stairs restaurant and chose a table in a corner. I proceeded to piece together what I had heard. It seemed to have no relation to fact. It was quite possible to imagine Mansfield Carston doing a foolish thing, but well-nigh impossible to imagine him doing a shameful one. A man who gives up a career, gives up a life it has taken him ten years to make, draws back from the very threshold of fame, submerges an impatient, shining individuality in the great anonymity of war, because of the adventitious gift of being born an Englishman, begins bravely, quixotically. A high degree of sensitiveness, of imagination, is necessary for such an act. And the highly imaginative man may be afraid—in fact, always is afraid—but he is more afraid of fear than of death. And Carston had gone on bravely. In Wyoming word had reached me of his promotion, of a second promotion, of a mention in despatches. I remember at the time trying to visualize him in his new, so strange surroundings; his thin, freshly colored face, with its shy, brown, humorous eyes—eyes that had in them that look of perspective instantly grasped the eyes of painters are so likely to have; his mouth, under its close-cropped black mustache; and particularly I saw his hands, those beautiful, proficient hands. I imagined them hanging, with their slim, strong wrists showing, from the sleeves of a tunic too short for him. He was excessively long-boned. Somehow, one thought of him most as peering out at night above barricades, wondering if here, or perhaps there, or perhaps over there, beauty was to be found amidst all the hideous litter of war. He would be sure to find beauty somewhere. And I remembered later on going into the house and finding there a magazine lately come and in it a poem. One stanza seemed peculiarly apt to the news I had just received.

"For two things" [said the poem] "have altered not
Since ever the world began—
The glory of the wild green earth
And the bravery of man."

The glory of the wild green earth—and the bravery of man! No, they had not altered—either of them. It was extraordinary—all these years; it was very heartening as well. It made a queer, splendid little shiver run across your shoulders; a fine, cold feeling touch your jaws.

Now, as I sat at my table in the restaurant, I recalled the poem and the thoughts it had given me. No, whatever it was that Carston was concealing, I felt sure that here was no ordinary secret of the wreck of war. The decision to see the Carstons—or to attempt to see them—grew in me. I have a theory that assistance, sincerely offered, no matter how much resented it may be at first, is in the end invariably welcome.

I paid my bill and went out into the street. In the main dining-room above the grill where I had been, the orchestra was playing a waltz. The windows, set with flowers in long boxes, were open, and the strains of the music drifted into the soft warmth of the spring night. The incredible wistfulness of waltzes struck me afresh. They are constantly reaching after a gayety their very real beauty prevents them ever from attaining. Life wants so much to be gay; and life has always to be satisfied instead with beauty, that antithesis of gayety. Suddenly I found myself laughing with rather dreary amusement at the way my holiday, so pleasantly begun, was beginning to end.

And yet the human mind is a confused affair. At first, when I arrived at the Carstons', I experienced distinct disappointment; felt greatly let down; a little bit silly. Everything seemed perfectly natural, perfectly ordinary, exactly what I remembered it to have been three years before. I don't know what I had been expecting; one never does know exactly what one expects when one has a sense of disaster; but to find apparent outward peace is invariably disconcerting. That it is usual makes no difference. We cannot accustom ourselves, despite experience, to the persistent anticlimaxes of life. We hear of tragedy, but when we hurry to where it is we find, as a rule, existence going on much as usual; perhaps a red nose or two, that's all. We expect pomp and banners; we very seldom get

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them. Tragedy is as hidden as laughter is obvious.

The down-town side street, when I had come to the grilled-iron gate opening into a glimmer of white stone benches. From a fountain at one end—I remembered it as the head of Pan, laughing—a trickle of water whispered like a hesitating voice.

On his face was the look of a man who has just been struck a blow he cannot return.—Page 503.

the Carstons' garden, had been very quiet and dark. An Italian man servant, whom I remembered from my previous visits, had answered my ring and had asked me to wait outside, as the main part of the house was stripped for packing. The little garden, under a thick sky, heavy with stars, lay odorous and strangely remote from the encompassing city. There was a smell of grass, of flowering bushes; But in a minute or two Alice Carston had come down to me and had invited me up to the studio, and, although in the light of the hallway stairs I had studied her face, I could see about it nothing exceptional. Perhaps she was a trifle graver; perhaps she smiled more with her lips and less with her eyes. I could not tell; there were a good many shadows about.

"Mannie is not walking much as yet,"

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she said, "or he would have come down himself to welcome you. He will be so glad to see you."

How silly of Pritchard! And how silly of me to allow myself to be disturbed by his vague imaginings! As if necessarily a man's wounds would be where anybody could see and diagnose them! I found myself resenting Pritchard and the whole tribe of whispering, conjecturing, "social detectives." I laughed aloud, greatly, I am sure, to Alice Carston's astonishment. "How is his wound getting along?" I asked. "Where did he get it?"

I blamed my fancy that I imagined that there was a perceptible pause before she answered and that, as she turned toward me on the landing opposite the studio door, a veiling of her eyes, like a sudden wind over calm water, took place. She laid her hand on my arm; I thought her fingers unnecessarily tense.

"He—?" she said. "Oh, yes! He is much better, thanks. But don't mention it to him, please. Not a word of it." We opened the door and went in.

The odd, fascinating, bazaar-like smell of a place where men paint pictures met us. The room was mostly in shadow. In one corner, by a table on which stood a lamp with a crimson shade, Carston was sitting in a high-backed chair. His face and figure were indistinct.

"Here's Walter, Mannie," said his wife.

Carston did not get up. "Ah, my dear fellow!" he said. "My dear fellow! The one person in New York I really wanted to see! Come here and shake hands with me. I can't quite come to you—but some day I'll be able to. Very soon, I hope. Alice, tell Emmanuel to bring some whiskey and biscuits."

I lit a cigarette and took one of Carston's big, enveloping chairs, a chair on the other side of the table from where he was sitting, one of the chairs with gorgeous, faded brocade covers I so well remembered. I looked about the room with warm satisfaction. It was nice to be back; to be back here again; to be again with these two dear people. I recalled a night, not so many weeks before, when I had snow-shoed from sundown to sun-up through the strangling cold of zero weather. That had been to westward; and eastward were all the scarred battle-fields that Carston had so recently left. I smiled at Alice Carston as she sat down opposite me and picked up some needle-work. She smiled back.

I cannot tell when first I began to alter my impression of relief; when first began a return of the uneasiness, the anxiety of a short while before. Such a state of mind grows upon you imperceptibly; is the result of silences, gestures, indefinable mental attitudes. You come from entire unconsciousness to full-fledged certainty. Perhaps in this case it was Alice Carston's evident desire to avoid talking about the war; perhaps it was Carston's vagueness as to his future plans; perhaps it was—and here was the only definite thing I could lay hold of—the sudden, extraordinary, unlike-herself anger with which Alice Carston rebuked the servant when he placed the whiskey decanter and biscuits on the table near her husband and away from me.

"Never do that!" she commanded, a high, metallic quality in her voice. "I have told you before. Put the tray beside Mr. Harbison!"

In itself the speech was entirely unimportant and natural, but the tone that accompanied it was not in the least unimportant and natural when it fell on the ears of a person who knew Alice Carston and knew her gentleness and her definite philosophy of gentleness where inferiors were concerned. "One may, possibly, be harsh with the powerful," she had once told me, "but with the humble? Oh, no, never! That's dulling your own heart." And now, here she was doing this very same detested thing. There were only three possible explanations: either her nerves were bad, or she was angry, or she was frightened. The first, in view of her calmness, her clear, if somewhat thin, look of health, seemed preposterous; the remaining two had back of them certainly no obvious reasons. At all events, whatever the reason, my perplexity and discomfort increased. I felt myself even growing a little angry, as one does under circumstances of the kind where people with whom one is intimate are concerned. I objected to this sudden closing me out of their lives on the part of the Carstons. Friendship is too rare a thing for one to allow, without struggle, the curtain of

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misunderstanding to cut off frankness. Andthe curtain drops so readily. Pritchard had been right, after all. I finished my drink and stood up. This first visit should not be too long.

"Good-by," I said, and held out my hand.

If you remember, I had been sitting in a chair on the other side of the table from Carston. Between us was the lamp with the crimson shade, and now, in order to reach him, I had to step a little to one side. I had expected him to remain where he was; I had fixed in my mind by now the idea that his wound prevented him from rising; but there must have been a temporary forgetfulness on his part, an accession of cordiality that for the time being obliterated caution, for he sprang to his feet without the slightest trace of infirmity and, the next moment, did an unbelievable thing—put out his hand, that is, and put it straight through the lamp that separated us. The gesture was direct; there was no fumbling, no weakness to account for it.

The lamp tottered and fell. I reached over and caught it. The light went out. In the darkness I heard Alice Carston cross to the electric switch, and instantly the room was again illuminated. When I looked around Carston was back once more in his chair, but not as he had been before, for his chin was sunk forward on his breast and—for now I could see it plainly—on his face was the look of a man who has just been struck a blow he cannot return. Only for a moment, however, did he sit this way, for the next he raised his head and shook it with an odd, defiant gesture. He laughed. "Rotten!" he said. "Can't be done, can it? I'm still too weak. Come and see us soon again, Wally." Perhaps if he hadn't laughed I would not have known what was wrong, but when people laugh their eyes—Carston, you understand, was blind.

"So you know!" she whispered. "Yes," I answered. "I know."—Page 504.

During the few minutes that followed I acted automatically. I heard my voice, calm, controlled, but as if belonging to another person, bidding the Carstons good-by, and suggesting that I come to see them soon again, and I heard Carston answering: "Yes, come at night. That's

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better. I'm not painting as yet, y' see, but I've a lot of letters to attend to, and this packing up takes my days. Yes, come at night." And then I found myself out on the landing, the studio door closed behind me, and Alice Carston facing me, one hand on her breast.

"So you know!" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered. "I know."

After that we looked at each other for a while without speaking, then her arm dropped wearily to her side, where her fingers began to twist between them a fold of her skirt.

"I suppose you understand," she asked. "If you don't——"

"Not quite. Perhaps—in a way. It isn't altogether clear."

She raised her head and came closer to me, and her voice had in it the curious, dry, strained note that voices have when they have choked too much over tears. "It's so simple," she said, "if you remember what he is—how proud and unbeatable. He's always looked on life as some fine, laughing adventure; something to be surmounted—and now!" She drew herself up and her eyes widened and grew starry. "He's still fighting, you see, but he's fighting so horribly in the dark. And for a while, at least, he must not know that any one is helping him—no, not even I."

She searched my face. "He's never met fate before," she continued, "when it was implacable, and he doesn't know how, you understand—doesn't know how to meet it. He has been so used to bending life entirely to his own design. If it was anything else but his eyes—but his eyes are what made the whole world for him. You don't wonder, do you, that as yet he won't admit it; won't admit defeat? Some day, of course, but now—" It was as if she was pleading with me to understand Carston.

"No," I said. "I don't wonder."

I left her standing where she was, her eyes thoughtful and fixed on the shadows in front of her.

The little garden, as I passed through it again, seemed even more sibilant than before, filled with a score of whispering, confused voices. Then I went back to my club; my holiday was over.

Friendship is one of the liabilities with which we complicate an already overcomplicated existence. The man who is busy with his affections is very busy indeed. Selfish burdens are comparatively easy to bear; it is only when we see a friend encompassed and cannot render him aid that we reach that folly of despair where life seems to us a stupid matter of an unfair giant striking little people into the dust. I reached that point several times during the next two weeks. I walked constantly with dissatisfaction as a companion. The thought of Carston followed me wherever I went, obtruding itself into whatever I did, and always I saw him as I had seen him that moment after the lamp had been upset, sitting wearily back in his chair, a look on his face as if he had been struck a blow he could not return. Sometimes the apparent idiocy of the thing changed dull dissatisfaction into rage. Why, with a hundred million eyes to be put out, should two eyes filled with beauty be blinded? I continued to go to the Carstons' studio frequently, although I made my visits short, for I was torn between a desire to be of help and the knowledge that, just at the moment anyhow, my presence was not altogether a source of pleasure. Now that I knew Carston's secret, however, it was not difficult to pretend that I didn't. Our talk limped along like a gay and desperate cripple. And then, quite suddenly, I realized, what I should have realized long before, realized, that is, that my discovery on the fateful night in question, far from being a climax, was merely an incident in the drama I was witnessing.

Underneath Alice Carston's quiet, underneath Mansfield Carston's somewhat feverish cheerfulness, were hidden matters the presence of which I was just beginning to perceive. I began to perceive a grim, unrelenting struggle of wills; I began to perceive a vigilance; I began to perceive —how does one describe the intangible, the indescribable without making it too definite; without making it appear as if one had seen it clearly and not, as is always the case, dimly?—an atmosphere of expectancy. All very vague, you understand; nothing I could lay my finger on. Openly the Carstons were going forward placidly with their plans for leaving New York; but there was, for instance,

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the curious way Alice Carston watched her husband when she thought I was not looking, and there was, for instance, the curious feeling you had when you entered the studio, as if you had interrupted a discussion—a silent discussion, a discussion between mind and mind; a discussion in which not a word was spoken. There were many other curious things as well: for one, the manner with which Alice Carston, with cleverness, with sophistry, prevented the conversation ever from taking the turn of easy cynicism, of the lively descent to a despairing *reductio ad absurdum* that conversation between Carston and myself had been in the habit of taking. It had always been our delight to prove buoyantly the ultimate worthlessness of life, the ultimate folly of mankind, knowing all the while, of course, that neither of us thought anything of the kind. And Alice Carston had invariably made an excellent third. Unlike most women, she appreciated the mental exercise of argument for argument's sake. But now she was quite different, oddly different; she discouraged any opening along such lines; she was immensely practical and to the point and healthily matter-of-fact. But perhaps all this would have gone unnoticed on my part, or at the most would have been assigned by me to the ordinary solicitude under the circumstances, had it not been for the incident of the automatic pistol. It was a disturbing incident; yet there is not much to tell about it.

The pistol had lain on the centre-table of the studio ever since the night of my first visit. I had noticed it frequently—a big, blunted thing, brutal as modern war. One evening I picked it up casually and took out the chamber. The top cartridge fell into my hand. I started to replace it, when its shape attracted my attention.

"Why—" I began; and then I knew, in the unexplainable way in which you do know such things, that Alice Carston was staring at me. I raised my head. Her hand was extended and as I looked she brought her finger up to her lips. On her face was a look of terror. "Why," I continued, "this is something I never saw before—this gun of yours," I hurriedly added. "It's the one you used in France, isn't it?"

Carston laughed. "Yes," he said. "Ugly, isn't it?"

"Very ugly," I agreed.

I was not surprised when the next morning I received a note from Alice Carston. "I must thank you," she said, "for your quickness of mind last night. Indeed, I can never thank you enough for all you have done—or, rather, for all you have been kind enough and wise enough not to do; for your consideration in not asking questions; for your consideration in waiting, as I have had to do, in patience. My very dear friend, I wonder if you will ever know how you have helped me? Yes, the cartridges were blank, as you perceived. But I wonder if you also perceive why I cannot merely put—somehow I cannot bear to give it its name—put 'the thing' where it will be safe? I feel now that wherever possible explanations are due you. You see, I must leave it there—leave it where he knows it is. If I hid it he would realize my reason for so doing; would realize that I am afraid; and he must never realize that; never realize it for a moment. But I can't be with him every minute of the day, and so—you understand now, don't you?"

Yes, I understood, and, from now on, I, too, watched. I fell into the habit of going frequently to the Carstons' instead of for only a few minutes in the evening; I fell into the habit of staying there a long while. Alice Carston accepted this gratefully. To Carston I confessed loneliness and boredom and a desire to read. I do not see how he imagined that I suspected nothing of his pitiful, so easily detected secret; I do not know what he thought must be going on in my mind about the hours he spent by the open window, staring—apparently staring—down into the by-now gay verdure of the garden. But men fighting shadows, men with fixed ideas, overlook the obvious, imagine a world as they themselves insist upon its being.

The little garden was catching up with June. The flowering bushes had shed their blossoms and were taking on the thick greenness of summer. Against the wall espaliered roses of red and white were beginning to show. There was a drowsy sunshine, in which the fountain trickled pleasantly and a few bees, deceiving them-

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selves as to their whereabouts, hummed sleepily. At the window, all day long, sat Carston.

I wondered how long this would last. The sense of impending catastrophe sharpened, overlaid my entire life, as gradually the portentous heat of the last few days was beginning to overlay the sparkling warmth of spring. But I needn't have wondered. The human mind is like a cup; it can hold, before it overflows, only so much. There is no other question, except whether the cup is filled drop by drop or hastily. The cup that Carston was holding was filling slowly, as the cups of all brave men do. But there came an end. It came on a hot and stifling night, a night when, if cups are almost full, there is likely to be a sudden further pouring into them of enough to make the hands that hold them tremble.

I had dined in the coolness of my club—a cruelly detached coolness—and afterward the heavy, foreboding quality of the streets impressed me. The city was stirring to its months of fever. Perhaps I exaggerate; perhaps I am using retrospection. I don't know; at all events, I do know that I was even more depressed than usual when I came to the Carstons' garden gate. The Italian man servant let me pass without question—lately I had fallen into the habit of going up to the studio unannounced—and so I came unaccompanied to the door on the third-story landing. It was partly open. I don't know why I did not knock; I can claim no prescience here, merely carelessness; and at first when I entered the room I was sorry I had not knocked, then I was very glad.

"It's the one you used in France, isn't it?"—Page 505.

There was hardly any light at all; the lamp had been turned so low as merely to accentuate the shadows. Across from me I made out the wide window, a square of purple darkness in the surrounding black. In front of the window were Mansfield Carston and his wife; their figures therefore were a trifle clearer to me than otherwise they would have been. They had not heard me come in; they did not even notice the shaft of light that followed me from the hall. They must have been very intent upon their own business, for this lack of observation did not come because of the sound of their own talk; they were not talking at all; they were perfectly silent. Something made me stop where I was. In the long pause that followed, the oppressiveness of the night, the oppressiveness of my thoughts seemed to concentrate in the room; the shadows seemed to be assuming the ponderosity of material objects. Then Mansfield Carston spoke. His voice, except for a touch of dryness, a touch of strain about it, was perfectly natural; there was even a hint of a deprecatory laugh in its smooth accents. Perhaps you will not agree with me, but at the time the natural voice, the hint of a deprecatory laugh, struck me as peculiarly horrible.

"How extremely silly!" said the voice. "How very silly of you!"

There was no answer and the voice went on in the same slightly careless

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way. "You might have got hurt, you know. I might have shot you and not myself; and then what would have happened? I would have had worse to add to the damn things I've got already."

The voice hesitated, and for an instant the shadows once more grew heavy; then it sent them back again where they belonged. "Will you tell me," it asked—and there was a new touch of desperation in the words—"why you stopped me? What do you propose that I shall do? Do you want me to go on living in the way I've been doing?"

Still Alice Carston did not answer. The effect was curious, uncanny, like that of a man talking to himself in the darkness.

"Tell me!" insisted Carston. "Do you?" He didn't raise his voice; he was very gentle.

But the gentleness was too much for Alice Carston, as I had known it would be. I saw her make a sudden movement.

"Don't!" she begged. "Don't! I can't bear it!"

"I am very sorry," said her husband, "but what am I to do? If it had been anything else but my eyes— Now it's all gone, you see—all the things I lived for. Why, I can't even get up in the morning and look about me. And I have tried—tried to get another point of view; but it's no good. Not a bit of good." He paused again. "I'm tired," he concluded.

You cannot imagine the queerness of this; of this reasonable, calm, incredible discussion. I felt a wave of hopelessness overwhelm me. When a man talks in this fashion what can one do with him? Alice Carston had for the time being prevented the irrevocable, but what of the moments to follow? Here was no sudden impulse, no desperate instant, but a slowly achieved determination. And then—as suddenly, as swiftly, as before, slowly and with stolid oppressiveness, the shadows had advanced upon me, there seemed to advance into the room a new presence—a spirit, so strong, so intent, that one felt it a bodily shape—a figure keen as flame, with white wings folded—if one should have to visualize it—and with hands gripping, until the flesh bit into the hilt, the sword they held. I shrank back still farther into the shadows. I had never before, you understand, seen a woman or, for that matter, a man—play, with every atom of strength possessed, for the life of some one she or he loved.

At the window, all day long, sat Carston.—Page 506.

Alice Carston moved toward her husband. "Come here," she said, and her voice trembled. "Are your eyes all you have to live for?"

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He faltered. "Yes," he said, like a sullen child.

"And I?"

"Well, yes——"

"No, answer me! And I?"

"Yes, but what good am I to you now?"

"What good?—oh, my dear! My dear!"

I heard a sudden tearing of lace, or silk, and I saw that by now the two figures by the window were indistinguishable. "There!" said Alice Carston. "See, I have torn my sleeve! There is my arm. Can you touch it? That is my arm!" There was a little silence. "Do you know what it means, my arm—all of me?"

"Yes."

"No! No, you don't know what it means. No, you nor any other man. No, you don't know what it means, or you would never think again of what I just now stopped you from doing. No, you don't know what it means. Listen! It is flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood; you have taken it into yourself as if you had been my child, only more, more, for I have taken you into myself as well. And if you die it dies, too, even if it still seems to go on living. Yes, all of me—all the body you've loved and the heart you've lain against."

"Don't!" said Carston.

"Don't?" She broke into a harsh little laugh. "Why not? Do you think I want you to murder me?"

Suddenly her voice grew caressing. "Put your hand here," she said, "and here. Do you know what you're doing? That is I—I! And you've made me—you've made me! Oh, yes, infinitely more than even a mother can make her child." She waited a moment. "Do you understand?" she asked.

"Yes," said Carston slowly and wonderingly.

"I am not changed—nor the world. Listen!"

In the silence the hum of the city, the thrilling nearness of human life that on warm nights pours through open windows, surrounded us.

"Will you kiss me?" said Alice Carston.

After a while I saw Carston's figure draw back toward the window, and I made out that he was leaning upon the sill. In a moment or so he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "it is foolish, isn't it? It's always foolish to run away from things. And, after all, there's so much left—yes, why not?" When he spoke again there was a little catch in his voice. "I can smell those roses," he said, "and here I've been sitting for two weeks and never knew they were in bloom."

Suddenly he stepped back, reeled, and fell on his knees. His voice reached me, muffled, as if he had hidden his face in the folds of his wife's skirt.

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" he said. "Thank God I can cry now and not be ashamed!"

I left as unnoticed as I had come. I shouldn't have been there at all; but I am very glad I was.

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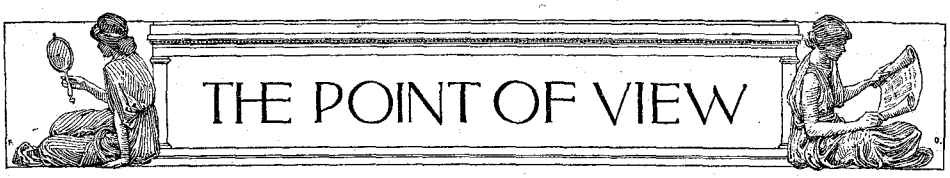

On Houses and Other Matters

I MAY say, without undue vainglory, that I live in a luxurious flat, or rather apartment.* The radiators are unobtrusive but efficient, and not too vociferously vocal. The living-room is large and well designed, a harmony in brown; the dining-room is sunny at breakfast; the bedroom is dainty; the bathroom and kitchen are miracles in white porcelain and sanitation; the maid's room is fit for a queen. A touch of Old World dignity and repose is lent to the dining and living rooms by beamed ceilings.

It is these beams that trouble me and give rise to disquieting thoughts, for they are mere hollow counterfeits of good stout oaken beams, made by boxing three strips of oak plank together and attaching the resultant gutter to the ceiling hollow side up. They do not look as bad as that sounds, I admit; indeed, they satisfied me completely until, in a moment of incautious inspection, I stood on a table and detected their mode of construction, stepped down, and saw the trouble with my mode of life. A very little flick of a broom will make way with the cobwebs of the mind and let the light in.

I suddenly recalled the house I was born in and grew up in. No, it was not a farmhouse—I am of the younger generation—just a plain, suburban dwelling of ten or twelve rooms in a Northeastern city, but there was land about, and not too jealously guarded lawns adjacent, while fields and woods were only five or ten minutes away. And then I recalled my grandfather's house—a farmhouse this time—with the friendly New England elms drooping over it, and, like Stevenson pondering the freshet of fate that swept him from his fathers' Scotland to an ultimate Pacific island, in my own more inarticulate way I pondered the modern exodus from the American countryside to the city, in which my father joined to some extent, but which I have carried farther. It seemed an excellent example—my father stepping from farm to suburb and I from suburb to city. As it happened, there were beams in some of the rooms of my grandfather's house, an amorphous structure built up from the original germ by many additions—great, solid, oaken beams a foot square, painted white, laid not for design but for utility. In three short generations the family has passed from beams to beams, but my grandfather's house and mine are as different as the beams in them. I think the individuals they housed and house are as different, too.

I know they should be. I walk on bricks, and my harbinger of spring is usually a cold in the head; my New England forebear heard the whistling wings of northbound wild fowl, the whisper of unsealed streams, and saw the greening grass and foliage. To me summer is a matter of wilted collars and a few hurried weeks at the seashore; to him it meant the sober work of the year, bending the back with nature in the efficient aid of her great task, lightened by the camaraderie of haying-time. I know autumn by her chill; he knew her by her ruddy warmth of fruition in red apple, golden apple, and wigwam shocks of corn. Winter gives me snow and slush; for him the northeaster and blizzard lent an added grace to the homely sitting-room and the quiet family circle. And about him, from cradle to grave, the shuttle of real social intercourse wove its homespun thread. That old life was so neighborly. Not all neighbors were good neighbors; there were bitter and petty hatreds and backbitings; but in the long run of a lifetime a man stood forth to his community pretty much as he was. The twin acid tests of affliction and good fortune were applied to him in broad day; if he flinched or rioted it was known. My worldly goods are a secret bank balance, not patent acres, and I can lose an evil reputation by moving to the next block. I think my grandfather's was the more manly part: he had but the one life and the one chance; he lived the life and did not mar it.

It is possible that he did not know the very little about many unrelated matters that in weak moments I pride myself upon,

* My wife just came in.

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but he stood in primary relation to the great natural forces that give us life, and his empirical knowledge of them was complete. He knew, for instance, that bad crops did not mean bad business but diluted starvation; in other words, he thought in primary terms. I have often wondered how much of the sound political sense of our New England forebears was derived from their living on the earth. One thing at least they knew—that scarce corn is dear corn and that laws will not make bread.

If I could and should unkindly resurrect the good old gentleman from his quiet slumbers in the shadow of his white New England church, and should establish him here beneath my imitation beams, with only unyielding pavements for his old feet, I think he would speedily die again, and in my pessimistic moments I feel quite sure that whatever of him survives in me is dying now.

The Medicine Man

SOME one has said that, while most of us have shed our pet superstitions, there is one member of the community who has strangely clung to his: a person who, notably, should be freest from anything of the sort. It is said, in short, that our physician shows himself to be the lineal descendant of the primitive Medicine Man in that he still has the instinct to shroud his healing processes in mystery.

A slanderous accusation, we are apt to say, thinking of the frank and reasonable way in which our own doctor talks to us. Secrecy is not the fashion any longer. It went out with the passing of the little leather case familiar to the childhood of some of us elders, out of which powders were measured on the point of a penknife or liquids dropped from tiny vials. Sometimes, to be sure, even the old-fashioned country doctor did tell us what he was giving us—the "leetle bit of Dover powder and leetle bit of Tully powder" prescribed after he had found that one's tongue was "some coated"—but mostly, for all we knew to the contrary, the dose might be either a deadly poison or an innocent bread pill. Nowadays we have a prescription, cabalistic in appearance, but decipherable if we choose to take the trouble. As a matter of fact, however, we don't get much medicine. Our doctors have gained the courage of their convictions and refuse to pacify the patient with nostrums, especially since, with the advance of science, it has become easy to study us with the X-ray and reasonably safe to cut us open and mend our works from the inside. The woman who always kept a thousand dollars in the bank for the operation which she was sure she would have some day was not so far out of the way.

But when all has been said about modern frankness, one still, now and then, comes across a doctor in whom the instinct of secrecy dies hard. His spiritual ancestor, the Medicine Man, still inhabits him.

"But what," you ask of such a one, "might happen to be the matter? What is there that you can't find out without an X-ray?"

He doesn't know that he is a throw-back, the poor man. He thinks he is all that is most up to date. He settles himself in his chair, puts the tips of his fingers together, throws back his head, and storms your understanding with a list of technical terms, each one meaning some undesirable complication of your insides. "*Now*," he says, fixing you with a triumphant gaze, "do you understand?"

If you know your English, plus a little Latin, you do understand sufficiently for all practical purposes, but when you say so he looks disappointed. "It's more than some medical students do," he grumbles. And if you are a woman he resents both your curiosity and your intelligence. Moreover, he can give you your come-uppance by allowing the worst possibilities to play about his final diagnosis of your case.

As to specialists, there are specialties and specialties. No one would think of going to a general practitioner for such outlying organs as eyes or ears; and it is just as well to have an expert for injuries and abnormalities of the bony structure on and in which we live and move and have our being. It would seem, by the way, as if this latter specialist must have been, from the outset, unconsciously in training for this war, so much is he able to do to repair the inhuman injuries of battle. And, when one comes to think of it, there are other desirable specialties. But when it has to do with internal organs which have to live in harmony if they are to live at all, it seems as if the clever general practitioner might be a wiser guide than the type

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of specialist who, to all appearance, looks upon these vital organs of the body as, let us say, tenants of different apartments in an apartment-house, having nothing to say to each other and not necessarily on speaking terms.

"You mean," you say to that specialist whom I have already mentioned—and you are careful to speak with a proper amount of deference, since he is for the moment in power—"you mean that this régime will also be good for my unsound heart?"

"I am not taking your heart into account at all," he replies.

One trouble with the man of mystery is that he does not seem to treat his patients individually. Neither, I suppose, does the Medicine Man of the North American Indian. As I have said, he resents intelligence, particularly in a woman; and he cannot see that the manner which he has cultivated for his lady patients will not be equally pleasing to each and all of them. But really, my dear sir, there *are* women who hate to be patted on the back or stroked on the arm.

The Plaint of the Spinster

NOT of the bachelor maid or of the new woman, but of just the ordinary old-fashioned spinster variety, thirty-eight years old, who stays at home with mother, while two sisters and two brothers marry and settle in the four corners of the earth: Julia in Nova Scotia, Mary in Louisiana, Joe in Colorado, and Jim in Connecticut. I could have gone to Nova Scotia if I'd wanted to—Albert invited me before he asked Julia—but studying sociology looked more pleasing in my eyes than the man, and I declined. Neither Albert nor I ever told Julia about it, of course, and she sits undisturbed on her patronizing height whence a married woman looks pityingly down on an unmarried.

I'm sure I don't see why she should. I've chosen my life as deliberately as all of my sisters and brothers have chosen theirs. But a spinster never gets any credit for a choice; she never gets any credit for a sacrifice; she never gets any credit for her meek submission to the interruptions of her chosen plans.

For instance, Julia went away, and people said she had made a good match, even if it did carry her to Nova Scotia. Mary, they said, was fitted for a minister's wife and would do great good in her Louisiana parish. Not one word, mind you, about leaving mother bereft of her daughters.

And then I asked mother if she could do with Cousin Jerusha as company for three months while I made my studies in sociology practical by a winter in a Boston settlement. She said yes, but, my, what a view-halloo from the four quarters! The whole pack was on its hind legs. "Leave your mother a whole winter," from Nova Scotia. "It is your duty to stay with your mother," from Louisiana. "I think your place is at home," from Colorado. "I have no patience with these new-fangled ideas," from Connecticut.

If I had been going to marry a missionary and go to China and leave mother forever, Cousin Jerusha would have been a matter of course, and I, laden with presents and blessings, should have started out on a noble career—attached to a noble man. But trying in single-maidenhood to help your fellow creatures in the aggregate is, of course, a much less commendable task than assuming a missionary.

I went to Boston, but all that winter I was an outcast and a heathen. Mother loves me just the same, and the family are magnanimously endeavoring now to forgive and forget, but there is still a little slant in their regard on account of that winter in Boston.

The next year I tried to stiffen my neck for another three months in the settlement, but when it came to the point I actually hadn't the nerve to face that storm two years running, and I stayed at home. I studied food values and read my economic books and started a boys' club. It was a good club, too, and swinging along at a fine gait, when a telegram came from Julia: "Twins down with measles. I'm worn out. Can you come?"

No word of mother left alone now; no thought of the fate of my fifty club boys; no consideration of my personal wishes. The glow of the privilege of helping my married sister would keep me warm in a Nova Scotia winter; the salvation of fifty ragamuffins was not to be weighed in the balance with the comfort of Julia's two little tykes; and mother could easily get along with Cousin Jerusha so long as I was in my proper woman's sphere. It would never occur to anybody that I had chosen not to go to Nova Scotia once already.

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I went, of course, and nursed the twins—they were adorable—through the measles and stayed to cuddle Julia back to health. We are the best of chums, really. I'd like being with her if I hadn't been so taken for granted.

Then I came home. It was too late in the season to resume the boys' club or solid work. All that impetus was lost and the rest of the year was a backwater. I started again the next winter, and things went even better than the first, until there came a bruised-soul letter from Mary.

In the three years she had been in Louisiana I had never been to see her. If I could go to Nova Scotia, why could I not come to Louisiana? She was so far away, bereft of her family, alone in a strange land! She did think her sister, who had no ties of any sort, might spend a winter with her; mother got on so well with Cousin Jerusha.

There was logic for you! They could leave mother when a man beckoned; I could leave her when they beckoned; but to leave her to fill what I felt was my place in life—oh, dear, no! World-wide interests were exceedingly sinful in a spinster. She should keep her eyes close at home where a spinster's eyes belonged. And I was her sister with no ties; man of the house though I was, housekeeper, church worker, daughter, mother to fifty boys. But still I was not an individual. I was on tap for any family use, for—forsooth—I was unmarried.

I wrote Mary just what I thought, setting before her that she had chosen Frank and gone off with him blissfully to run his parish; that no one asked her to leave her family and go to the ends of the earth. But of course I tore that letter up and went. I had a good time there, too; they were lovely to me, but the long visit ravelled a big hole in my plans and in my time and in my purse.

While I was in Louisiana there came a letter from Joe in Colorado. His wife had to go to a sanitarium and he was lonely. He turned to me because I was the only one with no ties. I gnashed my teeth at the family shibboleth. No ties!—when all my brothers and sisters were helping forge chains for me? But Joe was always my pal. I went, and we had a beautiful time together. When Edna returned, however, and I went back to mother, the ravelled holes had grown so large that I simply couldn't pick up the stitches.

It was Jim next, and then time for Julia to begin again. I handed over my boys' club to less competent hands and hung out my sign: "Unattached! Ready at any moment to fill any hole in anybody's life!"

And it isn't right. I chose as intelligently as either of my sisters what I wanted to do with my life, and I have a right to do it. But it seems there's no real anchor but a man; without a man you turn your sail to any wind that blows and voyage where it listeth.

I love my mother. I love my brothers and sisters. I believe in home. I think family love is the finest thing created. I am sure that no intellectual achievement—be it with brush, pen, or voice—can ever make up for the desertion of home ties. I want to stay with mother. But I don't want to be tied to her with cart ropes just because I'm unmarried. And I don't want to be hauled to the others with cart ropes just because I'm unmarried. I demand a single standard of family morals for married and unmarried. If it's right for Mary and Julia to leave mother, it's just as right for me to leave her. If it's right for me to drop everything to go to help Julia, it's right for her to drop everything and come to help me. But she'd think me a lunatic if I asked her to leave her twins to come home to advise me how to discipline my young imps for stealing apples. But aren't fifty boys as important as two? And isn't stealing as serious as measles?

That's the plaint! Not at being a spinster, for I chose to be one; but, first, at the casual way the work I have chosen is set aside while I'm filling in holes in the work other people have chosen; and, secondly, the double standard of morals for married and unmarried daughters. That's all. I want to be a spinster, and I want to be a good one; not an opinionated, dried-up, selfish, narrow creature. I rejoice in having mother to love and in having sisters and brothers and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law and dear, little, soft-armed babies to call me Aunt Hes. But, because I'm unmarried, can I never be an individual? Must I go on all my years feeling myself a brute if I refuse to ravel my life into holes to get the threads to fill up other lives? When all is said and done, is it fair? Answer me that!

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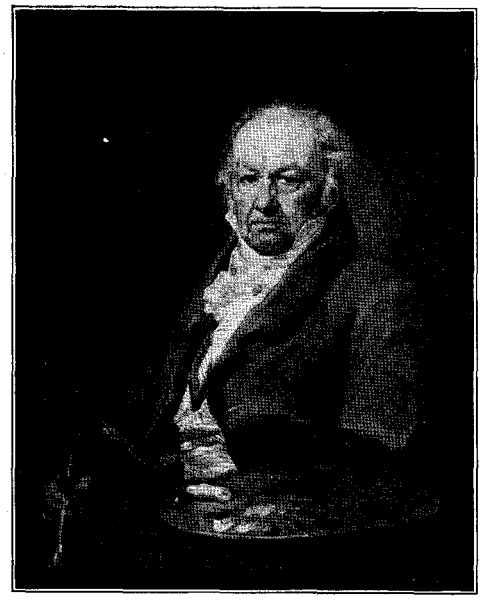
THE FIELD OF ART

THE CONQUEST OF COLOR

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SERIES OF FRONTISPIECES IN COLOR, TYPICAL OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF PAINTING, WHICH BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

THOUGH living under skies as radiant as those of Spain or Greece, we as a nation are strangely unresponsive to the appeal of color. Whether it be due to the rigorous mental cast of our pioneer settlers, to drab Puritan and gray Quaker, or to more deeply rooted circumstances, the fact remains that the typical American looks askance upon any degree of chromatic license. Sober of temper and habit, we have for over a century been closing our eyes to color in many of its most appropriate manifestations. There are two reasons why we have seen fit to place a virtual taboo upon frank, virile color effects. One is a certain provincialism incidental to isolation from the main currents of European culture. The other is the acute sensitiveness of the native nervous organism which shrinks from vigorous color stimuli and demands only soothing combinations. Such conditions have naturally tended to impair the inborn love of color so that, in due course, vivid tints have been banished as garish and offensive and minor tones alone considered the mark of good taste.



Francisco de Goya.
From the portrait by Vicente López.

There remains however something to say on the other side of the case, for within the past generation matters have undergone a decided change. The worthy citizen who once inhabited a brownstone mansion filled with old masters painted with brown sauce is no longer deemed the acme of æsthetic culture. Glance along the streets of our more progressive cities and you will note that many of those dingy façades have been refaced and heavy hangings discarded for filet or brightly figured chintz. The increased use of brick, limestone, and colored terra-cotta has enhanced the attractiveness of the modern building, while ominous portraits and lowering landscapes have given way to prints or canvases reflecting the true spirit of the out-of-doors. And not only must one thank architect and interior decorator for this awakening to the possibilities of color, but also the manufacturer, shopkeeper, dressmaker, and a score or more in kind. Each in his way is working toward the same end, and one cannot to-day pick up a magazine or glance from the window without seeing evidence of what is assuredly a veritable renaissance of color.

Despite progress along divers lines, it is primarily the painter who has brought home to us the magic of color. While it is true that the older men were not infrequently rich, sumptuous harmonists, their conception of color was conventional and frankly oblivious to the subtler facts of nature or the accurate notation of natural phenomena. The exact coloration of objects as conditioned by varying effects of light and atmosphere was in brief the contribution of

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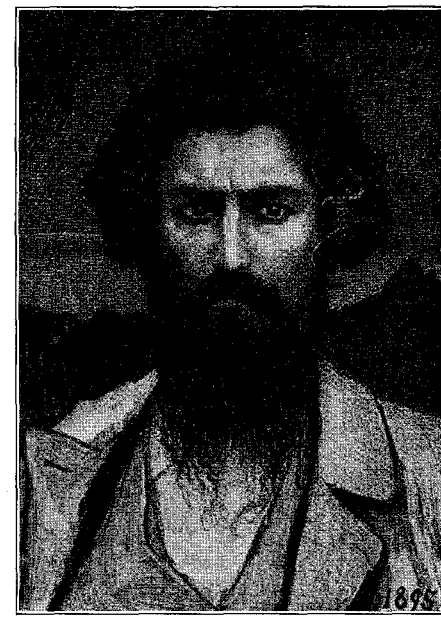
Edgar Degas.
After the etching by Manzi.

the nineteenth-century painter, and as such takes its place in relative importance beside the discovery of perspective.

Realizing the sovereign truth that there is no such thing as color without light, painters from the days of Monet onward have devoted a large portion of their time and effort to depicting color not as something fixed and absolute, but as an ever-changing factor in each composition. Fitful and elusive, color nevertheless furnishes the dominant note, if not indeed the actual reason for existence of most latter-day painting. For the past half century the artist has virtually renounced museum and studio traditions and gone blithely forth into sun and air. Vision has been stimulated and clarified to such an extent that even the public surveys with indifference the murky concoctions so revered of our predecessors.

It is unnecessary here to recount in detail the gradual emancipation of the modern artist from the blight of bitumen and the belief that shadows were black. It has required close upon a century for painting to formulate its declaration of independence. You will meet in Fragonard and in Goya premonitions of the impending change, yet no such change could possibly have taken place without a corresponding change in society itself. The dissolution of the old, aristocratic régime, the rise of democracy, and the gradual ascendancy of the analytic and scientific spirit are the mile-stones of modern æsthetic achievement. Painting could not, in brief, attain truth and spontaneity of utterance until it forsook church and court and sought freedom in street, cottage, and sun-flecked field.

Some years since, when one of the leading magazines of the day decided to present to its patrons a series of the masterpieces of the older art, it enlisted the services of the most distinguished living engraver with his burin and block. The reproductions, which were in black-and-white, were as faithful to the spirit of the originals as was feasible with the means at hand. To-day however in wishing to place before the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE certain typical examples of the modern school, the method is different. Color being the chief attraction of these subjects, no pains have been spared to render the coloration of each painting in its primal purity and exactitude. The media employed are strictly mechanical, the main factors being the color sensitive negative and the process plate. In as far as possible the original values and even the actual brush marks of the artist have been retained. Unlike previous attempts, the always variable human equation is here re-



Self-portrait of Giovanni Segantini.

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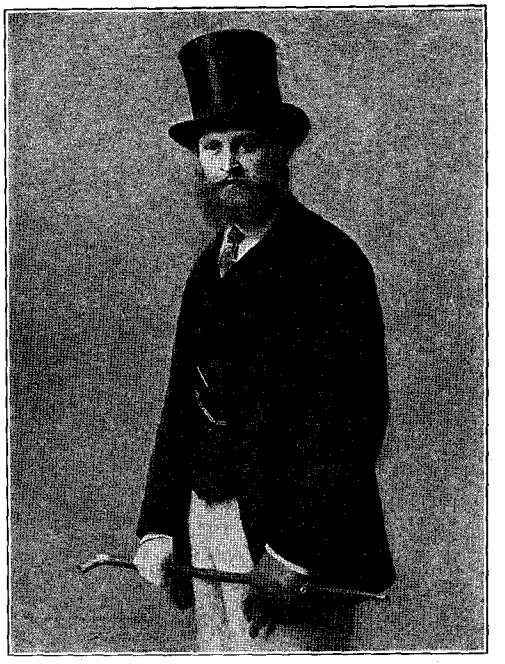
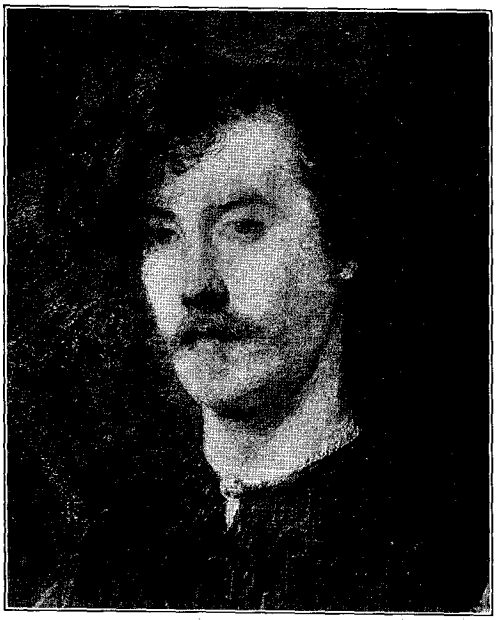
duced to a minimum. Conforming to the spirit of the day, chief reliance has been placed upon scientific agency.

During the course of the ensuing months there will appear as the frontispiece to each issue of this magazine a modern painting, either European or American, reproduced in full color and accompanied by a short explanatory note. The series begins with Goya and will conclude with a characteristic canvas from the brush of a young Irishman from County Dublin. With the periodic appearance of these subjects, which have been chosen for their intrinsic interest and appeal, it will be possible to follow in brief but logical sequence the development of the latter-day technic. One will, above all, be able to observe the increasingly important rôle that color plays in each successive composition. The romantic gamut employed by Goya, for example, in "The Forge," which is reproduced in the current number, gives place little by little to the analytic vision of Monet, the serrated surfaces of Segantini, or the ingenious use of flat color spaces seen in Orpen's "A Western Wedding."



Édouard Manet.
From the portrait by Fantin-Latour.

And not only are these paintings typical of the purely æsthetic considerations at issue, they also offer a constantly shifting panorama of the social and intellectual life of the day. The swart smiths of Goya's forge may be regarded as presaging the rising power of the industrial proletariat, while in Orpen's diverting composition we note on more than one countenance a quizzical indifference to the dispensations of the church or the reputed bliss of plighted troth. Painting would indeed be but an effete and puerile pastime did it not, at each stage of its progress, mirror the particular temper and tendencies of its time.



James McNeill Whistler.
From the portrait by Fantin-Latour.

Leaving Goya in the vanguard as the great virile force that shattered into bits the last remnants of eighteenth-century artifice and cleared the way for subsequent development, we are confronted by Édouard Manet, mundane and militant, the fugleman of the new epoch and the ardent champion of æsthetic progress. Manet's "The Balcony" has been chosen for reproduction because it marks his definite mastery of contemporary scene and character after certain brave but self-conscious attempts to cast aside the trammels of tradition. Received with contempt and derision at the Salon of 1869, the picture finally won its place in the Luxembourg Mu-

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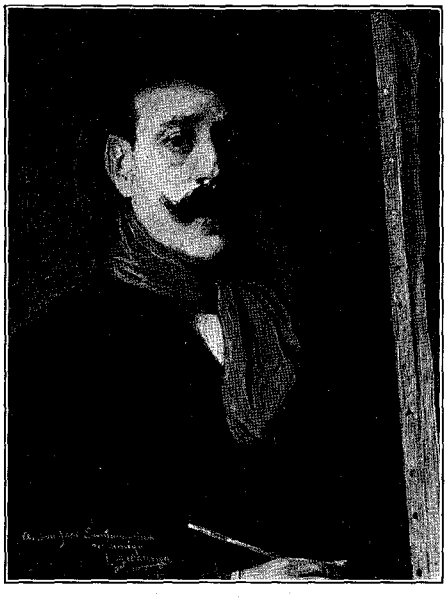
seum, where, serene and touched with the charm of the Third Empire, it stands a veritable classic of the modern school.

Like Manet, a transitional figure, and never a conclusive exponent of the more advanced tendencies, we next envisage Whistler, who, in "The Music Room," displays greater virility and a more robust grasp of fact than is his wont. In this bright-toned bit of domestic genre you will perceive in happy combination the resolute firmness of Courbet and the pervasive appeal of Fantin. Whistler, the imperious individualist, the apostle of super-æstheticism, had not as yet found himself, and hence this canvas, long absent in Russia, should prove something of a revelation to those familiar only with the more insubstantial phases of his production. And with Whistler may be mentioned Degas, an equally isolated personality, and one who likewise never outgrew allegiance to the older school. Despite the actuality of his themes—his lifelong devotion to the race-course and the corps de ballet—Degas remains at heart a classic. A certain antique purity of poise and rhythm always characterizes his slender steeplechasers and none too seductive exponents of the *pas seul*.



Self-portrait of Ignacio Zuloaga.

Whereas the foregoing men employed color with felicity, and Degas with consummate science, they are not, in the full sense of the term, colorists. With Renoir we are, to the contrary, face to face with an artist whose work is conceived and created in color, and, though his schemes are occasionally wanting in subtlety and distinction, color is an essential factor in each composition. Despite the advance which the work of Renoir marks, it was the patient, clear-eyed Monet who, by initiating the analysis of atmospheric effect and the division of tones, brought the vibrant out-of-doors within range of the modern palette.

Impressionism, together with its pendent neo-Impressionism, which attracted such artists as Henri Martin, the painter of "Lovers," and certain of the younger spirits, found its equivalent in Italy, where, under the name of Divisionism, its most successful exponents are Previati and Segantini. For solidity of construction and sheer chromatic brilliancy there is indeed nothing in the entire range of modern art comparable to Segantini's mountain landscapes, a typical example of which is found in "Spring in the Alps."

Among contemporary painters who have not practised the actual scientific division of tones, yet to whom light and color are primary considerations, may be counted Zorn, the dexterous Swede; Sargent, notably in his outdoor work; the Bavarian, Putz; and the brilliant young Slav, Nikolai Fechin, who has evolved a free, nervous technic quite his own. These men, together with Orpen, may broadly be classed as academic luminists, and as such stand in a measure apart from the main formative currents of modern art. From them, as from the avowed reactionary Zuloaga, one derives however no little pleasure. They are, each and all, accomplished craftsmen who present their themes with masterly science and surety and a welcome absence of parti pris.

Notable as is the contribution of these latter men, it is to be hoped that we may, at some not too distant date, welcome the production of certain ardent pathfinders such as Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, who in fact may already be counted among the classic exemplars of the modern movement. Meanwhile, there is herewith offered a résumé of painting that extends over the span of a century and which, at every step, bears eloquent witness to that conquest of color which is so agreeably changing the aspect of contemporary life.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

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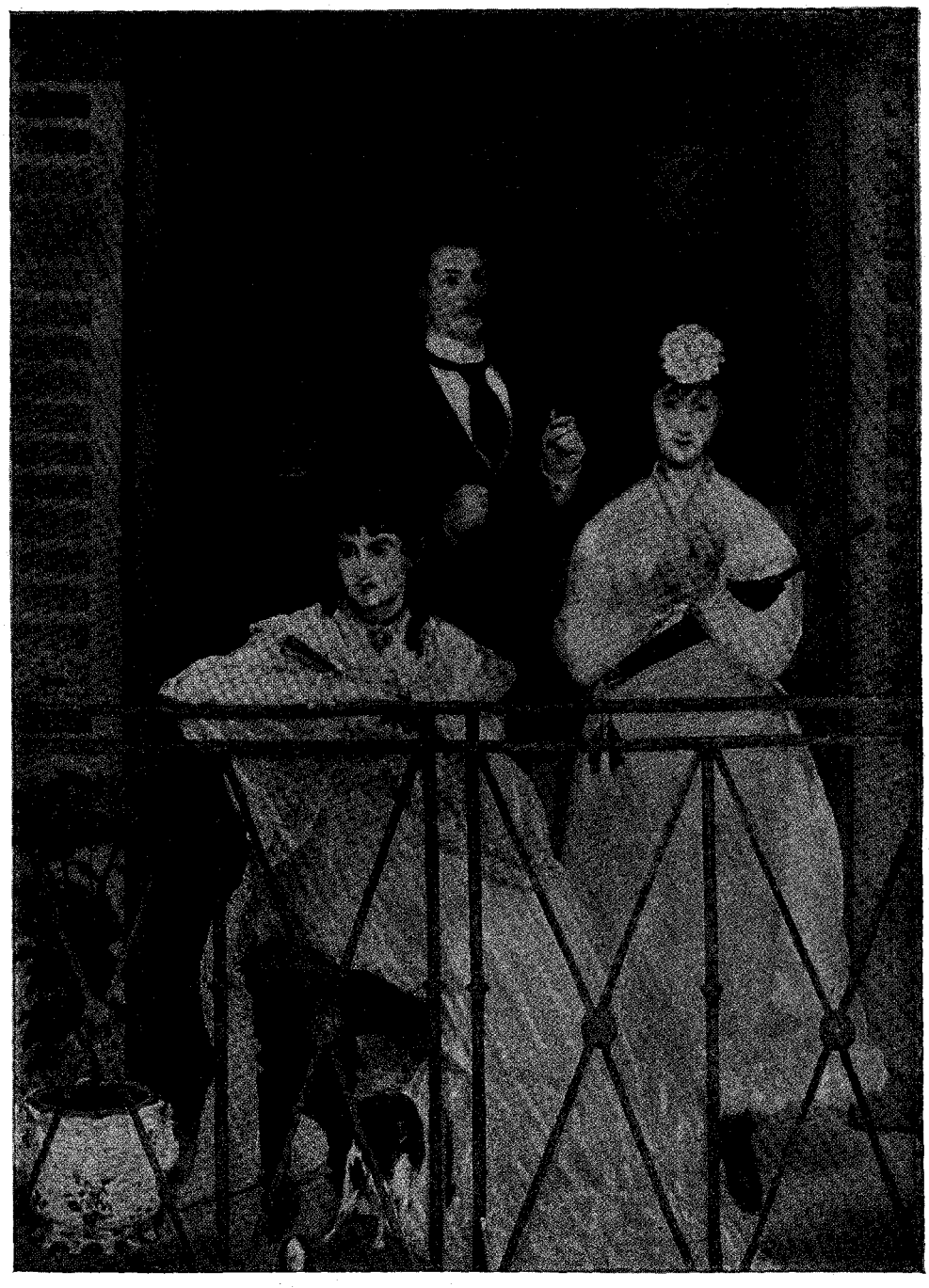

THE BALCONY. BY ÉDOUARD MANET.

French, 1832–1883. Reproduced by special permission from the original painting in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris.

The virtual initiator of the modern movement, Manet turned his back upon the gods and goddesses of antiquity and depicted the typically Parisian life of his day. This picture, which shows Mlle. Berthe Morisot, seated, and the painter Antoine Guillemet and companion standing, was greeted with hostility and open derision at the Salon of 1869.

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